

THE EDINBURGH REPOSITORY,

for Polite Literature



Published by Thos. Brown.

Head of North Bridge Street Edin^g 1793.

Vol. I. P. 65.

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THE
EDINBURGH REPOSITORY

FOR
POLITE LITERATURE:

CONSISTING OF
ELEGANT, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING
EXTRACTS,

SELECTED FROM
THE BEST ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS:

PRINCIPALLY DESIGNED
TO INTRODUCE THE YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES
TO AN ACQUAINTANCE
WITH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL
KNOWLEDGE.

EMBELLISHED WITH TWELVE BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

EDINBURGH:
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Anno 1793.

NOTHING HERE

in the month of June, 1861, at the same time, and in the same place, the following facts were observed:—

[illegible]

It is not possible to say whether the mode of conducting this work is the best, but it is the only one that has been tried, and it is the only one that has been found to be successful.



TO THE PUBLIC.

To condense within a moderate compass the vast bulk into which every department of Literature has expanded itself, is an attempt no less laborious and expensive than it is at present useful and necessary. The multiplicity of books which first contributed greatly to the advancement of knowledge, has now increased to such an enormous degree, that it seems to be one of the principal causes of *Ignorance*. To reduce into a small size, and to comprehend at the same time most of the useful knowledge which is diffused through the many volumes of History, Biography, and Natural History, is the chief intention of the present work. No encomiums are requisite on any of these branches of Science. Every one is willing to be acquainted with them, provided he could be so upon easy terms; and this it is hoped may be attained by means of the following REPOSITORY. The *Historical* part consists of EXTRACTS from the most approved ancient and modern Authors: The *Biographical* department has, in like manner, been selected from those who have most remarkably distinguished themselves by recording the lives of eminent men; and the *Natural History* is a Selection from the most judicious authors on that subject, particularly those who have illustrated and embellished their works with elegant Engravings. In the whole selection, particular care has been taken to admit nothing that does not contribute both to real instruction and amusement. Nor has any extract been given, except from such authors as have at all times been deservedly held in estimation by the public.

Objections have been made to the mode of conducting this work—and the compilers avow, that, to have arranged each particular department of Literature under one distinct head,—without diffusing it through the whole, would have rendered the

the plan more complete: but the periodical form in which this Volume has been given to the Public, rendered the adoption of that plan objectionable.—In succeeding Volumes, however, due attention will be paid to every thing that may tend to improvement.

Unforeseen accidents will retard the completion of the succeeding Volumes to a later period than was at first intended. In the mean time, a Volume of Elegant Extracts, from the most admired British Poets, may possibly soon make its appearance;—and when those fetters which now bind commercial credit are removed, the present work will be again resumed, and completed, on a plan that will ensure general approbation:

THE
EDINBURGH REPOSITORY

FOR
POLITE LITERATURE:

CLASSICAL, HISTORICAL, MORAL, BIOGRAPHICAL,

&c. &c. &c.

Beneficial Effects of a TASTE for the BELLES LETTRES.

BELLES LETTRES AND CRITICISM chiefly consider man as a being endowed with those powers of taste and imagination, which were intended to embellish his mind, and to supply him with rational and useful entertainment. They open a field of investigation peculiar to themselves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur and elegance; all that can soothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They present human nature under a different aspect from that which it assumes when viewed by other sciences. They bring to light various springs of action, which, without their aid, might have passed unobserved, and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on several departments of human life.

Such studies have also this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to enquiries, acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor abstruse. They strow flowers in the path of science; and, while they keep the mind bent, in some degree, and active, they relieve it, at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in

the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth.

BLAIR.

Beneficial Effects of the Cultivation of TASTE.

THE cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied with business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought: neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which more or less occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself: He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose, to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station, between the pleasures of sense, and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the

attachments



attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that, in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men, than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas, to be entirely void of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom in youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life. *Ibid.*

Improvement of TASTE connected with improvement in VIRTUE.

THERE are, indeed, few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions,

Ingenus didicisse, fideliter artes

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history, are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great. I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same; or that they may always be expected to co-exist in an equal degree. More power-

A 2

ful

These polish'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,
Soft'n'd the rude, and calm'd the boist'rous mind.

ful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time, this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that, without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move, or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and, if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

Ibid.

Of the Rise of POETRY among the ROMANS.

THE Romans, in the infancy of their state, were entirely rude and unpolished. They came from shepherds; they were increased from the refuse of the nations around them; and their manners agreed with their original. As they lived wholly on tilling their ground at home, or on plunder from their neighbours, war was their business, and agriculture the chief art they followed. Long after this, when they had spread their conquests over a great part of Italy, and began to make a considerable figure in the world,—even their great men retained a roughness, which they raised into
a virtue,

a virtue, by calling it a Roman Spirit; and which might often much better have been called Roman Barbarity. It seems to me, that there was more of austerity than justice, and more of insolence than courage, in some of their most celebrated actions. However that be, this is certain, that they were at first a nation of soldiers and husbandmen; roughness was long an applauded character among them; and a sort of rusticity reigned, even in their senate-house.

In a nation originally of such a temper as this, taken up almost always in extending their territories, very often in settling the balance of power among themselves, and not unfrequently in both these at the same time, it was long before the politer arts made any appearance; and very long before they took root and flourished to any degree. Poetry was the first that did so; but such a poetry, as one might expect among a warlike, busied, unpolished people.

Not to enquire about the songs of triumph, mentioned even in Romulus's time, there was certainly something of poetry among them in the next reign under Numa: a prince, who pretended to converse with the muses, as well as with Egeria, and who might possibly himself have made the verses which the Salian priests sung in his time. Pythagoras, either in the same reign, or if you please some time after, gave the Romans a tincture of poetry as well as of philosophy; for Cicero assures us, that the Pythagoreans made great use of poetry and music: and probably they, like our old Druids, delivered most of their precepts in verse. Indeed, the chief employment of poetry, in that and the following ages, among the Romans, was of a religious kind. Their very prayers, and perhaps their whole liturgy, was poetical. They had also a sort of prophetic or sacred writers, who seem to have wrote generally in verse; and were so numerous, that there were above two thousand of their volumes remaining even to Augustus's time. They had a kind of plays too, in these early times, derived from what they had seen of the Tuscan actors, when sent for to Rome to expiate a plague that raged in the city. These seem to have been either like our dumb shows, or else a kind of extempore

extempore farces; a thing to this day a good deal in use all over Italy; and in Tuscany. In a more particular manner add to these, that extempore kind of jesting dialogues begun at their harvest and vintage feasts; and carried on so rudely and abusively afterwards, as to occasion a very severe law to restrain their licentiousness—and those lovers of poetry and good eating, who seem to have attended the tables of the richer sort, much like the old provincial poets, or our own British bards, and sung there, to some instrument of music, the achievements of their ancestors, and the noble deeds of those that had gone before them, to inflame others to follow their great examples.

The names of almost all these poets sleep in peace with all their works; and, if we may take the word of the other Roman writers of a better age, it is no great loss to us. One of their best poets represents them as very obscure and very contemptible; one of their best historians avoids quoting them, as too barbarous for politer ears; and one of their most judicious Emperors ordered the greatest part of their writings to be burnt, that the world might be troubled with them no longer.—All these poets may therefore be very well dropt in the account: there being nothing remaining of their works; and probably no merit to be found in them, if they had remained. And so we may date the beginning of the Roman poetry from Livius Andronicus, the first of their poets of whom any thing does remain to us; and from whom the Romans themselves seem to have dated the beginning of their poetry, even in the Augustan age.

The first kind of poetry that was followed with any success among the Romans, was that for the stage. They were a very religious people; and stage plays in those times made no inconsiderable part in their public devotions; it is hence, perhaps, that the greatest number of their oldest poets, of whom we have any remains, and indeed almost all of them, are dramatic poets.

SPENCE.

Of the being descended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular, in his *Æneid*, shows that Æneas was called

Of the Flourishing State of POETRY among the ROMANS.

THE first age was only as the dawning of the Roman poetry, in comparison of the clear full-light that opened all at once afterwards, under Augustus Cæsar. The state, which had so long been tending towards a monarchy, was quite settled down to this form by this Prince. When he had no longer any dangerous opponents, he grew mild, or at least concealed the cruelty of his temper. He gave peace and quiet to the people that were fallen into his hands; and looked kindly on the improvements of all the arts and elegancies of life among them. He had a minister, too, under him, who (though a very bad writer himself) knew how to encourage the best; and who admitted the best poets, in particular, into a very great share of friendship and intimacy with him. Virgil was one of the foremost in this list; who, at his first setting out, grew soon their most applauded writer for genteel Pastorals: then gave them the most beautiful and most correct poem that ever was wrote in the Roman language, in his *Rules of Agriculture* (so beautiful that some of the ancients seem to accuse Virgil of having studied beauty too much in that piece;) and, last of all, undertook a political poem in support of the new establishment. I have thought this to be the intent of the *Æneid*, ever since I first read Bossu; and the more one considers it, the more, I think, one is confirmed in that opinion. Virgil is said to have begun this poem the very year that Augustus was freed from his great rival Anthony: The government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him: and, though he chose to be called their Father, he was, in every thing but the name, their King. This monarchical form of government must naturally be apt to displease the people. Virgil seems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn; and of some old prophecies that must have been very flattering to the Roman people, as promising them the empire of the whole world. He weaves this in with the most probable account of their origin, that of their being descended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular: Virgil, in his *Æneid*, shews that *Æneas* was called

called into their country by the exprefs order of the gods : that he was made king of it by the will of heaven, and by all the human rights that could be : that there was an uninterrupted fucceffion of kings from him to Romulus : that his heirs were to reign there for ever ; and that the Romans, under them, were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from Virgil, and the other Roman writers, that Julius Cæfar was of the royal race, and that Auguftus was his fole heir. The natural refult of all this is, that the promifes made to the Roman people, in and through this race, terminating in Auguftus, the Romans, if they would obey the gods, and be mafters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new eftablifhment under that prince. As odd a fcheme as this may feem now, it is fcarce fo odd as that of fome people among us, who perfuaded themfelves, that an abfolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their fupposed defcent from fome unknown patriarch : and yet that had its effect with many about a century ago ; and feems not to have quite loft all its influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, I think it appears plain enough, that the two great points aimed at by Virgil in his *Æneid*, were to maintain their religious tenets, and to fupport the new form of government in the family of the Cæfars. That poem, therefore, may very well be confidered as a religious and political work ; or rather, (as the vulgar religion with them was fcarce any thing more than an engine of ftate) it may fairly enough be confidered as a work merely political. If this was the cafe, Virgil was not fo highly encouraged by Auguftus and Mæcenæ for nothing. To fpeak a little more plainly : He wrote in the fervice of the new ufurpation on the ftate ; and all that can be offered in vindication of him, in this light, is, that the ufurper he wrote for was become a tame one ; and that the temper and bent of their conftitution, at that time, was fuch, that the reins of government muft have fallen into the hands of fome one perfon or another ; and might probably, on any new revolution, have fallen into the hands of fome one lefs mild and indulgent than Auguftus was at the time when Virgil wrote this poem in his fervice. But whatever may be faid of his reafons for writing it, the poem

poem itself has been highly applauded in all ages, from its first appearance to this day; and though left unfinished by its author, has been always reckoned as much superior to all the other epic poems among the Romans, as Homer's is among the Greeks. *Ibid.*

Of the Fall of POETRY among the ROMANS.

THERE are some who assert that the great age of the Roman eloquence I have been speaking of began to decline even in the latter part of Augustus's reign. It certainly fell very much under Tiberius; and grew every day weaker and weaker, till it was wholly changed under Caligula. Hence, therefore, we may date the Third Age, or the Fall of the Roman Poetry. Augustus, whatever his natural temper was, put on at least a mildness that gave a calm to the state during his time: The succeeding emperors flung off the mask; and not only were, but openly appeared to be, rather monsters than men. We need not go to their historians for proofs of their prodigious vileness: It is enough to mention the bare names of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. Under such heads every thing that was good run to ruin. All discipline in war, all domestic virtue, the very love of liberty, and all the taste for sound eloquence and good poetry, sunk gradually, and faded away, as they had flourished, together. Instead of the sensible, chaste, and manly way of writing that had been in use in the former age, there now rose up a desire of writing smartly, and an affectation of shining in every thing they said. A certain prettiness, and glitter, and luxurioufness of ornaments, was what distinguished their most applauded writers in prose; and their poetry was quite lost in high flights and obscurity. Seneca, the favourite prose-writer of those times, and Petronius Arbitr, so great a favourite with many of our own, afford too many proofs of this.

As to the prose in Nero's time, and as to the poets, it is enough to say, that they had then Lucan and Persius, instead of Virgil and Horace.

Occasionally we shall introduce to the acquaintance of our readers, the principal writers in these different stages of the Roman poetry.

ATHENS.

A short historical Account of ATHENS, from the Time of her PERSIAN Triumphs to that of her becoming subject to the TURKS.—Sketch, during this long Interval, of her Political and Literary State; of her Philosophers; of her Gymnasia; of her good and bad Fortune, &c. &c.—Manners of the present Inhabitants.—Olives and Honey.

WHEN the Athenians had delivered themselves from the tyranny of Pisistratus, and after this had defeated the vast efforts of the Persians, and that against two successive invaders, Darius and Xerxes, they may be considered as at the summit of their national glory. For more than half a century afterwards, they maintained, without controul, the sovereignty of Greece*. As their taste was naturally good, arts of every kind soon rose among them, and flourished. Valour had given them reputation; reputation gave them an ascendant; and that ascendant produced a security, which left their minds at ease, and gave them leisure to cultivate every thing liberal or elegant.

* For these historical facts consult the ancient and modern authors of Grecian history.

It was then that Pericles adorned the city with temples, theatres, and other beautiful public buildings. Phidias, the great sculptor, was employed as his architect; who, when he had erected edifices, adorned them himself, and added statues and basso-relievos, the admiration of every beholder. It was then that Polygnotus and Myro painted; that Sophocles and Euripides wrote; and, not long after, that they saw the divine Socrates.

Human affairs are by nature prone to change; and states, as well as individuals, are born to decay. Jealousy and ambition insensibly fomented wars; and success in these wars, as in others, was often various. The military strength of the Athenians was first impaired by the Lacedemonians; after that, it was again humiliated, under Epaminondas, by the Thebans; and, last of all, it was wholly crushed by the Macedonian Philip.

But though their political sovereignty was lost, yet, happily for mankind, their love of literature and arts did not sink along with it.

Just at the close of their golden days of empire, flourished Xenophon and Plato, the disciples of Socrates; and from Plato descended that race of philosophers called the Old Academy.

Aristotle, who was Plato's disciple, may be said not to have invented a new philosophy, but rather to have tempered the sublime and rapturous mysteries of his master with method, order, and a stricter mode of reasoning.

Zeno, who was himself also educated in the principles of Platonism, only differed from Plato in the comparative estimate of things, allowing nothing to be intrinsically good but virtue, nothing intrinsically bad but vice, and considering all other things to be in themselves indifferent.

He, too, and Aristotle, accurately cultivated logic, but in different ways: for Aristotle chiefly dwelt upon the simple syllogism; Zeno upon that which is derived out of it, the compound or hypothetic. Both too, as well as other philosophers,

cultivated rhetoric along with logic; holding a knowledge in both to be requisite for those who think of addressing mankind with all the efficacy of persuasion. Zeno elegantly illustrated the force of these two powers by a simile, taken from the hand: the close power of logic he compared to the fist, or hand compressed; the diffuse power of logic, to the palm, or hand open.

I shall mention but two sects more, the New Academy, and the Epicurean.

The New Academy, so called from the Old Academy (the name given to the school of Plato) was founded by Arcefilas, and ably maintained by Carneades. From a mistaken imitation of the great parent of philosophy, Socrates, (particularly as he appears in the dialogues of Plato) because Socrates doubted some things, therefore Arcefilas and Carneades doubted all.

Epicurus drew from another source; Democritus had taught him atoms and a void. By the fortuitous concourse of atoms he fancied he could form a world, while by a feigned veneration he complimented away his gods, and totally denied their providential care, lest the trouble of it should impair their uninterrupted state of bliss. Virtue he recommended, though not for the sake of virtue, but pleasure; pleasure, according to him, being our chief and sovereign good. It must be confessed, however, that though his principles were erroneous, and even bad, never was a man more temperate and humane; never was a man more beloved by his friends, or more cordially attached to them in affectionate esteem.

We have already mentioned the alliance between philosophy and rhetoric. This cannot be thought wonderful, if rhetoric be the art by which men are persuaded, and if men cannot be persuaded without a knowledge of human nature; for what, but philosophy, can procure us this knowledge?

It was for this reason the ablest Greek philosophers not only taught (as we hinted before) but wrote also treatises upon rhetoric. They had a farther inducement, and that was the intrinsic

trinsic beauty of their language, as it was then spoken among the learned and polite. They would have been ashamed to have delivered philosophy, as it has been too often delivered since, in compositions as clumsy as the common dialect of the mere vulgar.

The same love of elegance, which made them attend to their style, made them attend even to the places where their philosophy was taught.

Plato delivered his lectures in a place shaded with groves, on the banks of the river Ilissus; and which, as it once belonged to a person called Academus, was called after his name, the Academy. Aristotle chose another spot of a similar character, where there were trees and a shade; a spot called the Lycæum. Zeno taught in a portico or colonnade, distinguished from other buildings of that sort (of which the Athenians had many) by the name of the Variegated Portico, the walls being decorated with various paintings of Polygnotus and Myro, two capital masters of that transcendent period. Epicurus addressed his hearers in those well-known gardens, called, after his own name, the gardens of Epicurus.

Some of these places gave names to the doctrines which were taught there. Plato's philosophy took its name of Academic, from the Academy; that of Zeno was called the Stoic, from a Greek word signifying a portico.

The system indeed of Aristotle was not denominated from the place, but was called Peripatetic, from the manner in which he taught; from his walking about at the time when he disserted. The term Epicurean philosophy needs no explanation.

Open air, shade, water, and pleasant walks, seem above all things to favour that exercise the best suited to contemplation, I mean gentle walking, without inducing fatigue. The many agreeable walks in and about Oxford, may teach my own countrymen the truth of this assertion, and best explain how

Horace

Horace lived, while the student at Athens, employed (as he tells us)

inter silvas Academique querere verum.

These places of public institution were called among the Greeks by the name of *Gymnasia*, in which, whatever that word might have originally meant, were taught all those exercises, and all those arts which tended to cultivate not only the body but the mind. As man was a being consisting of both, the Greeks could not consider that education as complete in which both were not regarded, and both properly formed. Hence their *Gymnasia*, with reference to this double end, were adorned with two statues, those of Mercury and of Hercules; the corporeal accomplishments being patronized (as they supposed) by the God of strength, the mental accomplishments, by the God of ingenuity.

It is to be feared, that many places, now called Academies, scarce deserve the name upon this extensive plan, if the professors teach no more than how to dance, fence, and ride upon horses.

It was for the cultivation of every liberal accomplishment that Athens was celebrated (as we have said) during many centuries, long after her political influence was lost, and at an end.

When Alexander the Great died, many tyrants, like many hydras, immediately sprung up. Athens then, though she still maintained the form of her ancient government, was perpetually checked and humiliated by their insolence. Antipater destroyed her orators, and she was sacked by Demetrius. At length she became subject to the all-powerful Romans, and found the cruel Sylla her severest enemy.

His face (which perhaps indicated his manners) was of a purple red, intermixed with white. This circumstance could not

not escape the witty Athenians; they described him in a verse, and ridiculously said,

Sylla's face is a mulberry, sprinkled with meal.

The devastations and carnage which he caused soon after, gave them too much reason to repent their sarcasm.

The civil war between Cæsar and Pompey soon followed, and their natural love of liberty made them side with Pompey. Here again they were unfortunate, for Cæsar conquered. But Cæsar did not treat them like Sylla. With that clemency, which made so amiable a part of his character, he dismissed them, by a fine allusion to their illustrious ancestors, saying, "that he spared the living for the sake of the dead."

Another storm followed soon after this, the wars of Brutus and Cassius with Augustus and Antony. Their partiality for liberty did not here forsake them; they took part in the contest with the two patriot Romans, and erected their statues near their own ancient deliverers, Harmodius and Aristogiton, who had slain Hipparchus. But they were still unhappy, for their enemies triumphed.

They made their peace however with Augustus; and, having met afterwards with different treatment under different emperors, sometimes favourable, sometimes harsh, and never more severe than under Vespasian, their oppressions were at length relieved by the virtuous Nerva and Trajan.

Mankind, during the interval which began from Nerva, and which extended to the death of that best of emperors, Marcus Antoninus, felt a respite from those evils which they had so severely felt before, and which they felt so severely revived under Commodus, and his wretched successors.

Athens, during the above golden period, enjoyed more than all others the general felicity, for she found in Adrian so generous a benefactor, that her citizens could hardly help esteeming him a second founder. He restored their old privi-

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They made their peace however with Augustus; and, having met afterwards with different treatment under different emperors, sometimes favourable, sometimes harsh, and never more severe than under Vespasian, their oppressions were at length relieved by the virtuous Nerva and Trajan.

Mankind, during the interval which began from Nerva, and which extended to the death of that best of emperors, Marcus Antoninus, felt a respite from those evils which they had so severely felt before, and which they felt so severely revived under Commodus, and his wretched successors.

Athens, during the above golden period, enjoyed more than all others the general felicity, for she found in Adrian so generous a benefactor, that her citizens could hardly help esteeming him a second founder. He restored their old privi-

eges,

eges, gave them new; repaired their ancient buildings, and added others of his own. Marcus Antoninus, although he did not do so much, still continued to shew them his benevolent attention.

If from this period we turn our eyes back, we shall find, for centuries before, that Athens was the place of education, not only for Greeks, but for Romans. 'Twas hither that Horace was sent by his father; 'twas here that Cicero put his son Marcus under Cratippus, one of the ablest philosophers then belonging to that city.

The sects of philosophers which we have already described, were still existing when St Paul came thither. We cannot enough admire the superior eloquence of that apostle, in his manner of addressing so intelligent an audience. We cannot enough admire the sublimity of his exordium; the propriety of his mentioning an altar which he had found there; and his quotation from Aratus, one of their well-known poets. Acts xvii. 22.

Nor was Athens only celebrated for the residence of philosophers, and the institution of youth: Men of rank and fortune found pleasure in a retreat which contributed so much to their liberal enjoyment.

The friend and correspondent of Cicero, T. Pomponius, from his long attachment to this city and country, had attained such a perfection in its arts and language, that he acquired to himself the additional name of Atticus. This great man may be said to have lived during times of the worst and cruellest factions. His youth was spent under Sylla and Marius; the middle of his life during all the sanguinary scenes that followed; and when he was old, he saw the proscriptions of Antony and Octavius. Yet though Cicero and a multitude more of the best men perished, he had the good fortune to survive every danger. Nor did he seek a safety for himself alone: his virtue so recommended him to the leaders of every

every side, that he was able to save not himself alone, but the lives and fortunes of many of his friends.

When we look to this amiable character, we may well suppose, that it was not merely for amusement that he chose to live at Athens; but rather that, by residing there, he might so far realize philosophy, as to employ it for the conduct of life, and not merely for ostentation.

Another person, during a better period (that I mean between Nerva and Marcus Antoninus) was equally celebrated for his affection to this city. By this person I mean Herodes Atticus, who acquired the last name from the same reasons for which it had formerly been given to Pomponius.

We have remarked already, that vicissitudes befall both men and cities, and changes too often happen from prosperous to adverse. Such was the state of Athens, under the successors of Alexander, and so on from Sylla down to the time of Augustus. It shared the same hard fate with the Roman empire in general, upon the accession of Commodus.

At length, after a certain period, the Barbarians of the North began to pour into the South. Rome was taken by Alaric, and Athens was besieged by the same. Yet here we are informed (at least we learn so from history) that it was miraculously saved by Minerva and Achilles. The goddess, it seems, and the hero, both of them appeared, compelling the invader to raise the siege. HARRIS.

The Account given by SYNESIUS of ATHENS, and its subsequent History.

SYNESIUS, who lived in the fifth century, visited Athens, and gives, in his epistles, an account of his visit. Its lustre appears at that time to have been greatly diminished. Among other

things he informs us, that the celebrated portico or colonnade, the Greek name of which gave name to the sect of Stoics, had, by an oppressive proconsul, been despoiled of its fine pictures; and that, on this devastation, it had been forsaken by those philosophers.

In the thirteenth century, when the Grecian empire was cruelly oppressed by the crusaders, and all things in confusion, Athens was besieged by one Segurus Leo, who was unable to take it; and, after that, by a Marquis of Montserrat, to whom it surrendered.

Its fortune after this was various; and it was sometimes under the Venetians, sometimes under the Catalonians, till Mahomet the Great made himself master of Constantinople. This fatal catastrophe (which happened near two thousand years after the time of Pisistratus) brought Athens, and with it all Greece, into the hands of the Turks, under whose despotic yoke it has continued ever since.

The city from this time has been occasionally visited, and descriptions of it published by different travellers. Wheeler was there along with Spon, in the time of our Charles the Second, and both of them have published curious and valuable narratives. Others, as well natives of this island as foreigners, have been there since, and some have given (as Monfr. Le Roy) specious publications of what we are to suppose they saw. None however have equalled the truth, the accuracy, and the elegance of Mr Stuart, who, after having resided there between three and four years, has given such plans and elevations of the capital buildings now standing, together with learned comments to elucidate every part, that he seems, as far as was possible for the power of description, to have restored the city to its ancient splendour.

He has not only given us the greater outlines and their measures, but separate measures and drawings of the minuter decorations; so that a British artist may (if he pleases) follow Phidias, and build in Britain as Phidias did at Athens.

Spon,

Spon, speaking of Attica, says, "that the road near Athens was pleasing, and the very peasants polished." Speaking of the Athenians in general, he says of them—"ils ont une politesse d'esprit naturelle, & beaucoup d'adresse dans toutes les affaires, qu'ils entreprenent."

Wheeler, who was Spon's fellow traveller, says as follows, when he and his company approached Athens: "We began now to think ourselves in a more civilized country than we had yet past: for not a shepherd that we met, but bid us welcome, and wished us a good journey." p. 335. Speaking of the Athenians, he adds, "This must with great truth be said of them, their bad fortune hath not been able to take from them what they have by nature, that is, much subtlety or wit." p. 347. And again, "The Athenians, notwithstanding the long possession that barbarism hath had of this place, seem to be much more polished, in point of manners and conversation, than any other in these parts; being civil, and of respectful behaviour to all, and highly complimentary in their discourse." p. 356.

Stuart says of the present Athenians, what Spon and Wheeler said of their forefathers;—he found in them the same address, the same natural acuteness, though severely curbed by their despotic masters.

One custom I cannot omit. He tells me, that frequently at their convivial meetings, one of the company takes what they now call a lyre, though it is rather a species of guitar, and after a short prelude on the instrument, as if he were waiting for inspiration, accompanies his instrumental music with his voice, suddenly chanting some extempore verses, which seldom exceed two or three distichs; that he then delivers the lyre to his neighbour, who, after he has done the same, delivers it to another; and that so the lyre circulates, till it has past round the table.

Nor can I forget his informing me, that, notwithstanding the various fortunes of Athens, as a city, Attica was still fa-

mous for Olives, and Mount Hymettus for Honey. Human institutions perish, but Nature is permanent. *Ibid.*

Anecdote of the Modern Greeks.

I SHALL quit the Greeks, after I have related a short narrative; a narrative, so far curious, as it helps to prove, that even among the present Greeks, in the day of servitude, the remembrance of their ancient glory is not totally extinct.

When the late Mr Anson (Lord Anson's brother) was upon his travels in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the isle of Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, as they were sailing along, said with some satisfaction, "There 'twas our fleet lay." Mr Anson demanded, "What fleet?" "What fleet?" replied the old man (a little piqued at the question) "why bur Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy?" *Ibid.*

On the different Modes of History.

THE methods indeed of history appear to be different. There is a mode which we may call historical declamation; a mode, where the author, dwelling little upon facts, indulges himself in various and copious reflections.

Whatever good (if any) may be derived from this method, it is not likely to give us much knowledge of facts.

Another mode is that which I call general or rather public history; a mode abundant in facts, where treaties and alliances, battles and sieges, marches and retreats, are accurately detailed; together with dates, descriptions, tables, plans, and all the collateral helps, both of chronology and geography.

In

* This story was told the author, Mr Harris, by Mr Anson himself.

In this, no doubt, there is utility: yet the sameness of the events resembles not a little the sameness of human bodies. One head, two shoulders, two legs, &c. seem equally to characterise an European and an African; a native of old Rome, and a native of modern.

A third species of history still behind, is that which gives a sample of sentiments and manners.

If the account of these last be faithful, it cannot fail being instructive, since we view through these the interior of human nature. 'Tis by these we perceive what sort of animal man is: so that while not only Europeans are distinguished from Asiatics, but English from French, French from Italians, and (what is still more) every individual from his neighbour; we view at the same time one nature, which is common to them all.

Horace informs us that a drama, where the sentiments and manners are well preserved, will please the audience more than a pompous fable, where they are wanting. Perhaps what is true in dramatic composition, is not less true in historical.

Plutarch, among the Greek historians, appears in a peculiar manner to have merited this praise.

Nor ought I to omit (as I shall soon refer to them) some of our best Monkish historians, though prone upon occasion to degenerate into the incredible. As they often lived during the times which they described, 'twas natural they should paint the life and the manners which they saw. *Ibid.*

GENERAL

GENERAL HISTORY.

OF THE ORIGIN OF NATIONS, LAWS, GOVERNMENT,
AND COMMERCE.

I. FROM THE CREATION TO THE INSTITUTION OF THE AM-
PHICTHONIC COUNCIL OF GREECE.

IT being our intention, in the present work, to lay before our readers such extracts from ancient and modern history, as may be most conducive to their forming just and enlightened ideas of the customs, manners, and progression of science in every country,—as well as to select those more amusing passages chiefly calculated to afford them a delightful amusement in the hour of retirement from the busy scenes of active life,—so we deem it necessary to place before their eyes a short and general history of the world, from the earliest ages to the Reformation of religion in the 16th century, when PRINTING, the most beneficial of arts, had now called from her solitary retreats, to enlighten a long benighted world, LEARNING, with all the concomitant arts and sciences, destined, wherever they appear, to dispell those clouds of error, ignorance, and barbarism, so inimical to the happiness of mankind. By a history of the world, we do not mean a mere list of dates, which, when taken by itself, is a thing extremely insignificant; but an account of the most important and interesting events that have happened among mankind, with the causes which have produced, and the effects which have followed from them. This we judge to be a matter of great importance in itself, and highly necessary for the right understanding of many of those extracts which form one of the principal departments of this work.

THE

THE first age of the world immediately presents to us a grand and awful spectacle :—God creating the heavens and the earth by his word, and making man after his own image. With this begins Moses, the most ancient of historians, most sublime of historians, and wisest of legislators.

This he lays the foundation, as well of his history, as of his doctrine and laws. Next he shews us all mankind contained in one man, and his wife herself extracted from him ; matrimonial union, and the society of mankind established upon this foundation ; the perfection and power of man, so far as, in his first estate, he bears the image of God ; his dominion over animals ; his innocence, together with his felicity, in paradise, the memory of which is preserved in the golden age of the poets ; the divine command given to our first parents ; the malice of the tempting spirit, and his appearance under the form of a serpent ; the fall of Adam and Eve, fatal to all their posterity ; the first man justly punished in all his children, and mankind cursed by God ; the first promise of redemption, and the future victory of men over the devil, who had undone them.

The earth begins to fill, and wickedness encreases. Cain, the first son of Adam and Eve, shews the infant world the first tragical action † ; and thence virtue dates her persecution from vice. There we see the contrary manners of the two brothers ; the innocence of Abel, his pastoral life, and his offerings accepted ; those of Cain rejected, his avarice, his impiety, his fratricide, and jealousy, the parent of murders ; the punishment of that crime, the conscience of the parricide racked with continual terrors ; the first city built by this miscreant, now a vagabond upon the face of the earth, seeking a refuge from the hatred and horror of mankind ; the invention of some arts by his children ; the tyranny of the passions, and the prodigious malignity of man's heart, ever prone to evil ; the posterity of Seth

† Y. W. 129 : B. C. 2875.

Seth faithful to God, notwithstanding that depravation; the pious Enoch miraculously snatched out of a world unworthy of him*; the distinction of the children of God from the children of men; that is, of those who live after the spirit from those who live after the flesh; their intermixture, and the universal corruption of the world; the destruction of men decreed by a just judgment of God; his wrath denounced against sinners by his servant Noah; their impenitence and hardness of heart punished by the deluge †; and Noah and family reserved for the restoration of mankind.

Such is the sum of what passed in 1656 years; and such the beginning of all histories: where are displayed the omnipotence, wisdom, and goodness of God; innocence happy under his protection; his justice in avenging crimes; and at the same time his patience for the conversion of sinners; the greatness and dignity of man in his primitive state; the temper of mankind after its corruption; the nature of jealousy, and the secret causes of violences and wars; in short, the whole foundation of religion and morality.

With mankind Noah preserved the arts, as well those which were essential to human life, and which men knew from their origin, as those they had afterwards invented. Those arts which men learned at first, and probably from their Creator, were agriculture, the pastoral art, that of clothing, and, perhaps, that of building. So trace we their commencement from those places of the East, whence mankind was propagated.

The tradition of the universal deluge prevails over all the earth. The ark, where the remnant of mankind was saved, has ever been celebrated in the East; particularly in those parts, where it rested after the deluge. Many other circumstances of that famous story are in the annals and traditions of ancient nations: the times agree, and every thing answers as far as can be expected in so remote an antiquity. *Bosquet.*

THE deluge produced a very considerable change on the soil and atmosphere of this globe, and gave them a form less favourable

* Y. W. 287: B. C. 3017.

† B. C. 2345.

able to the frame and texture of the human body. Hence the abridgement of the life of man, and that formidable train of diseases which have ever since made such havock in the world.

A curious part of history follows that of the deluge, the re-peopling of the world, and the rising of a new generation from the ruins of the former. The memory of the three sons of Noah, the first founder of nations, was long preserved among their several descendants. Japhet continued famous among the western nations under the celebrated name of Japetus; the Hebrews paid an equal veneration to Shem, who was the founder of their race; and among the Egyptians, Ham was long revered as a divinity, under the name of Jupiter Hammon. It appears that hunting was the principal occupation some centuries after the deluge. The world teemed with wild beasts, and the great heroism of those times consisted in destroying them. Hence Nimrod acquired immortal renown; and by the admiration which his courage and dexterity universally excited, was enabled to acquire an authority over his fellow-creatures, and to found at Babylon the first monarchy, whose origin is particularly mentioned in history *.

Not long after, the foundation of Nineveh was laid by Assur: and in Egypt, the four governments of Thebes, Theri, Memphis, and Tanis, began to assume some appearance of form and regularity. That these events should have happened so soon after the deluge, whatever surprize it may have occasioned to the learned some centuries ago, need not in the smallest degree excite the wonder of the present age. We have seen, from many instances, the powerful effects of the principles of population, and how speedily mankind increase when the generative faculty lies under no restraint. The kingdoms of Mexico and Peru were incomparably more extensive than those of Babylon, Nineveh, and Egypt, during this early age; and yet these kingdoms are not supposed to have existed four centuries before the discovery of America by Columbus. As mankind continued

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* B. C. 2640.

to multiply on the earth, and to separate from each other, the tradition concerning the true God was obliterated or obscured. This occasioned the calling of Abraham to be the father of a chosen people. From this period the history of ancient nations begins a little to expand itself; and we learn several particulars of very considerable importance.*

Mankind had not long been united into societies before they set themselves to oppress and destroy one another. Chederlamer, king of the Elamites, or Persians, was already become a robber and a conqueror. His force, however, must not have been very considerable, since, in one of these expeditions, Abraham, assisted only by his household, set upon him in his retreat, and, after a fierce engagement, recovered all the spoil that had been taken. Abraham was soon after obliged, by a famine, to leave Canaan, the country where God had commanded him to settle, and to go into Egypt. This journey gives occasion to Moses to mention some particulars with regard to the Egyptians, and every stroke discovers the character of an improved and powerful nation. The court of the Egyptian monarch is described in the most brilliant colours. He is surrounded with a crowd of courtiers, solely occupied in gratifying his passions. The particular governments into which this country was divided, are now united under one powerful prince; and Ham, who led the colony into Egypt, is become the founder of a mighty empire. We are not, however, to imagine that all the laws which took place in Egypt, and which have been so justly admired for their wisdom, were the work of this early age. Diodorus Siculus, a Greek writer, mentions many successive princes, who laboured for their establishment and perfection. But in the time of Jacob†, the first principles of civil order and regular government seem to have been tolerably understood among the Egyptians. The country was divided into several districts or separate departments; councils, composed of experienced and select persons, were established

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* B. C. 2026.

† B. C. 1833.

for the management of public affairs; granaries for preserving corn were erected; and, in fine, the Egyptians in this age enjoyed a commerce far from inconsiderable. These facts, though of an ancient date, deserve our particular attention. It is from the Egyptians, that many of the arts, both of elegance and utility, have been handed down in an uninterrupted chain to the modern nations of Europe. The Egyptians communicated their arts to the Greeks; the Greeks taught the Romans many improvements both in the arts of peace and war; and to the Romans, the present inhabitants of Europe are indebted for their civility and refinement. The kingdoms of Babylon and Nineveh remained separate for several centuries; but we know not even the names of the kings who governed them, till the time of Ninus king of Nineveh, who, by the splendour of his actions, reflects light on this dark history. Fired by the spirit of conquest, he extends the bounds of his kingdom, adds Babylon to his dominion, and lays the foundation of that monarchy which, under the name of the Assyrian empire, kept Asia under the yoke for many ages.

The history of Europe now begins to dawn. Javin, son of Japhet, and grandson of Noah, is the stock from whom all the people known by the name of Greeks are descended. Javin established himself in the islands of the western coast of Asia Minor, from whence it was impossible that some wanderers should not escape over into Europe*. To these first inhabitants succeeded a colony from Egypt, who, about the time of Abraham, penetrated into Greece, and, under the name of Titans, endeavoured to establish monarchy in this country, and to introduce into it the laws and civil policy of the Egyptians. But the empire of the Titans soon fell asunder; and the ancient Greeks, who were at this time the most rude and barbarous people in the world, again fell back into their lawless and savage manner of life. Several colonies, however, soon after passed over from Asia into Greece, and by remaining in that

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country,

country, produced a more considerable alteration on the manners of its inhabitants. The most ancient of these were the colonies of Inachus and Ogyges; of whom the former settled in Argos, and the latter in Attica. We know extremely little of Ogyges or his successors. Those of Inachus endeavoured to unite the dispersed and wandering Greeks; and their endeavours for this purpose were not altogether unsuccessful.

But the history of God's chosen people, is the only one with which we are much acquainted during those ages. The train of curious events which occasioned the settling of Jacob and his family in that part of Egypt of which Tanis was the capital, are universally known. That patriarch died, according to the Septuagint version, 1794 years before Christ*. This is a pretty remarkable æra with respect to the nations of heathen antiquity, and concludes that period of time which the Greeks considered as altogether unknown, and which they have hardly disfigured by their fabulous narrations. Let us view this period then in another point of view, and consider what we can learn from the sacred writings, with respect to the arts, manners, and laws, of ancient nations.

It is a common error among writers on this subject, to consider all the nations of antiquity as being on the same footing with regard to these matters. They find some nations extremely rude and barbarous, and hence they conclude that all were in that situation. They discover others acquainted with many arts, and hence they infer the wisdom of the first ages. There appears, however, to have been as much difference between the inhabitants of the ancient world, in points of art and refinement, as between the civilized kingdoms of modern Europe, and the Indians in America, or Negroes on the coast of Africa. Noah was, undoubtedly, acquainted with all the arts of the antedeluvian world; these he would communicate to his children, and they again would hand them down to their posterity. Those nations therefore who settled nearest the original seat of

* B. C. 1794.

mankind, and who had the best opportunities to avail themselves of the knowledge which their great ancestor was possessed of, early formed themselves into regular societies, and made considerable improvements in the arts which are most subservient to human life.

Agriculture appears to have been known in the first ages of the world. Noah cultivated the vine; in the time of Jacob, the fig-tree and the almond were well known in the land of Canaan; and the instruments of husbandry, long before the discovery of them in Greece, are often mentioned in the sacred writings. It is hardly to be supposed that the ancient cities, both in Asia and Egypt, whose foundation, as we have already mentioned, ascends to the remotest antiquity, could have been built unless the culture of the ground had been practised at that time. Nations, who live by hunting or pasturage only, lead a wandering life, and seldom fix their residence in cities. Commerce naturally follows agriculture; and though we cannot trace the steps by which it was introduced among the ancient nations, we may, from detached passages in sacred writ, ascertain the progress which had been made in it during the patriarchial times. We know, from the history of civil society, that the commercial intercourse between men must be pretty considerable, before the metals come to be considered as the medium of trade; and yet this was the case even in the days of Abraham. It appears, however, from the relations which establish this fact, that the use of money had not been of an ancient date; it had no mark to ascertain its weight or fineness; and in a contract for a burying-place, in exchange for which Abram gave silver, the metal is weighed in presence of all the people. But as commerce improved, and bargains of this sort became more common, this practice went into disuse, and the quantity of silver was ascertained by a particular mark, which saved the trouble of weighing it. But this does not appear to have taken place till the time of Jacob, the second from Abram. The shekel, of which we read in his time, was a piece

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of money, stamped with the figure of a lamb, and of a precise and stated value. It appears from the history of Joseph, that the commerce between different nations was by this time regularly carried on. The Ishmaelites and Midianites, who bought him of his brethren, were travelling merchants, resembling the modern caravans, who carried spices, perfumes, and other rich commodities, from their own country into Egypt. The same observations may be made from the book of Job, who, according to the best chronology, was a native of Arabia Felix, and contemporary with Jacob. He speaks of the roads of Tema and Saba, i.e. of the caravans who set out from those cities of Arabia. If we reflect that the commodities of this country were rather the luxuries than the conveniences of life, we shall have reason to conclude, that the countries into which they were sent for sale, and particularly Egypt, were considerably improved in arts and refinement; for people do not think of luxuries until the useful arts have made high advancement among them.

In speaking of commerce, we ought carefully to distinguish between the species of it which is carried on by land, or inland commerce, and that which is carried on by sea; which last kind of traffic is both later in its origin, and slower in its progress. Had the descendants of Noah been left to their own ingenuity, and received no tincture of the antediluvian knowledge from their wise ancestors, it is improbable they should have ventured on navigating the open seas so soon as we find they did. That branch of his posterity who settled on the coast of Palestine, were the first people of the world among whom navigation was made subservient to commerce; they were distinguished by a word which in the Hebrew tongue signifies merchants, and are the same nation afterwards known to the Greeks by the name of Phœnicians. Inhabiting a barren and ungrateful soil, they set themselves to better their situation by cultivating the arts. Commerce was their capital object; and with all the writers of pagan antiquity, they pass for the

inventors

inventors of whatever is subservient to it. At the time of Abraham they were regarded as a powerful nation; their maritime commerce is mentioned by Jacob in his last words to his children: and if we may believe Herodotus in a matter of such remote antiquity, the Phenicians had by this time navigated the coasts of Greece, and carried off the daughter of Inachus.

The arts of agriculture, commerce, and navigation, suppose the knowledge of several other; astronomy, for instance, or a knowledge of the situation and revolutions of the heavenly bodies, is necessary both to agriculture and navigation; that of working metals, to commerce; and so of other arts. In fact, we find that before the death of Jacob, several nations were so well acquainted with the revolutions of the moon, as to measure by them the duration of their year. It had been an universal custom among all the nations of antiquity, as well as the Jews, to divide time into the portion of a week, or seven days: this undoubtedly arose from the tradition with regard to the origin of the world. It was natural for those nations who led a pastoral life, or who lived under a serene sky, to observe that the various appearances of the moon were completed nearly in four weeks; hence the division of a month. Those people again who lived by agriculture, and who had got among them the division of the month, would naturally remark, that twelve of these brought back the same temperature of the air, or the same seasons: hence the origin of what is called the lunar year, which has every where taken place in the infancy of science. This, together with the observation of the fixed stars, which study, as we learn from the book of Job, must have been very ancient, naturally paved the way for the discovery of the solar year, which at that time would be thought an immense improvement in Astronomy. But with regard to those branches of knowledge which we have mentioned, it is to be remembered that they were peculiar to the Egyptians and a few nations of Asia. Europe offers a frightful spectacle during this period.

Who

Who could believe that the Greeks, who in later ages became the patterns of politeness and every elegant art, were descended from a savage race of men, traversing the woods and wilds, inhabiting the rocks and caverns, a wretched prey to wild animals, and sometimes to one another. This, however, is no more than what was to be expected. The descendants of Noah, who removed at a great distance from the plains of Senaar, lost all connexions with the civilised part of mankind. Their posterity became still more ignorant; and the human mind was at length sunk into an abyss of misery and wretchedness.

We might naturally expect that, from the death of Jacob, and as we advance forward in time, the history of the great empires of Egypt and Assyria would emerge from their obscurity: this, however, is far from being the case; we only get a glimpse of them, and they disappear entirely for many ages.

* After the reign of Ninus, who succeeded Ninus in the Assyrian throne, we find an astonishing blank in the history of this empire for no less than eight hundred years. The silence of ancient history on this subject is commonly attributed to the softness and effeminacy of the successors of Ninus, whose lives afforded no events worthy of narration. Wars and commotions are the great themes of the historian, while the gentle and happy reigns of a wise prince pass unobserved and unrecorded. Sesostris †, a prince of wonderful abilities, is supposed about this time to have mounted the throne of Egypt. By his assiduity and attention, the civil and military establishments of the Egyptians received very considerable improvements. Egypt, in the time of Sesostris and his immediate successors, was in all probability the most powerful kingdom upon earth, and according to the best calculation is supposed to have contained twenty-seven millions of inhabitants. But ancient history often excites, without gratifying our curiosity; for from the reign of Sesostris to that of Boetharis ‡, we know not even the names of the intermediate princes. If we judge, however, from

* B. C. 2122.

† B. C. 2341.

‡ B. C. 1760.

from collateral circumstances, the country must still have remained in a very flourishing condition, for Egypt continued to pour forth her colonies into distant nations. Athens, that seat of learning and politeness, that school for all who aspire after wisdom, owes its foundation to Cecrops*, who landed in Greece, with an Egyptian colony, and endeavoured to civilize the rough manners of its original inhabitants. From the institutions which Cecrops established among the Athenians, it is easy to infer in what situations they must have lived before his arrival. The laws of marriage, which few nations are so barbarous as to be altogether unacquainted with, were not known in Greece. Mankind, like the beasts of the field, were propagated by accidental encounters, and without all knowledge of those to whom they owed their generation. † Cranaus, who succeeded Cecrops in the kingdom of Attica, pursued the same beneficial plan, and endeavoured, by wise institutions, to bridle the keen passions of a rude people.

Whilst these princes used their endeavours for civilizing this corner of Greece, the other kingdoms, into which this country, by the natural boundaries of rocks, mountains, and rivers, is divided, and which had been already peopled by colonies from Egypt and the East, began to assume some appearance of form and regularity. This engaged Amphiction ‡, one of those uncommon geniuses who appear in the world for the benefit of the age in which they live and the admiration of posterity, to think of some expedient by which he might unite in one plan of politics the several independent kingdoms of Greece, and thereby deliver them from those intestine divisions which must render them a prey to one another, or to the first enemy who might think proper to invade them. These reflections he communicated to the kings or leaders of the different territories, and by his eloquence and address engaged twelve cities to unite together for their mutual preservation. Two deputies from each of these cities assembled twice a year at Thermopylae,

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* B. C. 1582.

† B. C. 1532.

‡ B. C. 1526.

and formed what, after the name of its founder, was called the Amphictionic Council. In this assembly, whatever related to the general interest of the confederacy was discussed and finally determined. Amphiction likewise, sensible that those political connexions are the most lasting which are strengthened by religion, committed to the Amphictions the care of the temple at Delphi, and of the riches which, from the dedications of those who consulted the oracle, had been amassed in it. This assembly, constituted on such solid foundations, was the great spring of action in Greece, while that country preserved its independence; and by the union which it inspired among the Greeks, enabled them to defend their liberties against all the force of the Persian empire. *Guthrie.*

*On the Respect paid by the LACEDEMONIANS and ATHENIANS
to Old Age.*

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat: the good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was, to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions, there were also particular places assigned for foreigners: When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and, with the greatest respect, received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue, and their

their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out: "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it." *Spectator.*

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PÆTUS AND ARRIA: Or, Conjugal Affection.

DURING the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, the wife of Cæcina Pætus, was an illustrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection.

It happened that her husband and her son were both at the same time, attacked with a dangerous illness. The son died. He was a youth endowed with every quality of mind and person which could endear him to his parents. His mother's heart was torn with all the anguish of grief; yet she resolved to conceal the distressing event from her husband. She prepared and conducted his funeral so privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into her husband's bed-chamber, she pretended her son was better; and, as often as he inquired after his health, would answer, that he had rested well, or had eaten with an appetite. When she found that she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out, she would leave the room, and, having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes, and a serene countenance, as if she had left her sorrow behind her at the door of the chamber.

Camillus Scribonianus, the governor of Dalmatia, having taken up arms against Claudius, Pætus joined himself to his party, and was soon after taken prisoner, and brought to Rome. When the guards were going to put him on board the ship, Arria besought them to permit her to go with him. "Certainly," said she, "you cannot refuse a man of consular dignity, as he is, a few attendants to wait upon him; but, if you will take me, I alone will perform their office." This favour, however,

was refused; upon which she hired a small fishing vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship.

Returning to Rome, Arria met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who pressing her to discover all that she knew of the insurrection,—“What!” said she, “shall I regard thy advice, who saw thy husband murdered in thy very arms, and yet survive him?”

Pætus being condemned to die, Arria formed a deliberate resolution to share his fate, and made no secret of her intention. Thrasea, who married her daughter, attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, among other arguments which he used, said to her, “Would you then, if my life were to be taken from me, advise your daughter to die with me?” “Most certainly I would,” she replied, “if she had lived as long, and in as great harmony with you, as I have lived with Pætus.”

Persisting in her determination, she found means to provide herself with a dagger: and one day, when she observed a more than usual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, and perceived that death by the hand of the executioner appeared to him more terrible than in the field of glory—perhaps, too, sensible that it was chiefly for her sake that he wished to live—she drew the dagger from her side, and stabbed herself before his eyes. Then instantly plucking the weapon from her breast, she presented it to her husband, saying, “My Pætus, it is not painful.”

ABDOLONYMUS raised to the Throne of SIDON.

THE city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephestion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephestion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him, that it was contrary to the laws of their country to admit any

any one to that honour, who was not of the royal family. He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæstion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him, and saluted him king, informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him immediately to exchange his rustic garb, and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they urged him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jests, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation. At length, however, they convinced him, that they were serious in their proposal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ear of Alexander; who, commanding the new elected prince to be sent for, required of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation: for when I possessed little, I wanted nothing: These hands have
"supplied

"supplied me with whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon. *Q. Curtius.*

.....
An Account of MULY MOLUC.

WHEN Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

Spectator.

The

The Voyage of Life; an Allegory.

"LIFE," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age."—The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion; I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of Life; that we had already passed the streights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and, first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before

Before me, and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eyes could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him: and many spent their last moments.

moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of Life, was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of

which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spreads couches of repose; and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of Life must necessarily pass. Reason indeed was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by inflexible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost.

Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking,

ing, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked, that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overtaken by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harrassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awoke.

Rambler.

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The Journey of a Day, a Picture of Human Life; the Story of
OBIDAH.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravanera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the

last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from the heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whether he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness

easiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and gave way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumnavigations. In these amusements the hours passed away unaccounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost, when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into sudden rage by wint'ry show'rs,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was
every

every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the strait road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and

and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begin to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unavailing; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.

Rambler.

FIDELIA,—a Tale.

Of the Insufficiency of MORALITY, without RELIGION, for attaining real Happiness.

I AM the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchased with the portion that was allotted him a genteel post under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old, and my father, who was excessively fond of me, determined to be himself my preceptor,

preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, should not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of sense, with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a free liver, and perhaps for that reason took some pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary his daughter should be restrained from those liberties which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition, for so he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to chuse virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connection with immortality, I was not led to consider a future state either with hope or fear: My father, indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or false, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; because the virtue which secured happiness in the present state, would also secure it in a future state: A future state, therefore, I wholly disregarded, and, to confess a truth, disbelieved; for I thought I could plainly discover that it was disbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his sentiments. As I had no very turbulent passions, a ductile and good disposition, and the highest reverence for his understanding, as well as the tenderest affection for him, he found it an easy task to make me adopt every sentiment and opinion which he proposed to me as his own; especially as he took care to support his principles by the authority and arguments of the best writers against Christianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make use of all the philosophy

sophy I had been taught, by his death, which not only deprived me of a parent I most ardently loved, but with him of all the ease and affluence to which I had been accustomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; consequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helplessness of genteel life, a taste for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and sensibility that has doubled all my sufferings. In this distress a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his house, and declared he would take the same care of me as if I had been his own child. When the first transports of my grief were abated, I found myself in an easy situation, and from the natural cheerfulness of my temper, I was beginning once more to taste of happiness. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow understanding and illiberal education, was a little disgusted with me for employing so much of my time in reading; but still more so, when happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that some of them were what he called blasphemy, and tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheist. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to disguise or disavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a deist and an atheist, my arguments only served to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phrase, believed neither God nor devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the established faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reason, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmost concern; I perceived, too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good-nature for that protection which I had flattered myself I should owe to his love. I comforted myself, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride in suffering this persecution from ignorance and folly, only because I was superior to vulgar errors and popular superstition;

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perstition; and that Christianity deserved these appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to "adorn the doctrine which he professed to believe."

I had lived a few months under the painful sensibility of receiving continual benefits from a person whose esteem and affection I had lost, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and, after preparing me for some unexpected good fortune, told me he had just had a proposal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not possibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune, and a fair character, my uncle thought himself sufficiently authorised to pronounce, as he did, that I could not possibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me insuperable; it was, that the person whom he proposed to me as the companion, the guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: His understanding was low, his sentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleasing. "What stuff is all this," interrupted my uncle; "sentiments indelicate! unpolite! his understanding, forsooth, not equal to your own! Ah, child, if you had less romance, conceit and arrogance, and more true discretion and prudence, it would do you more good than all the fine books you have confounded your poor head with, and what is worse, perhaps, ruined your poor soul. I own, it went a little against my conscience to accept my honest friend's kind offer, and give him such a pagan for his wife; but how know I whether the believing husband may not convert the unbelieving wife?—As to your flighty objections, they are such nonsense, that I wonder you can suppose me fool enough to be
"deceived

“deceived by them. No, child, wise as you are, you cannot
 “impose upon a man who has lived as many years in the
 “world as I have. I see your motive; you have some infidel
 “libertine rake in your eye, with whom you would go head-
 “long to perdition. But I shall take care not to have your soul
 “to answer for as well as your person. Either I shall dispose of
 “you to an honest man that may convert you, or you shall
 “dispose of yourself how you please for me; for I disclaim all
 “further care or trouble about you: So I leave you to consi-
 “der, whether or no the kindness I have shewn you entitles
 “me to some little influence over you, and whether you chuse
 “to seek protection where you can find it, or accept of the
 “happy lot Providence has cut out for you.”

He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and I seriously set myself to consider as he bade me, which of the two states he had set before me I ought to chuse; to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conscience, or to expose myself to all the distresses of friendless poverty and unprotected youth. After some hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have suffered extremely in accepting a husband, at least indifferent to me, yet as my heart was perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it; but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would not have been philosophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness; and that those things which are generally esteemed evils could have no power to disturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risques, rather than depart from this glorious principle: I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the op-

portunity of shewing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all accidental circumstances of distress.

I communicated my resolution to my uncle, assuring him at the same time of my everlasting gratitude and respect, and that nothing should have induced me to offend or disobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reason and conscience disapproved; that supposing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet still those of virtue were greater, and I could not resolve to purchase the one by a violation of the other; that a false vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the highest injustice, to enter into so solemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man should possess my person, who could not obtain the first place in my heart.

I was surprised that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent. At length the gathering storm burst over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were condemned as romantic absurdities, which I could not myself believe: I was accused of designing to deceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such design, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could sooner have believed the grossest contradiction, than that a young woman could so strenuously refuse one man without being prepossessed in favour of another. As I thought myself injured by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the justice of his resentment, and against my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he said would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity
and

and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low curtesy left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: However, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of a man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him. I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: "And what, in the devil's name, my dear
"cousin, could make a woman of your sense behave so like
"an idiot. What! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle,
"refuse an excellent match, and reduce yourself to beggary,
"because truly you were not in love? Surely, one might
"have expected better from you even at fifteen. Who is it,
"pray, that marries the person of their choice? For my own
"part, who have rather a better title to please myself with a
"good fifteen hundred a year, than you who have not a shil-
"ling, I found it would not do, and that there was some-
"thing more to be sought after in a wife than a pretty face or
"a genius! Do you think I cared three farthings for the wo-
"man I married? No, faith. But her thirty thousand pounds
"were worth having: With that I can purchase a seraglio of
"beauties,

“beauties, and indulge my taste in every kind of pleasure.
“And pray what is it to me whether my wife has beauty, or
“wit, or elegance, when her money will supply me with all
“that in others? You, cousin, had an opportunity of being
“as I am: The men, believe me, would not like you a bit
“the worse for being married; on the contrary, you would
“find, that for one who took notice of you as a single woman,
“twenty would be your admirers and humble servants when
“there was no danger of being taken in. Thus you might
“have gratified all your passions, made an elegant figure in
“life, and have chosen out some gentle swain as romantic and
“poetical as you pleased for your Cecisbee. The good John
“Trot husband would have been easily managed, and ——”

Here my indignation could be contained no longer, and I was leaving the room in disdain, when he caught me by the hand,
“Nay, prithee, my dear cousin, none of these violent airs. I
“thought you and I had known one another better. Let the
“poor souls, who are taught by the priests and their nurses
“to be afraid of hell-fire, and to think they shall go to the devil
“for following nature and making life agreeable, be as out-
“rageously virtuous as they please: You have too much sense
“to be frightened at bugbears: You know that the term of your
“existence is but short; and it is highly reasonable to
“make it as pleasant as possible.” I was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but, bursting from his hold, told him I would take care not to give him a second opportunity of insulting my distress, and affronting my understanding; and so left his house with a resolution never to enter it again.

I went home mortified and disappointed. My spirits sunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to stir out of my lodging, or to see a human face. At length I resolved to try, whether indigence and friendship were really incompatible, and whether I should meet with the same treatment from a female friend, whose affection had been the principal pleasure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle

Amanda,

Amanda, whose heart seems capable of every tender and generous sentiment, will do justice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tenderness will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude, her praises and endearments will compensate all my hardships. Amanda was a single woman of a moderate fortune, which I heard she was going to bestow on a young officer, who had little or nothing besides his commission. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refusing a mercenary match, since she herself had chosen from motives so opposite to those which are called prudent. She had been in the country some months, so that my misfortunes had not reached her ear till I myself related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and answered me with politeness enough, but with a coldness that chilled my very heart. "You are sensible, my dear Fidelia," said she, "that I never pretended to set my understanding in competition with yours. I knew my own inferiority; and though many of your notions and opinions appeared to me very strange and particular, I never attempted to dispute them with you. To be sure, you know best; but it seems to me a very odd conduct for one in your situation to give offence to so good an uncle; first by maintaining doctrines which may be very true, for ought I know, but which are very contrary to the received opinions we are brought up in, and therefore are apt to shock a common understanding; and secondly, to renounce his protection, and throw yourself into the wide world, rather than marry the man he chose for you: to whom, after all, I do not find you had any real objection, nor any antipathy for his person."—Antipathy, my dear! said I; are there not many degrees between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and beholding him with abhorrence and aversion? The first is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife, a duty voluntarily taken upon herself, and engaged in under the most solemn contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my friendless, unprovided state, since they are the consequences

ces of a virtuous action, they cannot really be evils, nor can they disturb that happiness which is the gift of virtue. "I am heartily glad," answered she, "that you have found the art of making yourself happy by the force of imagination!" "I wish your enthusiasm may continue; and that you may still be further convinced, by your own experience, of the folly of mankind, in supposing poverty and disgrace to be evils."

I was cut to the soul by the unkind manner which accompanied this sarcasm, and was going to remonstrate against her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who, in spite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the stings of unkindness. The beauty and gracefulness of his person caught my eye, and the politeness of his address and the elegance of his compliments soon prejudiced me in favour of his understanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his most intimate friend, and seemed desirous to give credit to his friend's judgment, by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded so well, that Amanda was wholly engrossed by the pleasure of his conversation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new guest; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I rose to leave her, she pressed me so earnestly to stay dinner, that I could not, without discovering how much I resented her behaviour, refuse. This, however, I should probably have done, as I was naturally disposed to shew every sentiment of my heart, had not a secret wish arose there to know a little more of this agreeable stranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my resentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The conversation grew more and more pleasing; I took my share in it, and had more than my share of the charming stranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreserved, Amanda dropt hints in the course of the conversation relating to my story, my sentiments, and unhappy situation. Sir George Freelove, for

that

that was the young gentleman's name, listened greedily to all that was said of me, and seemed to eye me with earnest curiosity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George insisted on attending me to my lodgings; I strongly refused it, not without a sensation which more properly belonged to the female than the philosopher, and which I condemned in myself as arising from dishonest pride. I could not without pride suffer the polite Sir George, upon so short an acquaintance, to discover the meanness of my abode. To avoid this, I sent for a chair; but was confused to find, that Sir George and his servants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to dispute; he himself walked before, and his servants followed it. I was covered with blushes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little shop-door, and took leave with as profound respect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thousand different thoughts kept me from closing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the soul; I found that I must look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one person whom I could call my friend. My heart felt desolate and forlorn; I knew not what course to take for my future subsistence; the pain which my pride had just given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the passions of humanity, and that I should feel too sensibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to subdue this pride, and called to my assistance the examples of ancient sages and philosophers, who despised riches and honours, and felt no inconveniencies from the malice of fortune. I had almost reasoned myself into a contempt for the world, and fancied myself superior to its smiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found that however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being despised by him was insupportable. I recol-

lected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and respect of mankind: at least, the philosopher's schemes and wishes were very different from those which at that time were taking possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice, I scorned the thought of imposing on him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me: yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

In the midst of these reflections I was surprised the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindness and tyranny of an uncle had cast me into uneasy circumstances; and that he could not know, that so much beauty and merit were so unworthily treated by fortune, without earnestly wishing to be the instrument of doing me more justice. He intreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happiness of mine; and was going on with the most fervent offers of service, when I interrupted him by saying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that respect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented such offers of service from a stranger, as could only be justified by a long experienced friendship: that I was not in a situation to receive visits, and must decline his acquaintance, which nevertheless in a happier part of my life would have given me pleasure.

He now had recourse to all the arts of his sex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his passion, protesting the most inviolable

inviolable respect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears, that I would not punish him so severely as to deny him the liberty of seeing me, and making himself more and more worthy of my esteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only just fortitude enough to persevere in refusing his visits, and to insist on his leaving me, which at last he did; but it was after such a profusion of tenderness, prayers and protestations, that it was some time before I could recast my reason enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own situation, which compared, left me but little doubt of his dishonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my presence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reason applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected, that that consciousness would make me happy, but I found it otherwise; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I discovered that my heart was entangled in a passion which must for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now considered riches as truly desirable, since they would have placed me above disgraceful attempts, and given me reasonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freelove. I was discontented and unhappy, but surprised and disappointed to find myself so, since hitherto I had not one criminal action to reproach myself with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I resolved, however, to try still farther the power of Virtue to confer happiness, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had stronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practised in the arts of seduction, to be discouraged by a first repulse: every day produced either some new attempt to see me, or a letter full of the most passionate protestations and intreaties for pardon and favour. It was in

vain I gave orders that no more letters should be taken in from him; he had so many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands so unlike, that I was surprised into reading them, contrary to my real intentions. Every time I stirred out he was sure to be in my way, and to employ the most artful tongue that ever ensnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reason and awakening my passions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly destroyed. Whenever I was with him, I summoned all my fortitude, and constantly repeated my commands that he should avoid me. His disobedience called for my resentment, and in spite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much disdain as I thought his unworthy designs deserved. But the moment he left me, all my resolution forsook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured against the Sovereign Ruler of all things, for making me subject to passions which I could not subdue, yet must not indulge. I compared my own situation with that of my libertine cousin, whose pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and detestation, who gave the reins to every desire, whose house was the seat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whose fate was ever covered with smiles, and whose heart seemed free from sorrow and care. Is not this man, said I, happier than I am? And if so, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not sacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily sacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compensation she offers me? What are my prospects in this world but poverty, mortification, disappointment, and grief? Every wish of my heart denied, every passion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are these the blessings with which Heaven distinguishes its favourites? Can the King of Heaven want power or will to distinguish them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the sport of chance, the prey of wickedness and malice? Surely, no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miserable than

than that of the vicious? I myself have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and see no likelihood of my being otherwise in this world—and all beyond the grave is eternal darkness. Yet why do I say, that I have no prospect of happiness? Does not the most engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can bestow? Will not he protect me from every insult of the proud world that scoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth the means of every pleasure, even of that highest and truest of all pleasures, the power of relieving the sufferings of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of distress into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happiness to all around me? Is not this a state far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happiness the laudable pursuit of reason? Is it not then laudable to pursue it by the most probable means? Have I not been accusing Providence of unkindness, whilst I myself only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have mistaken the path of virtue: it must be that which leads to happiness. The path which I am in, is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darkness; but I see another that is strewn with flowers, and bright with the sunshine of prosperity: this, surely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happiness. Hither then let me turn my weary steps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is surely impossible that I should offend God, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to resist. He has allotted me a short and precarious existence, and has placed before me good and evil.—What is good but pleasure? What is evil but pain? Reason and nature direct me to choose the first, and avoid the last. I sought for happiness in what is called virtue, but I found it not; shall I not try the other experiment, since I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderness of error, and thus had I almost reasoned myself out of every principle

ciple of morality, by pursuing through all their consequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and prescriptions for felicity, the talismans of Truth, by which I should be secured in the storms of adversity, and listen without danger to the syrens of temptation: when in the fatal hour of my presumption, sitting alone in the chamber, collecting arguments on the side of passion, almost distracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falsehood, I saw Sir George Free love at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not necessary to describe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciously implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by false reasoning, and which now tottered from the foundation: suffice it that I submit to the humiliation I have so well deserved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reason, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakness and prejudice, the still voice of conscience which would yet have warned me from ruin: that my innocence, my honour, was the sacrifice to passion and sophistry; that my boasted philosophy, and too much flattered understanding, preserved me not from the lowest depth of infamy, which the weakest of my sex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedness. My vile seducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the shameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and lavishing his fortune in procuring me pleasures which I could not taste, and pomp which seemed an insult on my disgrace.

In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulness of accepting offered pleasures, and following the dictates of inclination; the light of my understanding was darkened, but the sense of guilt was not lost. My pride and my delicacy, if criminal as I was, I may dare to call it so, suffered the most intolerable mortification and disgust, every time I reflected on my infamous situation. Every eye seemed

to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant seducer. O depth of misery! to be conscious of deserving the contempt of him I loved, and for whole sake I was become contemptible to myself.

This was the state of my mind during a year which I passed in Sir George's house. His fondness was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no other object to share my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderness, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The first dawning of unkindness were but too visible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealousy to endure, till certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my false lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately resolved to leave him; but could not do it without first venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me insolence, which though I had deserved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned with scorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my sin, and the trappings of my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of repentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings; but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a post-chaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuse the road.

My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have stopped at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paltry inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without

once

once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time; they were all confused and distracted. A short frenzy must have filled up those hours, of which my memory retains such imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my cloaths, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where after having walked some time, the freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened reason. My reason, my memory, my anguish and despair, returned together! Every circumstance of my past life was present to my mind, but most the idea of my faithless lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in spite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tenderest and most ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguish of resentment, and completed my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful: Poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppression and the taunts of insolence, was before my eyes. I, who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, respected, and admired, was now the outcast of human nature, despised and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had most loved! hateful to myself, belonging to no one, exposed to wrongs and insults from all.

I tried to find out the cause of this dismal change, and how far I was myself the occasion of it. My conduct with respect to Sir George, though I spontaneously condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would justify. But as my principles could not preserve me from
vice,

vice, neither could they sustain me in adversity: Conscience was not to be perverted by the sophistry which had beclouded my reason. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, should acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermost distress, I was neither sustained by the consciousness of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward: Whether I looked backward or forward, all was confusion and anguish, distraction and despair. I accused the Supreme Being of cruelty and injustice, who, though he gave me not sufficient encouragement to resist desire, yet punished me with the consequences of indulgence. "If there is a GOD," cried I, "he must be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardless of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeservedly miserable either from chance or design, but fly to that annihilation in which all my prospects terminate. Take back," said I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, "the hateful gift of existence, and let my dust no more be animated to suffering, and exalted to misery."

So saying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of some person very near me made me turn my eyes to see whence it came. I was accosted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity, and benevolence, asked what I was about to do. At first I was sullen, and refused to answer him; but by degrees the compassion he showed, and the tenderness with which he treated me, softened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

"O! Madam," said he, "these are gracious signs, and unlike those which first drew my attention, and made me watch you unobserved, fearing some fatal purpose in your mind. What must be the thoughts which could make a face like yours appear the picture of horror! I was taking my morning walk, and have seen you a considerable time; sometimes stopping and wringing your hands, sometimes quickening your pace, and sometimes walking slow with

“your eyes fixed on the ground, till you raised them to
“heaven, with looks not of supplication and piety, but rather
“of accusation and defiance. For pity tell me how is it that
“you have quarrelled with yourself, with life, nay, even with
“Heaven? Recal your reason and your hope, and let this
“seasonable prevention of your fatal purpose be an earnest
“to you of good things to come, of God’s mercy not yet
“alienated from you, and stooping from his throne to save
“your soul from perdition.”

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me so much relief that I found myself able to speak, and desirous to express my gratitude for the good man’s concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprising pleasure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story, and every thought of my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence; and, stopping me short, told me, he would lead me to one who should preach patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

As we talked, he led me to his own house, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a chearful placid countenance, who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. She saw I was distressed, and her compassion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to take some refreshment, her husband gave her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he had found me. “This poor lady,” said he, “from the
“fault of her education and principles, sees every thing
“through a gloomy medium: She accuses Providence, and
“hates her existence for those evils which are the common

“ lot of mankind in this short state of trial. You, my dear, who are one of the greatest sufferers I have known, are best qualified to cure her of her faulty impatience, and to convince her, by your own example, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find its reward. She thinks no one so unhappy as herself; but if she knew all that you have gone through, she would surely be sensible, that if you are happier than she, it is only because your principles are better.”

“ Indeed, my dear Madam,” said she, “ that is the only advantage I have over you; but that, indeed, outweighs every thing else. It is now but ten days since I followed to the grave my only son, the survivor of eight children, who were all equally the objects of my fondest love. My heart is no less tender than your own, nor my affections less warm. For a whole year before the death of my last darling, I watched the fatal progress of his disease, and saw him suffer the most amazing pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil to which you could not submit, wanting to my trials. Though my husband is by his profession a gentleman, his income is so small, that I and my children have often wanted necessaries: And though I had always a weakly constitution, I have helped to support my family by the labour of my own hands. At this time I am consuming, by daily tortures, with a cancer which must shortly be my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper assistance, though nothing could preserve my life; but I have not the means to obtain that assistance.”——“ O hold,” interrupted I, “ my soul is shocked at the enumeration of such intolerable sufferings. How is it that you support them! Why do I not see you, in despair like mine, renounce your existence, and put yourself out of the reach of torment? But, above all, tell me how it is possible for you to preserve, amidst such complicated misery, that appearance of cheerfulness

"and serene complacency which shines so remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?"

"That cheerfulness and complacency," answered the good woman, "I feel in my heart. My mind is not only serene, but often experiences the highest emotions of joy and exultation that the brightest hopes can give."—"And whence," said I, "do you derive this astonishing art of extracting joy from misery, and of smiling amidst all the terrors of pain, sorrow, poverty, and death?" She was silent a moment; then stepping to her closet, reached a Bible, which she put into my hands. "See there," said she, "the volume in which I learn this art. Here I am taught that everlasting glory is in store for all who will accept it upon the terms which Infinite Perfection has prescribed: Here I am promised consolation, assistance and support, from the LORD OF LIFE; and here I am assured, that my transient afflictions are only meant to fit me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. This happiness is at hand. The short remainder of my life seems but a point, beyond which opens the glorious prospect of immortality. Thus encouraged, how should I be dejected? Thus supported, how should I sink? With such prospects, such assured hopes, how can I be otherwise than happy?"

While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner, as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion which was capable of producing such effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple pressed me with so much unaffected kindness, to make their little parsonage my asylum till I could better dispose of myself, that I accepted their offer. Here, with the assistance of the clergyman, who is a plain, sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied the Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of

of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinsic arguments of their truth superfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propose, together with the striking example I had before my eyes of their salutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in a female character, she shewed more dauntless intrepidity than the sternest philosopher or the proudest hero. No torment could shake the constancy of her soul, or length of pain wear out the strength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smile of extasy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the Sacred Writings—"O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a service, to which he has recommended me, in a neighbouring family. A state of servitude, to which once I could not resolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, Christianity has subdued, though philosophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a Christian, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me to the dust: But the full assurances that are given me by the Saviour of the World, of the Divine pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing

spairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleased with my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endless glory and happiness.

O! tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into those truths which most concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt for the Sacred Oracles of God; tell them these amazing effects of the power of Christianity; tell them this truth, which experience has taught me, that, "Though vice is constantly attended by misery, Virtue itself cannot confer happiness in this world, except it is animated with the hopes of eternal bliss in the world to come."

Adventurer.

By Mrs Chapman

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HORSE.

THE breed of horses in Great Britain is as mixed as that of its inhabitants: the frequent introduction of foreign horses has given us a variety, that no single country can boast of: most other kingdoms produce only one kind, while ours, by a judicious mixture of the several species, by the happy difference of our soils, and by our superior skill in management, may triumph over the rest of Europe, in having brought each quality of this noble animal to the highest perfection.

In the annals of Newmarket, may be found instances of horses that have literally out-stripped the wind, as the celebrated M. Condamine has lately shewn in his remarks on those of Great Britain. Childers is an amazing instance of rapidity, his speed having been more than once exerted equal to $82\frac{1}{2}$ feet in a second, or near a mile in a minute: the same horse has also run the round course at Newmarket (which is about 400 yards less than 4 miles) in six minutes and forty seconds;

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124 Mrs. C. C. C. C.

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his speed having been more than once exerted upon
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has also won the round course in Newmarket (which is about
two miles less than a mile) in six minutes and forty seconds.

Arabian HORSE.

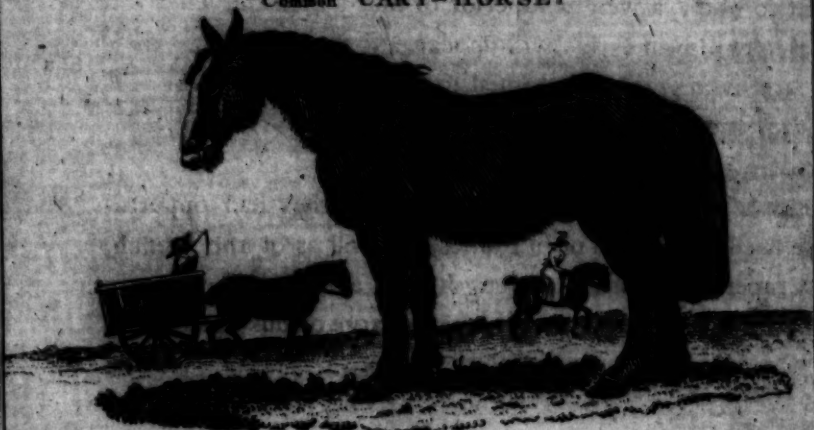
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English RACE - HORSE.



Common CART - HORSE.



Published by T. Brown head of North Bridge Street Edin.

in which case, his fleetness is to that of the swiftest Barb, as four to three; the former, according to Doctor Maty's computation, covering at every bound a space of ground equal in length to twenty-three feet royal, the latter only that of eighteen feet and a half royal.

Horses of this kind, derive their origin from Arabia; the seat of the purest, and most generous breed.

The species used in hunting, is a happy combination of the former with others superior in strength, but inferior in point of speed and lineage: an union of both is necessary; for the fatigues of the chace must be supported by the spirit of the one, as well as by the vigour of the other.

No country can bring a parallel to the strength and size of our horses destined for the draught; or to the activity and strength united of those that form our cavalry.

In our capital there are instances of single horses that are able to draw on a plain, for a small space, the weight of three tons; but could with ease, and for a continuance, draw half that weight. The pack-horses of Yorkshire, employed in conveying the manufactures of that county to the most remote parts of the kingdom, usually carry a burden of 420 pounds; and that indifferently over the highest hills of the north, as well as the most level roads; but the most remarkable proof of the strength of our British horses, is to be drawn from that of our mill-horses: some of these will carry at one load thirteen measures, which at a moderate computation of 70 pounds each, will amount to 910; a weight superior to that which the lesser sort of camels will bear: this will appear less surprising, as these horses are by degrees accustomed to the weight; and the distance they travel no greater than to and from the adjacent hamlets.

Our cavalry in the late campaigns (when they had opportunity) shewed over those of our allies, as well as of the French, a great superiority both of strength and activity: the enemy was broken through by the impetuous charge of our squadrons; while

while the German horses, from their great weight, and inactive make, were unable to second our efforts; though those troops were actuated by the noblest ardour.

The present cavalry of this island only supports its ancient glory; it was eminent in the earliest times: our scythed chariots, and the activity and good discipline of our horses, even struck terror into Cæsar's legions: and the Britains, as soon as they became civilized enough to coin, took care to represent on their money the animal for which they were so celebrated. It is now impossible to trace out this species; for those which exist among the *indigene* of Great Britain, such as the little horses of Wales and Cornwall, the hobbies of Ireland, and the shelties of Scotland, though admirably well adapted to the uses of those countries, could never have been equal to the work of war; but probably we had even then a larger and stronger breed in the more fertile and luxuriant parts of the island. Those we employ for that purpose, or for the draught, are an offspring of the German or Flemish breed, meliorated by our soil, and a judicious culture.

The English were ever attentive to an exact culture of these animals; and in very early times set a high value on their breed. The esteem that our horses were held in by foreigners so long ago as the reign of Athelstan, may be collected from a law of that monarch, prohibiting their exportation, except they were designed as presents. These must have been the native kind, or the prohibition would have been needless; for our commerce was at that time too limited to receive improvement from any but the German kind, to which country their own breed could be of no value.

But when our intercourse with the other parts of Europe was enlarged, we soon laid hold of the advantages this gave of improving our breed. Roger de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, is the first that is on record: he introduced the Spanish stallions into his estate in Powisland, from which that part of Wales was for many ages celebrated for a swift and generous

race

race of horses. Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived in the reign of Henry II. takes notice of it; and Michael Drayton, cotemporary with Shakespeare, sings their excellence in the sixth part of his *Polyolbion*. This kind was probably destined to mount our gallant nobility, or courteous knights for feats of chivalry, in the generous contests of the tilt-yard. From these sprung, to speak the language of the times, the Flower of Courfers, whose elegant form added charms to the rider; and whose activity and managed dexterity gained him the palm in that field of gallantry and romantic honour.

Notwithstanding my former supposition, races were known in England in very early times. Fitz-Stephen, who wrote in the days of Henry II. mentions the great delight that the citizens of London took in the diversion. But by his words, it appears not to have been designed for the purposes of gaming, but merely to have sprung from a generous emulation of shewing a superior skill in horsemanship.

Races appear to have been in vogue in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to have been carried to such excess as to injure the fortunes of the nobility. The famous George Earl of Cumberland is recorded to have wasted more of his estate than any of his ancestors; and chiefly by his extreme love to horse-races, tiltings, and other expensive diversions. It is probable that the parsimonious queen did not approve of it; for races are not among the diversions exhibited at Kennelworth by her favourite Leicester. In the following reign, were places allotted for the sport: Croydon in the South, and Garterly in Yorkshire, were celebrated courses. Camden also says, that in 1607 there were races near York, and the prize was a little golden bell.

Not that we deny this diversion to be known in these kingdoms in earlier times; we only assert a different mode of it, gentlemen being then their own jockies, and riding their own horses. Lord Herbert of Cherbury enumerates it among the sports that gallant philosopher thought unworthy of a man of

honour. "The exercise (says he) I do not approve of, is running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind; neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him to run away."

The increase of our inhabitants, and the extent of our manufactures, together with the former neglect of internal navigation to convey those manufactures, multiplied the number of our horses; an excess of wealth, before unknown in these islands, increased the luxury of carriages, and added to the necessity of an extraordinary culture of these animals: their high reputation abroad, has also made them a branch of commerce, and proved another cause of their vast increase.

As no kingdom can boast of parallel circumstances, for none can vie with us in the number of these noble quadrupeds, it would be extremely difficult to guess at the exact amount of them, or to form a periodical account of their increase: the number seems very fluctuating: William Fitz-Stephen relates, that in the reign of king Stephen, London alone poured out 20,000 horsemen in the wars of those times; yet we find that in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the whole kingdom could not supply 2000 horses to form our cavalry; and even in the year 1583, when the nation was in the most imminent danger from the Spanish invasion, all the cavalry which the nation could then furnish, amounted only to 3000: to account for this difference we must imagine, that the number of horses which took the field in Stephen's reign was no more than an undisciplined rabble; the few that appeared under the banners of Elizabeth, a corps well formed, and such as might be opposed to so formidable an enemy as was then expected: but such is their present increase, that in the late war, the number employed was 13,575; and such is our improvement in the breed of horses, that most of those which are used in our waggons and carriages of different kinds, might be applied to the same purpose: of those our capital alone employs near 22,000.

The learned M. de Buffon has almost exhausted the subject of the natural history of the horse, and the other domestic animals; and left very little for after writers to add. We may observe, that this most noble and useful quadruped is endowed with every quality that can make it subservient to the uses of mankind; and those qualities appear in a more exalted, or in a less degree, in proportion to our various necessities.

Undaunted courage, added to a docility, half reasoning, is given to some, which fits them for military services. The spirit and emulation to appertain in others, furnish us with that species, which is admirably adapted for the course; or, the more noble and generous pleasure of the chace.

Patience and perseverance appear strongly in that most useful kind destined to bear the burdens we impose on them; or that employed in the slavery of the draught.

Though endowed with vast strength; and great powers, they very rarely exert either to their master's prejudice; but on the contrary, will endure fatigues, even to death, for our benefit. Providence has implanted in them a benevolent disposition, and a fear of the human face, together with a certain consciousness of the services we can render them. Most of the hoofed quadrupeds are domestic; because necessity compels them to seek our protection. Wild beasts are provided with feet and claws, adapted to the forming dens and retreats from the inclemency of the weather; but the former, destitute of these advantages, are obliged to run to us for artificial shelter, and harvested provisions; as nature, in these climates, does not throughout the year supply them with necessary food.

But still, many of our tame animals must by accident endure the rigour of the season. To prevent which inconvenience, their feet (for the extremities suffer first by cold) are protected by strong hoofs of a horny substance.

The tail too is guarded with long bushy hair that protects it in both extremes of weather; during the summer it serves, by its pliancy and agility, to brush off the swarms of insects which

are perpetually attempting either to sting them, or to deposit their eggs in the *rectum*; the same length of hair contributes to guard them from the cold in winter. But we, by the absurd and cruel custom of docking, a practice peculiar to our country, deprive these animals of both advantages: In the last war our cavalry suffered so much on that account, that we now seem sensible of the error, and, if we may judge from some recent orders in respect to that branch of the service, it will for the future be corrected.

Thus is the horse provided against the two greatest evils he is subject to from the seasons: His natural diseases are few; but our ill usage, or neglect, or, which is very frequent, our overcare of him, bring on a numerous train, which are often fatal. Among the distempers he is naturally subject to, are the worms, the bots, and the stone: The species of worms that infect him, are the *lumbrici*, and *ascarides*; both these resemble those found in human bodies, only larger: The bots are the *eruca*, or caterpillars of the *oestrus*, or gad-fly: These are found both in the *rectum*, and in the stomach, and when in the latter bring on convulsions that often terminate in death.

The stone is a disease the horse is not frequently subject to; yet we have seen two examples of it; the one in a horse near Highwycombe, that voided sixteen *calculi*, each of an inch and a half diameter; the other was of a stone taken out of the bladder of a horse, and deposited in the cabinet of the late Dr. Mead; weighing eleven ounces. These stones are formed of several crusts, each very smooth and glossy; their form triangular; but their edges rounded, as if by collision against each other.

The all-wise Creator hath finely limited the several services of domestic animals towards the human race; and ordered that the parts of such, which in their lives have been the most useful, should after death contribute the least to our benefit. The chief use that the *exuvie* of the horse can be applied to, is for collars, traces, and other parts of the harness; and thus, even

after

after death, he preserves some analogy with his former employ. The hair of the mane is of use in making wigs; of the tail in making the bottoms of chairs, floor cloths, and cords; and to the angler in making lines.

HISTORY OF CYRUS,

FOUNDER OF THE EMPIRE OF THE PERSIANS.

CYRUS was the son of Cambyfes, king of Persia, and of Mandana, daughter of Astyages, king of the Medes. * He was born one year after his uncle Cyaxares, the brother of Mandana.

The Persians consisted at this time of twelve tribes, and inhabited only one province of that vast country, which has since borne the name of Persia, and were not in all above one hundred and twenty thousand men. But this people having afterwards, through the wisdom and valour of Cyrus, acquired the empire of the east, the name of Persia extended itself with their conquests and fortune, and comprehended all that vast track of land, which reaches from east to west, from the river Indus to the Tigris; and from north to south, from the Caspian sea to the ocean. And still to this day the country of Persia has the same extent.

Cyrus was beautiful in his person, and still more lovely for the qualities of his mind; was of a very sweet disposition, full of good-nature and humanity, and had a great desire to learn and a noble ardour for glory. He was never afraid of any danger, or discouraged by any hardship or difficulty, where honour was to be acquired. He was brought up according to the laws

and

and customs of the Persians, which were excellent in those days, with respect to education; and surpassed all of his age; not only in aptness to learn, but in courage and address in executing whatever he undertook.

When Cyrus was twelve years old, his mother Mandana took him with her into Media to his grandfather Astyages, who, from the many things he had heard said in favour of that young prince, had a great desire to see him. In this court young Cyrus found very different manners from those of his own country. Pride, luxury, and magnificence reigned here universally. Astyages himself was richly clothed, had his eyes coloured, his face painted, and his hair embellished with artificial locks. For the Medes affected an effeminate life, to be dressed in scarlet, and to wear necklaces and bracelets; whereas the habits of the Persians were very plain and coarse. All this finery did not affect Cyrus, who, without criticising or condemning what he saw, was contented to live as he had been brought up, and adhered to the principles he had imbibed from his infancy. He charmed his grandfather with his sprightliness and wit, and gained every body's favour by his noble and engaging behaviour. I shall only mention one instance, whereby we may judge of the rest.

Astyages, to make his grandson unwilling to return home, made a sumptuous entertainment, in which there was a vast plenty and profusion of every thing that was nice and delicate. All this exquisite cheer and magnificent preparation Cyrus looked upon with great indifference; at which observing Astyages to be surprised: "The Persians," says he to the king, "instead of going such a round-about way to appease their hunger, have a much shorter to the same end; a little bread and crosses with them answer the purpose." Astyages desiring Cyrus to dispose of all the meats as he thought fit, the latter immediately distributed them to the king's officers in waiting. To one, because he taught him to ride; to another, because he waited well upon his grandfather; and to a third, because

because he took great care of his mother. Sacas, the king's cup-bearer, was the only person to whom he gave nothing. This officer, besides the post of cup-bearer, had that likewise of introducing those who were to have audience of the king; and as he could not possibly grant that favour to Cyrus, as often as he desired it, he had the misfortune to displease the prince, who took this occasion to show his resentment. Astyages testifying some concern at the neglect of this officer, for whom he had a particular consideration, and who deserved it, as he said, on account of the wonderful dexterity with which he served him: "Is that all, papa?" replied Cyrus, "if that be sufficient to merit your favour, you shall see I will quickly obtain it; for I will take upon me to serve you better than he." Immediately Cyrus is equipped as a cup-bearer, and advancing gravely with a serious countenance, a napkin upon his shoulder, and holding the cup nicely with three of his fingers, he presented it to the king with a dexterity and grace, that charmed both Astyages and Mandane. When he had done, he flung himself upon his grandfather's neck, and kissing him, cried out with great joy, "O Sacas, poor Sacas, thou art undone; I shall have thy place." Astyages embraced him with great fondness, and said, "I am mighty well pleased, my dear child. Nobody can serve with a better grace. But you have forgot one essential ceremony, which is that of tasting." And indeed the cup-bearer was used to put some of the liquor into his left hand, and to taste it before he presented it to the king. "No," replied Cyrus, "it was not thro' forgetfulness that I omitted that ceremony." "Why then," says Astyages, "for what reason did you do it?" "Because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor." "Poison, child? How could you think so?" "Yes, poison, papa; for not long ago, at an entertainment you gave to the lords of your court, after the guests had drunk a little of that liquor, I perceived all their heads were turned; they sung, made a noise, and talked they did not know what. You

yourself

"yourself seemed to have forgot you were king, and they, that they were subjects; and when you would have danced, you could not stand upon your legs." "Why," says Astyages, "have you never seen the same thing happen to your father?" "No, never," says Cyrus. "What then? How is it with him when he drinks?" "Why, when he has drank, his thirst is quenched, and that is all."

Mandana being upon the point of returning to Persia, Cyrus joyfully complied with the repeated instances his grandfather had made to him to stay in Media; being desirous, as he said, to perfect himself in the art of riding, which he was not yet master of, and which was not known in Persia, where the barrenness of the country, and its craggy mountainous situation, rendered it unfit for the breeding of horses.

During the time of his residence at this court, his behaviour procured him infinite love and esteem. He was gentle, affable, officious, beneficent, and generous. Whenever the young lords had any favour to ask of the king, Cyrus was their solicitor. If the king had any subject of complaint against them, Cyrus was their mediator: Their affairs became his; and he always managed them so well, that he obtained whatever he desired.

When Cyrus was about sixteen years of age, the son of the king of the Babylonians, this was Evil-Merodach, son of Nebuchadnezzar, at a hunting-match a little before his marriage, thought fit, in order to show his bravery, to make an irruption into the territory of the Medes; which obliged Astyages to take the field, to oppose the invader. Here it was that Cyrus, having followed his grandfather, served his apprenticeship in war. He behaved himself so well on this occasion, that the victory which the Medes gained over the Babylonians, was chiefly owing to his valour.

The year after, his father recalling him, that he might accomplish his time in the Persian exercises, he departed immediately from the court of Media, that neither his father nor his country might have any room to complain of his delay.

This

This occasion showed how much he was beloved. At his departure he was accompanied by all sorts of people, young and old. Astyages himself conducted him a good part of his journey on horseback; and when the sad moment came that they must part, the whole company were bathed in tears.

Cyrus having returned into his own country, his companions, after his long residence in so voluptuous and luxurious a court as that of the Medes, expected to find a great change in his manners: But when they found that he was content with their ordinary table, and that, when he was present at any entertainment, he was more sober and temperate than any of the company, they looked upon him with new admiration.

Astyages, king of the Medes, dying, was succeeded by his son Cyaxares, brother to Cyrus' mother. Cyaxares was no sooner on the throne, than he was engaged in a terrible war with Neriglissar, king of the Babylonians, who had raised a powerful army;—had engaged several princes on his side, and, amongst others, Croesus, king of Lydia. Cyaxares dispatched ambassadors to Cambyses, desiring succours of him, with a request that Cyrus might command the auxiliary forces. As soon as it was known that Cyrus was to march at the head of the army, the joy was universal. The army consisted of 31,000 men, all infantry; for the Persians had as yet no cavalry; but they were all chosen men, raised after a particular manner. First of all, Cyrus chose out of the nobility 200 of the bravest officers, each of whom was ordered to chuse out four more of the same sort:—1000 in all; and these were the officers who signalized themselves so gloriously upon all occasions. Every one of this thousand was appointed to raise among the people, ten light-armed pikemen, ten slingers, and ten bowmen; which amounted in whole to 31,000 men.

Before proceeding to this choice, Cyrus thought fit to make a speech to the two hundred officers, whom, after having

highly

highly praised for their courage, he inspired with the strongest assurance of victory and success. After contrasting the bravery and hardiness of the Persians, with the effeminacy and voluptuousness of the Assyrians—the equity of their cause, with the injustice of the enemy's—he thus concluded: “But what ought to be the principal motive of your confidence is, that I do not engage in this expedition, without having first consulted the gods, and implored their protection; for you know it is my custom to begin all my actions, and all my undertakings, in that manner.” For his great maxim was, and he had it from his father, That a man ought not to form any enterprise, great or small, without consulting the Divinity, and imploring his protection.

Cambyfes accompanied his son as far as the frontiers of Persia, and, in the way, gave him excellent instructions concerning the duties of the general of an army.

As soon as Cyrus had reached Cyaxares, the first thing he did, after the usual compliments had passed, was to inform himself of the quality and number of the forces on both sides;—when it appeared, that the enemy's army amounted to 200,000 foot, and 60,000 horse—and that the united armies of the Medes and Persians scarce amounted to half that number. This great inequality put Cyaxares in terrible fears and apprehensions: But Cyrus, by the strict discipline he introduced into the army, and by the excellent improvements he made in the armour of his soldiers, made amends for the inequality of his forces, and animated Cyaxares with the most sanguine hopes of success.

He established a wonderful order among the troops, and inspired them with a surprising emulation, by the rewards he promised, and by his obliging and engaging deportment towards all. As for money, the only value he set upon it was to give it away. He was continually making presents to one or other, according to their rank or their merit; to one a buckler, to another a sword, or something of the same kind equal-

ly acceptable. By this generosity, this greatness of soul, and beneficent disposition, he thought a general ought to distinguish himself, and not by the luxury of his table, or the richness of his clothes, and still less by his haughtiness and imperious demeanour. "A commander could not," he said, "give actual proofs of his munificence to every body, and for that very reason he thought himself obliged to convince every body of his inclination and good-will; for though a prince might exhaust his treasures by making presents, yet he could not injure himself by benevolence and humanity; by being sincerely concerned in the good or evil that happens to others, and by making it appear that he is so."

One day, as Cyrus was reviewing his army, a messenger came to him from Cyaxares, to acquaint him, that some ambassadors being arrived from the king of the Indies, he desired his presence immediately. "For that purpose," says he, "I have brought you a rich garment, for the king desires you would appear magnificently dressed before the Indians, to do the nation honour." Cyrus lost not a moment's time, but instantly set out with his troops to wait upon the king; though without changing his dress, which was very plain, after the Persian fashion, and not, as Xenophon has it, polluted or spoiled with any foreign ornament. Cyaxares seeming at first a little displeased at it; "If I had dressed myself in purple," says Cyrus, "and loaded myself with bracelets and chains of gold, and with all that had been longer in coming, should I have done you more honour than I do now by my expedition, and the sweat of my face, and by letting all the world see with what promptitude and dispatch your orders are obeyed."

Cyaxares, satisfied with this answer, ordered the Indian ambassadors to be introduced. The purport of their speech was, that they were sent by the king their master, to learn the cause of the war between the Medes and the Babylonians; and that they had orders, as soon as they heard what the Medes should

say, to proceed to the court of Babylon, to know what motives they had to allege on their part; to the end that the king their master, after having examined the reasons on both sides, might take part with those who had right and justice on their side. This is making a noble and glorious use of great power: To be influenced only by justice, to consult no advantage from the division of neighbours, but to declare openly against the unjust aggressor, in favour of the injured party. Cyaxares and Cyrus answered, they had given the Babylonians no subject of complaint, and that they willingly accepted the mediation of the king of India. It appears in the sequel, that he declared for the Medes.

Tigranes, king of Armenia, believing that Cyaxares was ready to be swallowed up by the formidable league raised against him, thought this a fit time to shake off the yoke of the Medes, and refused to pay the customary tribute: But Cyrus attacked him suddenly, and, before he suspected any designs against him, made himself master of the only fortress he had, and took his family prisoners; obliged him to pay the usual tribute, and to furnish his quota of troops; and after all so won upon him by his humanity and courteous behaviour, that he rendered him one of the faithfullest and most affectionate allies the Medes ever had.

In most conquerors we find courage, resolution, intrepidity, a capacity for martial exploits, and all such talents as make a noise in the world, and are apt to dazzle people by their glaring outside: But an inward sort of goodness, compassion, and gentleness towards the unhappy, an air of moderation and reserve even in prosperity and victory, an insinuating and persuasive behaviour, the art of gaining people's hearts, and attaching them to him more by affection than interest; a constant, unalterable care always to have right on his side, and to imprint such a character of justice and equity upon all his conduct, as his very enemies are forced to revere; and lastly, such a clemency as to distinguish those who offend through imprudence rather than malice,

malice, and to leave room for their repentance, by giving them opportunity to return to their duty : These are qualities rarely found in the most celebrated conquerors of antiquity, but shone out most conspicuously in Cyrus.

The Persian prince, before he quitted the king of Armenia, was willing to do him some signal service. This king was then at war with the Chaldeans, a neighbouring warlike people, who continually harrassed his country by their inroads, and by that means hindered a part of his land from being cultivated. Cyrus having exactly informed himself of their character, strength, and situation of their strong-holds, marched against them—drove them from their fastnesses—routed their army—took a great many prisoners—and entirely dispersed their forces. Cyrus himself spoke to the prisoners, assuring them he was not come to injure them, or wantonly ravage their country, but to grant them peace on reasonable terms. Deputies were immediately sent to him, and a peace was concluded, the conditions of which gave mutual satisfaction.

The expedition against the Armenians being happily ended, Cyrus left that country, to rejoin Cyaxares. Four thousand Chaldeans, the bravest of the nation, attended him; and the king of Armenia, who was now delivered from his enemies, augmented the number of troops he had promised him : So that he arrived in Media, with a great deal of money, and a much more numerous army than he had when he left it.

The Medes and Assyrians had now been employed three years together in forming their alliances, and making preparations for the war. Cyrus, finding his troops full of ardour, proposed to Cyaxares his leading them against the enemy, thinking that so bold a step would spread terror in the Assyrian army, and inspire their own with greater confidence.

Having offered the accustomed sacrifices, and invoked the tutelary gods of the empire, beseeching them to be propitious to them in the expedition they had undertaken, to conduct them, fight for them, and inspire them with virtue, courage
and

and prudence, Cyrus began his march. When the armies came within sight, both sides prepared for battle. A numerous body of the Assyrians first moving out of their camp, Cyrus advanced with his troops to meet them. He gave the word of battle, "Jupiter, protector and conductor," he then caused the ordinary hymn to be sounded, in honour of Castor and Pollux, to which the soldiers, full of religious ardour, answered with a loud voice. There was nothing in Cyrus' army but cheerfulness, emulation, courage, mutual exhortations to bravery, and an universal zeal to execute whatever their leader should command. "For it is observable," says Xenophon, in this place, "that on these occasions, those who fear the Deity most, are the least afraid of men." The Persians, animated by the example of Cyrus, broke through the first battalions of the Assyrians, who, notwithstanding all the efforts of Croesus and their own king, were unable to endure so rude a shock, and were warmly pursued to the camp: A terrible slaughter was made; and Neriglossor, king of the Babylonians, was killed in the action. Croesus, seeing things in great confusion, fled, and his example was followed by the other allies. Cyrus marched in pursuit of the enemy. All that staid in the camp surrendered; those that ran away, being warmly pursued, were killed. The victory was complete, and the spoil immense. Cyrus set apart the richest and most valuable part of the booty for Cyaxares; and as for the prisoners, he gave them all liberty to go home to their own country, without imposing any other condition upon them, than that they and their countrymen should deliver up their arms, and engage no more in war. Cyrus taking upon himself their protection, and engaging to put them in a condition of cultivating their lands with entire security.

PANTHEA AND ARASPES.

AMONGST the prisoners of war they had taken, there was a young princefs of most exquisite beauty, whom they reserved

for

for Cyrus. Her name was Panthea, the wife of Abradates, king of Susiana. Upon the report made to Cyrus of her extraordinary beauty, he refused to see her; for fear, as he said, such an object might engage his affection more than he desired, and divert him from the prosecution of the great designs he had in view. This singular moderation in Cyrus, was undoubtedly an effect of the excellent education he had received: For it was a principle among the Persians, never to speak before young people of any thing that tended or related to love, lest their natural inclination to pleasure, which is so strong and violent at that age of levity and indiscretion, should be awakened and excited by such discourses, and should hurry them into follies and debaucheries. Araspes, a young nobleman of Media, who had the lady in his custody, had not the same distrust of his own weakness, but pretended that a man may be always master of himself. Cyrus committed the princess to his care, and at the same time gave him a very prudent admonition. "I have seen a great many persons," says he, "who have thought themselves very strong, wretchedly overcome by that violent passion, in spite of all their resolution; who have owned afterwards, with shame and grief, that their passion was a bondage and slavery, from which they had not the power to redeem themselves; an incurable distemper, out of the reach of all remedies and human efforts; a kind of bond or necessity, more difficult to force than the strongest chains of iron." "Fear nothing," replied Araspes, "I am sure of myself, and will answer with my life, I shall do nothing contrary to my duty." Nevertheless his passion for this young princess increased, and by degrees grew to such a height, that finding her invincibly averse to his desires, he was upon the point of using violence with her. The princess at length made Cyrus acquainted with his conduct; who immediately sent Artabafus to Araspes, with orders to admonish and reprove him in his name. This officer executed his orders in the harshest manner, upbraiding him with his fault in the most

most bitter terms, and with such a rigorous severity, as was enough to throw him into despair. Araspes, struck to the soul with grief and anguish, burst into a flood of tears; and being overwhelmed with shame and fear, thinking himself undone, had not a word to say for himself. Some days afterwards, Cyrus sent for him. He went to the prince in fear and trembling. Cyrus took him aside, and, instead of reproaching him with severity, as he expected, spoke gently to him; acknowledging, that he himself was to blame for having imprudently exposed him to so formidable an enemy. By such an unexpected kindness the young nobleman recovered both life and speech. But his confusion, joy, and gratitude, expressed themselves first in a torrent of tears. "Alas!" says he, "now I am come to the knowledge of myself, and find most plainly that I have two souls; one, that inclines me to good, another that incites me to evil. The former prevails when you speak to me, and come to my relief: When I am alone, and left to myself, I give way to, and am overpowered by the latter." Araspes made an advantageous amends for his fault, and rendered Cyrus considerable service, by retiring among the Assyrians, under the pretence of discontent, and by giving intelligence of their measures and designs.

The loss of so brave an officer, whom discontent was supposed to have engaged in the enemy's party, caused a great concern in the whole army. Panthea, who had occasioned it, promised Cyrus to supply his place with an officer of equal merit; whereby she meant her husband Abradates. Accordingly, upon her writing to him, he repaired to the camp of the Persians, and was directly carried to Panthea's tent, who told him, with a flood of tears, how kindly and handsomely she had been treated by the generous conqueror. "And how," cried out Abradates, "shall I be able to acknowledge so important a service?" "By behaving towards him," replied Panthea, "as he hath done towards me. Whereupon he waited immediately upon Cyrus, and paying his respects to so great a benefactor,

a benefactor: "You see before you," says he to him, "the tenderest friend, the most devoted servant, and the faithfullest ally you ever had; who, not being able otherwise to acknowledge your favours, comes and devotes himself entirely to your service." Cyrus received him with such a noble and generous air, and withal with so much tenderness and humanity, as fully convinced him, that whatever Panthea had said of the wonderful character of that great prince, was abundantly short of the truth.

Two Assyrian noblemen, who likewise intended to put themselves under Cyrus' protection, rendered him extraordinary service. Their names were Gobryas and Gadates, princes of great bravery and virtue; but who had been cruelly used by the Assyrian monarch. These chiefs surrendered their fortresses into his hands, which acquired him the possession of the country of the Sacæ and Caducians. As Cyrus treated these nations with great humanity, they remained inviolably attached to him. The Caducians raised for him an army of 20,000 foot, and 4000 horse;—the Sacæ 10,000 foot, and 2000 horse.

The king of Assyria took the field, in order to punish Gadates for his rebellion. But Cyrus engaged and defeated him, obliging him to retreat to Babylon. The clemency and humanity of Cyrus conciliated the affections of all the nations around Babylon, who voluntarily submitted themselves to his authority.

The conqueror now began his march to the frontiers of Media, whose king, jealous of the great power and reputation of Cyrus, refused to admit him into his dominions; but set out to meet him with what cavalry he had: Cyrus likewise advanced to meet Cyaxares with his cavalry.—At sight of these troops, which were fine and numerous, the jealousy of the Median monarch was rekindled. He received his nephew coldly,—turned away his face from his salute, and even wept with vexation. But the magnanimous Cyrus, having commanded the company to retire, spoke to his uncle with such temper, submission, and

reason; gave him such strong proofs of his integrity, respect, and inviolable attachment to his person and interest,—that he dispelled all his suspicions, and perfectly recovered his good opinion: They embraced each other; and tears of joy were shed on both sides. Some time after this, Cyaxares gave the prince of Persia a signal testimony of the value he had for his merit. Having no male issue, and but one daughter, he offered her in marriage to Cyrus, with the empire of Media for her dowry. Cyrus gratefully accepted this kindly offer; but not till he had obtained the consent of Cambyles and Mandana,—leaving therein a signal example, to all future ages, of filial duty and obedience.

The Lydian and Babylonian monarchs, resolving, at one blow, to annihilate the empire of the Medes, had again raised powerful armies,—had joined their forces near the river Pactolus,—from whence they advanced towards Thymbria, a city of Lydia. Their army, in which were an innumerable multitude of princes, consisted of Egyptians, Thracians, Cyprians, Cilicians, Phrygians, Lyconians, Paphlagomians, Cappadocians, Arabians, Ionians, Eolians, Lacedemonians, Assyrians, and Lydians. Croesus was generalissimo of this mighty army.

Cyrus, whose forces were not half the number of those of the enemy, prepared for the approaching battle like a man who had nothing but great projects in view. He excited amongst his officers and soldiers a noble emulation for true glory, and inspired them with a wonderful zeal and attachment for his person and interest: Confident of victory, they marched under their beloved general in quest of the enemy, and, after a very long march, came up with them at Thymbria.

BATTLE OF THYMBRIA, AND TAKING OF SARDIS.

This battle is one of the most remarkable events in antiquity, since it decided the empire of Asia, between the Assyrians and Persians: still farther memorable, as being the first pitched battle of which we have any particular account. Cyrus' army amounted

amounted to 190,000 men, both horse and foot; 300 chariots, armed with scythes, each chariot drawn by four horses a-breast, covered with trappings that were shot-proof; besides a great number of chariots that were of a very large size, upon each of which was placed a tower 20 feet high, in which were lodged 20 archers: Each chariot was drawn by 16 oxen yoked a-breast. There were moreover a considerable number of camels, each mounted by two Arabian archers, back to back.

The next day, very early, Cyrus made a sacrifice, during which his army took a little refreshment; and the soldiers, after having offered their libations to the gods, put on their armour. Never was a sight more beautiful and magnificent: Coat-armours, cuirasses, bucklers, helmets; one could not tell which to admire most: men and horses finely equipped, and glittering in brass and scarlet.

Xenophon is very minute in describing the order of battle in which Cyrus formed his forces,—wherein, says that great captain and philosopher, the Persian prince displayed a depth of knowledge in the military art that evinced him to have been one of the greatest generals of antiquity.

When *Abradates* was just going to put on his cuirass, which was only of quilted flax, according to the fashion of his country, his wife *Panthea* came and presented him with an helmet, bracers, and bracelets, all of gold, with a coat-armour of his own length, plaited at the bottom, and with a purple-coloured plume of feathers: She had got all this armour prepared without her husband's knowledge, that her present might be the more agreeable from surprise. In spite of all her endeavours to the contrary, when she dressed him in this armour she shed some tears. But notwithstanding her tenderness for him, she exhorted him to die sword in hand, rather than not signalize himself in a manner suitable to his birth, and the idea she had endeavoured to give Cyrus of his gallantry and worth. "Our obligations," says she, "to that prince are infinitely great. I was his prisoner, and as such was set apart for his pleasure;

"but, when I came into his hands, I was neither used like a captive, nor had any dishonourable conditions imposed on me for my freedom. He treated me as if I had been his own brother's wife; and in return I assured him, you would be capable of acknowledging such extraordinary goodness." "O Jupiter!" cried Abradatas, lifting up his eyes towards heaven, "grant that on this occasion, I may approve myself an husband worthy of Panthea, and a friend worthy of so generous a benefactor." Having said this, he mounted his chariot. Panthea, not being able to embrace him any longer, was ready to kiss the chariot he rode in; and when she had pursued him with her eyes, as far as she possibly could, she retired.

Whilst Cyrus was considering on which side he should direct his march, he heard a clap of thunder on the right, and cried out, "Sovereign Jupiter we follow thee!" When the armies were within sight of each other, the Assyrians, whose forces were double that of Cyrus', made a movement as if they meant to enclose his army, whose inferiority in numbers rendered them confident of success: But Cyrus, not at all alarmed, having given the word of rallying the troops, "to Jupiter, leader and protector," rode through all the ranks, to give orders, and encourage the soldiers: and he, on all other occasions so modest, was now full of a noble confidence, and spoke as if he was assured of victory: "Follow me, my comrades," says he, "the victory is certainly ours; the gods are for us." When the enemy had now almost entirely surrounded his army, his troops, upon the first signal given, faced about on every side, attacked the enemy with such bravery, that, unable to bear so dreadful a shock, one of the wings was entirely routed. The second wing, after an obstinate conflict, was likewise put to flight. Cyrus now ordering Abradatas to attack the front of the Assyrian army, that brave prince drove like lightning upon them with all his chariots. Having broken their first ranks, he came up with the Egyptian battalions, where, after performing prodigies of valour, he was killed with all his men. The Egyptians

gyptians long defended themselves with wonderful bravery : but being surrounded on every side, and deserted by all their allies, they accepted of honourable terms of capitulation.

The battle lasted till evening. Croesus retreated with his troops to Sardis ; and the other nations directed their course each to their own country, as fast as they possibly could.

Cyrus, in the arrangement of his forces, and behaviour previous to and during the battle, displayed all the qualities of a consummate general :—an admirable sagacity in discovering and disconcerting the enemy's measures,—an infinite foresight in providing against every contingency,—a wonderful application to gain the hearts of his soldiers, and inspire them with ardor,—in the heat of action, what a spirit and activity, what a presence of mind in giving orders, what courage and intrepidity, and at the same time what humanity towards the enemy, whose valour he respects, and whose blood he is unwilling to shed ?

But what appears still more worthy of admiration, is the homage and worship he on all occasions paid to the Deity. What a shame, then, and a reproach would it be to a Christian officer or general, if on a day of battle he should blush to appear as religious and devout as a Pagan prince ; and if the Lord of hosts, the God of armies, whom he acknowledges as such, should make a less impression on his mind than a respect for the false deities of paganism did upon the mind of Cyrus ?

But let us return to the camp of the Persians. It is easy to imagine that *Panthea* must be in the utmost affliction and distress, when the news was brought her of *Abdages* death. Having caused his body to be brought her, and holding it up on her knees, quite out of her senses, with her eyes steadfastly fixed upon the melancholy object, she thought of nothing but feeding her grief and indulging her misery with the sight of that dismal and bloody spectacle. Cyrus being told what a condition she was in, ran immediately to her, sympathized with her affliction, and bewailed her unhappy fate with tears of compassion, doing all that he possibly could to give her comfort, and

ordering

ordering extraordinary honours to be shewn to the brave deceased Abradates. But no sooner was Cyrus retired, than Panthea, overpowered with grief, stabbed herself with a dagger, and fell dead upon the body of her husband. They were buried in one grave upon the very spot, and a monument was erected for them, which was standing in the time of Xenophon.

The next day Cyrus marched towards Sardis. Cræsus, with all his forces, marched out to meet him;—but, after an obstinate engagement, was defeated and drove back into Sardis, which Cyrus soon after besieged and took, and found in it incredible treasures. The humane conqueror, by the singular influence he had over his army, restrained the licentious fury of the soldiery, and preserved the lives and property of the inhabitants, ordering them only to deliver up their gold and silver.

Herodotus relates that Cræsus' only son, who was dumb, seeing a soldier ready to give the king a stroke upon the head with his scimitar, made such a violent effort and struggle, out of fear and tenderness for the life of his father, that he broke the strings of his tongue, and cried out, "Soldier, spare the life of Cræsus."

The same author informs us, that Cræsus being a prisoner, was condemned by the conqueror to be burnt alive. Accordingly the funeral-pile was prepared; and that unhappy prince, being laid thereon, and just upon the point of execution, recollecting the conversation* he formerly had with Solon, was woefully convinced of the truth of that philosopher's admonition, and in remembrance thereof cried aloud three times, Solon! Solon! Solon! Cyrus, who with the chief officers of his court was present at this spectacle, was curious to know why Cræsus pronounced that celebrated name with so much vehemence in this extremity. Being told the reason, and reflecting upon the uncertain state of all sublunary things, he was touched with commiseration.

* Solon being at the court of Cræsus, that prince, who was esteemed the richest in the world, displayed to him all his treasures; after which he asked him, *Whom he thought the happiest man in the world?* The philosopher, far from flattering the vain monarch, only replied, "That no one can be called happy before death; since none can tell what misfortunes may befall him ere he die."

tion at the prince's misfortune, caused him to be taken from the pile, and treated him afterwards, as long as he lived, with honour and respect. Thus had Solon the glory, with one single word, to save the life of one king, and give a wholesome lesson of instruction to another.

TAKING OF BABYLON, & DEATH OF CYRUS.

CYRUS having subdued Asia Minor, Syria and Arabia, advanced towards Babylon. This celebrated city was surrounded by a wall 60 miles in circumference, 87 feet thick, and 300 feet high:—forming a great square, each side of which was 15 miles in length,—containing in all 100 gates of solid brass. The Babylonians, proudly confiding in the strength of their lofty ramparts,—and in their magazines stored with provisions for twenty years, insulted Cyrus from the top of their walls, and laughed at his vain attempts.

But this prince having, with infinite labour, turned aside the course of the Euphrates, which run through the heart of Babylon, entered the city, with his whole army, by the bed of that river, whilst the inhabitants were celebrating the feast of their god Bel;—put all who opposed to the sword,—and slew the impious Baltazar, with all his nobles, the same night that the hand appeared on the wall writing certain characters.

The capture of this celebrated city, which the prophets had so distinctly foretold, overturned the mighty empire of Assyria. Cyrus established a wonderful order and harmony throughout his extensive dominions; and by wise laws secured the happiness of those innumerable nations over whom he reigned.

The first thing he did, after the taking of the imperial city, was to offer his thanks to the gods; then calling together the principal officers, he applauded their courage and attachment to his person,—advised them to persevere in their ancient virtues, as the only means of preserving what they had so gallantly acquired;—and then he distributed rewards to his whole army. After this he made a display of all the grandeur of East-

ern magnificence, in a solemn procession in honour of the gods; which concluded with games and horse and chariot races.

Cyrus having regulated his affairs at Babylon, thought proper to take a journey into Persia. In his way thither he paid a visit to Cyaxares, to whom he carried magnificent presents, and invited him to come and reign at Babylon. This prince is called in Scripture "Darius the Mede."

Cyaxares dying two years after, and Cambyfes likewise ending his days in Persia, Cyrus returned to Babylon, and took upon him the sole government of the empire: Here, properly speaking, commences the empire of the Persians. *

In the first year of the reign of Cyrus, that prince, no doubt at the request of Daniel, whom he highly honoured and esteemed, published the famous decree, permitting the Jews to return to Jerusalem, and to carry with them the gold and silver vessels Nabuchodonosor had taken out of the temple of the Lord.

"In the first year of Cyrus, king of the Persians, that the word of the Lord might be accomplished, that he had promised by the mouth of Jeremy, the Lord raised up the spirit of Cyrus king of the Persians; and he made proclamation through all his kingdom, and also by writing, saying, Thus saith Cyrus, king of the Persians, the Lord of Israel, the Most High Lord, hath made me king of the whole world, and commanded me to build him a house at Jerusalem in Jewry. If therefore there be any of you that are of his people, let the Lord, even his Lord be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem that is in Judea, and build the house of the Lord of Israel; for he is the Lord that dwelleth in Jerusalem. Whosoever then dwell in the places about, let him help him, those, I say, that are his neighbours, with gold and with silver; with gifts, with horses, and with cattle, and other things, which have been set forth by vow for the temple of the Lord at Jerusalem."

Equally beloved by his own natural subjects and by those of

the conquered nations, peaceably enjoying the fruits of his labours and victories, Cyrus lived to the age of 70, and to the last possessed a vigorous state of health, which was the fruit of his sober and temperate life. When he perceived the time of his death to draw nigh, he ordered his children and chief-officers, to be assembled about him: Having thanked the gods for all their favours to him, through the course of his life, he implored their protection for his children, his friends, and his country. He conjured his children to adore the gods, to love one another, and to cultivate virtue, which could alone communicate to them real happiness. "For my body, my sons," continued he, "when life has forsook it, inclose it neither in gold nor silver, nor any other matter whatsoever: RESTORE IT IMMEDIATELY TO THE EARTH. Can it be more happy than in being blended, and in a manner incorporated with the benefactress, and common mother of human kind."—"Adieu, my dear children," were his last words, "may your lives be happy; carry my last remembrance to your mother. And for you, my faithful friends, as well absent as present, receive this last farewell, and may you live in peace." Having said this, he covered his face, and died equally lamented by all his people†.

Cyrus may justly be considered as the wisest conqueror and the most accomplished prince to be found in profane history. He was possessed of all the qualities requisite to form a great man; wisdom, moderation, courage, magnanimity, noble sentiments, a wonderful ability in managing mens tempers and gaining their affections; a perfect knowledge of all the parts of the military art, a vast extent of genius for forming, and an equal prudence for executing the greatest projects.

In peace or in war Cyrus appeared always great, and always so with ease. Never was prince more beneficent, more affable, or more easy of access. Cicero observes, "that during the whole course of Cyrus' government, he was never heard to speak one angry word." What an encomium for a prince! Rollin.

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On

† B. C. 529. Cyrus left two sons, Cambyfes and Smerdis, and several daughters.

On the Necessity of a Classical Education.

THE fairest diamonds are rough till they are polished, and the purest gold must be run and washed, and sifted in the ore. We are untaught by nature; and the finest qualities will grow wild and degenerate, if the mind is not formed by discipline, and cultivated with an early care. In some persons, who have run up to men without a liberal education, we may observe many great qualities darkened and eclipsed; their minds are crusted over like diamonds in the rock; they flash out sometimes into an irregular greatness of thought, and betray in their actions an unguided force, and unmanaged virtue; something very great and very noble may be discerned, but it looks cumbersome and awkward, and is alone of all things the work for being natural. Nature is undoubtedly the best mistress, and aptest scholar; but nature herself must be civilized, or she will look savage, as she appears in the Indian princes, who are vested with a native majesty, a surprising greatness and generosity of soul, and discover what we always regret, fine parts, and excellent natural endowments, without improvement. In those countries, which we call barbarous, where art and politeness are not understood, nature hath the greater advantage in this, that simplicity of manners often secures the innocence of the mind; and as virtue is not, so neither is vice, civilized and refined: but in these politer parts of the world, where virtue excels by rules and discipline, vice also is more instructed, and with us good qualities will not spring up alone: many hurtful weeds will rise with them, and choak them in their growth, unless removed by some skilful hand; nor will the mind be brought to a just perfection, without cherishing every hopeful seed, and repressing every superfluous humour: the mind is like the body in this regard, which cannot fall into a
decent

decent and easy carriage, unless it be fashioned in time : an untaught behaviour is like the people that use it, truly rustic, forced and uncouth, and art must be applied to make it natural.

Felton.

On the Entrance to Knowledge..

KNOWLEDGE will not be won without pains and application : some parts of it are easier, some more difficult of access : we must proceed at once by sap and battery ; and when the breach is practicable, you have nothing to do, but to press boldly on, and enter : it is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the spring, they rise and meet you : the entrance into knowledge is oftentimes very narrow, dark and tiresome, but the rooms are spacious, and gloriously furnished : the country is admirable, and every prospect entertaining. You need not wonder, that fine countries have strait avenues, when the regions of happiness, like those of knowledge, are impervious, and shut to lazy travellers, and the way to heaven itself is narrow.

Common things are easily attained, and no body values what lies in every body's way : what is excellent is placed out of ordinary reach, and you will easily be persuaded to put forth your hand to the utmost stretch, and reach whatever you aspire at.

Ibid.

Classics recommended.

MANY are the subjects which will invite and deserve the steadiest application from those who would excel, and be distinguished in them. Human learning in general ; natural philosophy, mathematics, and the whole circle of science. But there is no necessity of leading you through these several fields of knowledge : it will be most commendable for you to gather

some of the fairest fruit from them all, and to lay up a store of good sense, and sound reason, of great probity, and solid virtue. This is the true use of knowledge, to make it subservient to the great duties of our most holy religion, that as you are daily grounded in the true and saving knowledge of a Christian, you may use the helps of human learning, and direct them to their proper end. You will meet with great and wonderful examples of an irregular and mistaken virtue in the Greeks and Romans, with many instances of greatness of mind, of unshaken fidelity, contempt of human grandeur, a most passionate love of their country, prodigality of life, disdain of servitude, inviolable truth, and the most public disinterested souls, that ever threw off all regards in comparison with their country's good: you will discern the flaws and blemishes of their fairest actions, see the wrong apprehensions they had of virtue, and be able to point them right, and keep them within their proper bounds. Under this correction you may extract a generous and noble spirit from the writings and histories of the ancients. And I would in a particular manner recommend the classic authors to your favour, and they will recommend themselves to your approbation.

If you would resolve to master the Greek as well as the Latin tongue, you will find, that the one is the source and original of all that is most excellent in the other: I do not mean so much for expression, as thought, though some of the most beautiful strokes of the Latin tongue are drawn from the lines of the Grecian orators and poets; but for thought and fancy, for the very foundation and embellishment of their works, you will see, the Latins have ransacked the Grecian store, and, as Horace advises all who would succeed in writing well, had their authors night and morning in their hands.

And they have been such happy imitators, that the copies have proved more exact than the originals; and Rome has triumphed over Athens, as well in wit as arms; for though Greece may have the honour of invention, yet it is easier to
strike

strike out a new course of thought, than to equal old originals; and therefore it is more honour to surpass, than to invent anew. Verrio is a great man from his own designs; but if he had attempted upon the Cartons, and outdone Raphael Urbin in life and colours, he had been acknowledged greater than that celebrated master, but now we must think him less.

Felton.

The Classics exhibit a beautiful System of Morals.

ANOTHER great advantage of studying the Classics is, that from a few of the best of them may be drawn a good system and beautiful collection of sound morals. There the precepts of a virtuous and happy life are set off in the light and gracefulness of clear and moving expression; and eloquence is meritoriously employed in vindicating and adorning religion. This makes deep impressions on the minds of young gentlemen, and charms them with the love of goodness so engagingly dressed, and so beautifully commended. The Offices, Cato Major, Tusculan Questions, &c. of Tully, want not much of Epictetus and Antonine in morality, and are much superior in language. Pinder writes in an exalted strain of piety as well as poetry; he carefully wipes off the aspersions that old fables had thrown upon the deities; and never speaks of things or persons sacred, but with the tenderest caution and reverence. He praises virtue and religion with a generous warmth; and speaks of its eternal rewards with a pious assurance. A notable critic has observed, to the perpetual scandal of this poet, that his chief, if not only excellency, lies in his moral sentences. Indeed Pinder is a great master of this excellency, for which all men of sense will admire him; and at the same time be astonished at that man's honesty who flights such an excellency; and that man's understanding, who cannot discover many more excellencies in him. I remember, in

one of his Olympic Odes, in a noble confidence of his own genius, and a just contempt of his vile and malicious adversaries, he compares himself to an eagle, and them to crows: and indeed he soars far above the reach and out of the view of noisy fluttering cavillers. The famous Greek professor, Dupont, has made an entertaining and useful collection of Homer's divine and moral sayings, and has with great dexterity compared them with parallel passages out of the inspired writers; By which it appears, that there is no book in the world so like the stile of the Holy Bible, as Homer. The noble historians abound with moral reflections upon the conduct of human life; and powerfully instruct both by precepts and examples. They paint vice and vilamy in horrid colours; and employ all their reason and eloquence to pay due honours to virtue, and render undisssembled goodness amiable in the eye of mankind. They express a true reverence for the established religion, and a hearty concern for the prosperous state of their native country.

Blackwood.

The Influence of the Progress of Science, on the Manners and Characters of Men.

THE progress of science, and the cultivation of literature, had considerable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now distinguished. At the time when their empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had lost that correct taste which had rendered the productions of their ancestors the standards of excellence, and models for imitation to succeeding ages, still preserved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude Barbarians were so far from being struck with any admiration of these unknown accomplishments, that they despised them. They were not arrived at that state of society, in which those faculties of

the human mind, that have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themselves. They were strangers to all those wants and desires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts, they destroyed the monuments of them, with industry not inferior to that with which their posterity have since studied to preserve, or to recover them. The convulsions occasioned by their settlement in the empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they established; together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, banished security and leisure; prevented the growth of taste or the culture of science; and kept Europe, during several centuries, in a state of ignorance. But as soon as liberty and independence began to be felt by every part of the community, and communicated some taste of the advantages arising from commerce, from public order, and from personal security, the human mind became conscious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or pursuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we discern the first symptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had long been sunk, and observe it turning with curiosity and attention towards new objects.

The first literary efforts, however, of the European nations, in the middle ages, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain some degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exercised in speculative or abstract disquisition. Men are poets before they are philosophers. They feel with sensibility, and describe with force, when they have made but little progress in investigation or reasoning. The age of Homer and of Hesiod long preceded that of Thales, or of Socrates. But unhappily for literature, our ancestors, deviating from this course which nature pointed out, plunged at once into the depths of abstruse and metaphysical enquiry. They had been converted

to the Christian faith soon after they settled in their new conquests: but they did not receive it pure. The presumption of men had added to the simple and instructive doctrines of Christianity, the theories of a vain philosophy; that attempted to penetrate into mysteries, and to decide questions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend, or to resolve. These over-curious speculations were incorporated with the system of religion, and came to be considered as the most essential part of it. As soon, then, as curiosity prompted men to inquire and to reason, these were the subjects which first presented themselves, and engaged their attention. The scholastic theology, with its infinite train of bold disquisitions, and subtle distinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reason, was the first production of the spirit of enquiry after it began to resume some degree of activity and vigour in Europe.

It was not this circumstance alone that gave such a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exercise talents which they had so long neglected. Most of the persons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received instruction, or derived their principles of science from the Greeks in the eastern empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. Both these people, acute and inquisitive to excess, corrupted those sciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a system of speculative refinement, or of endless controversy. The latter communicated to philosophy a spirit of metaphysical and frivolous subtlety. Misled by these guides, the persons who first applied to science were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Instead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce such works of invention as might have improved their taste, and refined their sentiments; instead of cultivating those arts which embellish human life, and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority; they were led astray by example,

ple, and wasted the whole force of their genius in speculations as unavailing as they were difficult.

But fruitless and ill-directed as these speculations were, their novelty roused, and their boldness interested the human mind. The ardour with which men pursued these uninviting studies was astonishing. Genuine philosophy was never cultivated, in any enlightened age, with greater zeal. Schools, upon the model of those instituted by Charlemagne, were opened in every cathedral, and almost in every monastery of note. Colleges and universities were erected, and formed into communities, or corporations, governed by their own laws, and invested with separate and extensive jurisdiction over their own members. A regular course of studies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on masters and scholars. Academical titles and honours of various kinds were invented, as a recompence for both. Nor was it in the schools alone that superiority in science led to reputation and authority; it became the object of respect in life, and advanced such as acquired it to a rank of no inconsiderable eminence. Allured by all these advantages, an incredible number of students resorted to these new seats of learning, and crowded with eagerness into that new path which was open to fame and distinction.

But how considerable soever these first efforts may appear, there was one circumstance which prevented the effects of them from being as extensive as they ought to have been. All the languages in Europe, during the period under review*, were barbarous. They were destitute of elegance, of force, and even of perspicuity. No attempt had been hitherto made to improve or to polish them. The Latin tongue was consecrated by the church to religion. Custom, with authority scarcely sacred, had appropriated it to literature. All the sciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were taught in Latin. All the books with respect to them, were written

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* From the subversion of the Rom. empire to the beginning of the 16th century.

in that language. To have treated of any important subject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined science within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was shut against all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkness and ignorance.

But though science was thus prevented, during several ages, from diffusing itself through society, and its influence was circumscribed, the progress of it may be mentioned, nevertheless, among the great causes which contributed to introduce a change of manners into Europe. That ardent, though ill-judged spirit of inquiry, which I have described, occasioned a fermentation of mind, which put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigour. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable, as well as interesting. It accustomed them to exercises and occupations which tended to soften their manners, and to give them some relish for those gentle virtues which are peculiar to nations among whom science hath been cultivated with success.

Robertson.

The Character of the Man of Business often united with, and adorned by that of the Scholar and Philosopher.

PHILOSOPHY, taking its name from the love of wisdom, and having for its end the investigation of truth, has an equal regard both to practice and speculation, in as much as truth of every kind is similar and congenial. Hence we find that some of the most illustrious actors upon the great theatre of the world have been engaged at times in philosophical speculation. Pericles, who governed Athens, was the disciple of Anaxagoras; Epaminondas spent his youth in the Pythagorean school; Alexander the Great had Aristotle for his preceptor; and Scipio made Polybius his companion and friend. Why need I mention

mention Cicero, or Cato, or Brutus? The orations, the epistles, and the philosophical works of the first, shew him sufficiently conversant both in action and contemplation. So eager was Cato for knowledge, even when surrounded with business, that he used to read philosophy in the senate-house, while the senate was assembling; and as for the patriot Brutus, though his life was a continual scene of the most important actions, he found time not only to study, but to compose a treatise upon Virtue.

When these were gone, and the worst of times succeeded, Thrasea Pætus, and Helvidius Priscus, were at the same period both senators and philosophers; and appear to have supported the severest trials of tyrannic oppression, by the manly system of the Stoic moral. The best emperor whom the Romans, or perhaps any nation, ever knew, Marcus Antoninus, was involved during his whole life in business of the last consequence; sometimes conspiracies forming, which he was obliged to dissipate; formidable wars arising at other times, when he was obliged to take the field. Yet during none of these periods did he forsake philosophy, but still persisted in meditation, and in committing his thoughts to writing, during moments, gained by stealth from the hurry of courts and campaigns.

If we descend to later ages, and search our own country, we shall find Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Milton, Algernon Sidney, Sir William Temple, and many others, to have been all of them eminent in public life, and yet at the same time conspicuous for their speculations and literature. If we look abroad, examples of like characters will occur in other countries. Grotius, the poet, the critic, the philosopher, and the divine, was employed by the court of Sweden as ambassador to France; and De Witt, that acute but unfortunate statesman, that pattern of parsimony and political accomplishments, was an able mathematician, wrote upon the Elements of Curves,

and applied his algebra with accuracy to the trade and commerce of his country.

And so much in defence of Philosophy, against those who may possibly undervalue her, because they have succeeded without her; those I mean (and it must be confessed they are many) who, having spent their whole lives in what Milton calls the "busy hum of men," have acquired to themselves habits of amazing efficacy, unassisted by the helps of science and erudition. To such the retired student may appear an awkward being, because they want a just standard to measure his merit. But let them recur to the bright examples before alluded; let them remember that these were eminent in their own way; were men of action and business; men of the world; and yet did they not disdain to cultivate philosophy, nay, were many of them perhaps indebted to her for the splendor of their active character.

This reasoning has a farther end. It justifies me in the address of these philosophical arrangements, as your Lordship has been distinguished in either character, I mean in your public one, as well as in your private. Those who know the history of our foreign transactions, know the reputation that you acquired in Germany, by negotiations of the last importance: and those who are honoured with your nearer friendship, know that you can speculate as well as act, and can employ your pen both with elegance and instruction.

It may not perhaps be uninteresting to your Lordship to see in what manner the "Preceptor of Alexander the Great arranged his pupil's ideas, so that they might not cause confusion, for want of accurate disposition." It may be thought also a fact worthy your notice, that he became acquainted with this method from the venerable Pythagoras, who, unless he drew it from remoter sources, to us unknown, was, perhaps, himself its inventor and original teacher.

Harris.

Character

§ Addressed to the right honourable Thomas Lord Hyde, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, &c.

Character of EPAMINONDAS, the Theban General.

EPAMINONDAS was born and educated in that honest poverty which those less corrupted ages accounted the glorious mark of integrity and virtue. The instructions of a Pythagorean philosopher, to whom he was intrusted in his earliest years, formed him to all the temperance and severity peculiar to that sect, and were received with a docility and pleasure which bespoke an ingenious mind. Music, dancing, and all those arts which were accounted honourable distinctions at Thebes, he received from the greatest masters, and wonderfully excelled in them. In the athletic exercises he became conspicuous, but soon learned to apply particularly to those which might prepare him for the labours and occasions of a military life. His modesty and gravity rendered him ready to hear and receive instruction; and his genius enabled him to learn and improve. A love of truth, a love of virtue, tenderness, and humanity, and an exalted patriotism, he had learned and soon displayed. To these glorious qualities he added penetration and sagacity, a happiness in improving every incident, a consummate skill in war, an unconquerable patience of toil and distress, a boldness in enterprise, vigour, and magnanimity. Thus did he become great and terrible and war: nor was he less distinguished by the gentler virtues of peace and retirement. He had a soul capable of the most exalted and disinterested friendship. The warmth of his benevolence supplied the deficiencies of his fortune; his credit and good offices frequently were employed to gain that relief for the necessities of others, which his own circumstances could not grant them; within the narrow sphere of these were his desires regularly confined; no temptations could corrupt him; no prospects of advantage could shake his integrity; to the public he appeared unalterably and solely devoted; nor could neglect or injuries abate his zeal for Thebes. All these illustrious qualities he adorned with that eloquence which was then in such repute, and appeared in council equally eminent, equally

equally useful to his country, as in action. By him Thebes first rose to sovereign power, and with him she lost her greatness.

Leland.

Character of ALFRED King of England.

THE merit of this prince, both in public and private life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice: so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity; the greatest vigour in command with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for the sciences with the most shining talents for action. His civil and military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former, being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small spots and blemishes,

from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

Character of CHARLES I. King of England.

SUCH was the unworthy and unexampled fate of Charles I. king of England, who fell a sacrifice to the most atrocious insolence of treason, in the 49th year of his age, and in the 24th of his reign. He was a prince of a middling stature, robust, and well proportioned. His hair was of a dark colour, his forehead high, his complexion pale, his visage long, and his aspect melancholy. He excelled in riding, and other manly exercises; he inherited a good understanding from nature, and had cultivated it with great assiduity. His perception was clear and acute, his judgment solid and decisive; he possessed a refined taste for the liberal arts, and was a munificent patron to those who excelled in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. In his private morals he was altogether unblemished and exemplary. He was merciful, modest, chaste, temperate, religious, personally brave; and we may join the noble historian in saying, "He was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best christian of the age in which he lived." He had the misfortune to be bred up in high notions of the prerogative, which he thought his honour and duty obliged him to maintain. He lived at a time when the spirit of the people became too mighty for those restraints which the regal power derived from the constitution; and when the tide of fanaticism began to overbear the religion of his country, to which he was conscientiously devoted. He suffered himself to be guided by counselors, who were not only inferior to himself in knowledge and judgment, but generally proud, partial, and inflexible; and, from an excess of conjugal affection that bordered upon weakness, he paid too much deference to the advice and desires of his consort, who was superstitiously attached to the errors of popery,

popery, and importuned him incessantly in favour of the Roman Catholics.

Such were the sources of all that misgovernment which was imputed to him during the first fifteen years of his reign. From the beginning of the civil wars to his fatal catastrophe, his conduct seems to have been unexceptionable. His infirmities and imperfections have been candidly owned in the course of this narration. He was not very liberal to his dependents; his conversation was not easy, nor his address pleasing; yet the probity of his heart, and the innocence of his manners, won the affection of all who attended his person, not even excepting those who had the charge of his confinement. In a word, he certainly deserved the epithet of a virtuous prince, though he wanted some of those shining qualities which constitute the character of a great monarch. Beheaded January 30, 1649-9.

Smollet.

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On the Great Historical Ages.

EVERY age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions; and all histories are nearly alike, to those who seek only to furnish their memories with facts; but whosoever thinks, or, what is still more rare, whosoever has taste, will find but four ages in the history of the world. These four happy ages are those in which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by serving as the era of the greatness of the human mind, are examples for posterity.

The first of these ages to which true glory is annexed, is that of Philip and Alexander, or that of a Pericles, a Demosthenes, an Aristotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidius, and a Praxiteles; and this honour has been confined within the limits of ancient Greece; the rest of the known world was then in a state of barbarism.

The second age is that of Cæsar and Augustus, distinguish-
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ed likewise by the names of Lucretius, Cicero, Titus, Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens was seen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Florence the learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks.—This was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts had already recovered a new life in that country; the Italians honoured them with the title of Virtù, as the first Greeks had distinguished them by the name of Wisdom. Every thing tended towards perfection; a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Titian, a Tasso, and an Ariosto, flourished. The art of engraving was invented; elegant architecture appeared again, as admirable as in the most triumphant ages of Rome; and the Gothic barbarism, which had disfigured Europe in every kind of production, was driven from Italy, to make way for good taste.

The arts, always transplanted from Greece to Italy, found themselves in a favourable soil, where they instantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and Spain, aimed in their turns to gather these fruits; but either they could not live in those climates, or else they degenerated very fast.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but such as were merely learned men: he had architects; but he had no Michael Angelo, nor Palladio: he endeavoured in vain to establish schools for painting; the Italian masters whom he invited to France, raised no pupils there. Some epigrams, and a few loose tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only prose writer in vogue in the time of Henry II.

In a word, the Italians alone were in possession of every thing that was beautiful, excepting music, which was then but in a rude state; and experimental philosophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Lastly, the fourth age is that known by the name of the age of Lewis XIV. and is perhaps that which approaches the near-

est to perfection of all the four : enriched by the discoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than those three together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Augustus, and Alexander ; but human reason in general was more improved. In this age we first became acquainted with sound philosophy. It may truly be said, that from the last years of Cardinal Richelieu's administration till those which followed the death of Lewis XIV. there has happened such a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, as will serve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France ; it has communicated itself to England, where it has stirred up an emulation which that ingenious and deeply-learned nation stood in need of at that time ; it has introduced taste into Germany, and the sciences into Russia ; it has even re-animated Italy, which was languishing ; and Europe is indebted for its politeness and spirit of society, to the court of Lewis XIV.

Before this time, the Italians called all the people on this side the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It must be owned that the French, in some degree, deserved this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined the romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeness. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongst them ; which is a proof that the useful arts were likewise neglected ; for, when once the things of use are carried to perfection, the transition is quickly made to the elegant and the agreeable ; and it is not at all astonishing, that painting, sculpture, poetry, eloquence, and philosophy, should be in a manner unknown to a nation, who, though possessed of harbours on the Western ocean and the Mediterranean sea, were without ships ; and who, though fond of luxury to an excess, were hardly provided with the most common manufactures,

The Jews, the Genoese, the Venetians, the Portuguese, the Flemish, the Dutch, and the English, carried on, in their turns,

undisturbed to reform the nation ; but he had at least the honour of beginning this happy work.

Thus, for the space of 900 years, our genius had been almost always restrained under a Gothic government, in the midst of divisions and civil wars ; destitute of any laws or fixed customs ; changing every second century a language which still continued rude and unformed. The nobles were without discipline, and strangers to every thing but war and idleness : the clergy lived in disorder and ignorance ; and the common people without industry, and stupified in their wretchedness.

The French had no share either in the great discoveries, or admirable inventions of other nations : they have no title to the discoveries of printing, gunpowder, glasses, telescopes, the sector, compass, the air-pump, or the true system of the universe : they were making tournaments, while the Portuguese and Spaniards were discovering and conquering new countries from the east to the west of the known world. Charles V. had already scattered the treasures of Mexico over Europe, before the subjects of Francis I. had discovered the uncultivated country of Canada ; but, by the little which the French did in the beginning of the sixteenth century, we may see what they are capable of when properly conducted. *Voltaire.*

GENERAL HISTORY.

OF THE ORIGIN OF NATIONS, LAWS, GOVERNMENT, AND COMMERCE.

II. FROM THE INSTITUTION OF THE AMPHICTIONIC COUNCIL TO THE DEFEAT OF XERXES AT THERMOPYLÆ.

CONSIDERING the circumstances of the age in which it was instituted, the Amphiptionic council is perhaps the most remarkable

markable political establishment which ever took place among mankind. The Greek states, who formerly had no connexion with one another, except by mutual inroads and hostilities, now began to act with concert, and to undertake distant expeditions for the general interest of community. The first of these was the obscure expedition of the Argonauts]], in which all Greece appears to have been concerned. The object of the Argonauts was to open the commerce of the Euxine sea, and to establish colonies in the adjacent country of Colchis. The ship *Argo*, which was the admiral of the fleet, is the only one particularly taken notice of; though we learn from Homer, and other antient writers, that several sail were employed in this expedition. The fleet of the Argonauts was, from the ignorance of those who conducted it, long tossed about upon different coasts. The rocks, [at some distance from the mouth of the Euxine sea, occasioned great labour: they sent forward a light vessel, which passed through, but returned with the loss of her rudder. This is expressed in the fabulous language of antiquity, by their sending out a bird which returned with the loss of its tail, and may give us an idea of the allegorical obscurity in which the other events of this expedition are involved. The fleet, however, at length arrived at *Æon*, the capital of Colchis, after performing a voyage, which, considering the mean condition of the naval art during this age, was not less considerable than the circum-navigation of the world by our modern discoverers. From this expedition to that against Troy*, which was undertaken to recover the fair Helen, a queen of Sparta, who had been carried off by Paris, son of the Trojan king, the Greeks must have made a wonderful progress in power and opulence: no less than 1,200 vessels were employed in this voyage, each of which, at a medium, contained upwards of 100 men. These vessels, however, were but half decked; and it does not appear that iron entered at all into their construction. If we add to these circumstances, that the Greeks had not the use of the saw, an instrument so necessary to the

carpenter,

]] Ant. C. 1292.

* 1218.

carpenter, a modern must form but a mean notion of the strength or elegance of this fleet.

Having thus considered the state of Greece as a whole, let us examine the circumstances of the particular countries into which it was divided. This is of great importance to our present undertaking, because it is in this country only that we can trace the origin and progress of government, arts, and manners, which compose so great a part of our present work. There appears originally† to have been a very remarkable resemblance between the political situation of the different kingdoms of Greece. They were governed each by a king, or rather a chieftain, who was their leader in time of war, their judge in time of peace, and who presided in the administration of their religious ceremonies. This prince, however, was far from being absolute. In each society there were a number of other leaders, whose influence over their particular clans or tribes was not less considerable than that of the king over his immediate followers. These captains were often at war with one another, and sometimes with their sovereign. Such a situation was in all respects extremely unfavourable: each particular state was in miniature what the whole country had been before the time of Amphiction. They required the hand of another delicate painter to shade the opposite colours, and to enable them to produce one powerful effect. The history of Athens affords us an example of the manner in which these states, which, for want of union, were weak and insignificant, became, by being cemented together, important and powerful. Theseus §, king of Attica, had acquired a flourishing reputation by his exploits and ability. He saw the inconveniences to which his country, from being divided into twelve districts, was exposed, and he conceived that by means of the influence which his personal character, united to the royal authority with which he was invested, had universally procured him, he might be able to remove them. For this purpose he endeavoured

† Ant. C. 1260.

§ 1257.

endeavoured to maintain, and even to increase his popularity among the peasants and artisans: he detached, as much as possible, the different tribes from the leaders who commanded them: he abolished the courts which had been established in different parts of Attica, and appointed one council-hall common to all the Athenians. Theseus, however, did not trust solely to the force of political regulations. He called to his aid all the power of religious prejudices; by establishing common rites of religion to be performed in Athens, and by inviting thither strangers from all quarters, by the prospect of protection and privileges, he raised this city from an inconsiderable village to a powerful metropolis. The splendour of Athens and Theseus now totally eclipsed that of the other villages and their particular leaders. All the power of the state was united in one city, and under one sovereign. The petty chieftains, who had formerly occasioned so much confusion, by being divested of all influence and consideration, became humble and submissive; and Attica remained under the peaceable government of a monarch.

This is a rude sketch of the origin of the first monarchy, of which we have a distinct account, and may, without much variation, be applied to the other states of Greece. This country, however, was not destined to continue long under the government of kings. A new influence arose, which in a short time proved too powerful both for the king and the nobles. Theseus had divided the Athenians into three distinct classes; the nobles, the artisans, and the husbandmen. In order to abridge the exorbitant power of the nobles, he had bestowed many privileges on the two other ranks of people. This plan of politics was followed by his successors; and the lower ranks of the Athenians, partly from the countenance of their sovereign, and partly from the progress of arts and manufactures, which gave them an opportunity of acquiring property, became considerable and independent. These circumstances were attended with a remarkable effect. Upon the death of Codrus*, a prince of great

* Ant. C. 1695,

great merit, the Athenians became weary of the regal authority, under pretence of finding no one worthy of filling the throne of that monarch, who had devoted himself to death for the safety of his people, abolished the regal power, and proclaimed that none but Jupiter should be king of Athens. This revolution in favour of liberty was so much the more remarkable, as it happened almost at the same time that the Jews became unwilling to remain under the government of the true God, and desired a mortal sovereign, that they might be like unto other nations†.

The government of Thebes, another of the Grecian states, much about the same time assumed the republican form. Near a century before the Trojan war, Cadmus, with a colony from Phœnicia, had founded this city, which from that time had been governed by kings. But the last sovereign being overcome in single combat by a neighbouring prince, the Thebans abolished the regal power. Till the days, however, of Pelopidas and Epaminondas, a period of seven hundred years, the Thebans performed nothing worthy of the republican spirit. Other cities of Greece, after the example of Thebes and Athens, erected themselves into republics. But the revolutions of Athens and Sparta, two rival states, which, by means of the superiority they acquired, gave the ton to the manners, genius, and politics of the Greeks, deserve our principal attention. We have seen a tender shoot of liberty spring up in the city of Athens, upon the decease of Codrus, its last sovereign. This shoot gradually improved into a vigorous plant; and it cannot but be pleasant to observe its progress. The Athenians, by abolishing the name of king, did not entirely subvert the regal authority: they established a perpetual magistrate‡, who, under the name of Archon, was invested with almost the same rights which their kings had enjoyed. The Athenians, however, in time became sensible that the Archontic office was too lively an image of royalty for a free state. After it had continued therefore 331 years

† Ant. C. 1079.

‡ 1082.

years in the family of Codrus, they endeavoured to lessen its dignity, not by abridging its power, but by shortening its duration. The first period assigned for the continuance of the archonship in the same hands, was three years. But the desire of the Athenians for a more perfect system of freedom than had hitherto been established, increased in proportion to the liberty they enjoyed. They again called out for a fresh reduction of the power of their archons; and it was at length determined that nine annual magistrates should be appointed for this office. These magistrates were not only chosen by the people, but accountable to them for their conduct at the expiration of their office. These alterations were too violent not to be attended with some dangerous consequences. The Athenians, intoxicated with their freedom, broke out into the most unruly and licentious behaviour. No written laws had been as yet enacted in Athens, and it was impossible that the ancient customs of the realm, which were naturally supposed to be in part abolished by the successive changes in the government, should sufficiently restrain the tumultuary spirits of the Athenians, in the first flutter of their independence. This engaged the wiser part of the state, who began to prefer any system of government to their present anarchy and confusion, to cast their eyes on Draco, a man of an austere but virtuous disposition, as the fittest person for composing a system of law to bridle the furious and unruly manners of their countrymen. Draco undertook the office, but executed it with so much rigour, that, in the words of an ancient historian, "His laws were written with blood, and not with ink." Death was the indiscriminate punishment of every offence, and the laws of Draco were found to be a remedy worse than the disease. Affairs again returned into confusion and disorder, and remained so till the time of Solon. The gentle manners, disinterested virtue, and wisdom more than human, by which this sage was distinguished, pointed him out as the only character adap-

ted to the most important of all offices, the giving laws to a free people. Solon, though his employment was assigned him by the unanimous voice of his country, long deliberated whether he should undertake it. At length, however, the motives of public utility overcame all considerations of private ease, safety, and reputation, and determined him to enter on an ocean pregnant with a thousand dangers. The first step of his legislation was to abolish all the laws of Draco, except those relating to murder. The punishment of this crime could not be too great; but to consider other offences as equally criminal, was to confound all notions of right and wrong, and to render the law ineffectual, by means of its severity. Solon next proceeded to new-model the political law; and his establishments on this head remained among the Athenians while they preserved their liberties. He seems to have set out with this principle, that a perfect republic, in which each citizen should have an equal political importance, was a system of government, beautiful indeed in theory, but not reducible into practice. He divided the citizens therefore into four classes, according to the wealth which they possessed, and the poorest class he rendered altogether incapable of any public office. They had a voice however in the general council of the nation, in which all matters of principal concern were determined in the last resort. But lest this Assembly, which was composed of all the citizens, should, in the words of Plutarch, like a ship with too many sails, be exposed to the gust of folly, tumult, and disorder, he provided for its safety by the two anchors of the Senate and Areopagus. The first of these courts consisted of four hundred persons, a hundred out of each tribe of the Athenians, who prepared all important bills that came before the assembly of the people: the second, though but a court of justice, gained a prodigious ascendancy in the republic, by the wisdom and gravity of its members, who were not chosen, but after the strictest scrutiny, and most serious deliberation.

Such

Such was the system of government established by Solon, which, the nearer we examine it, will afford the more matter for our admiration. Upon the same plan most of the other ancient republics were established. To insist on all of them, therefore, would neither be entertaining nor instructive. But the government of Sparta, or Lacedemon, had something in it so peculiar, that the great lines of it at least ought not to be omitted even in a delineation of this sort. Sparta, like the other states of Greece, was originally divided into a number of petty principalities, of which each was under the jurisdiction of its own immediate chieftain. At length, the two brothers, Euristhenes and Procles, getting possession of this country, became conjunct in the royalty; and what is extremely singular, their posterity, in the direct line, continued to rule conjunctly for nine hundred years. The Spartan government, however, did not take that singular form which renders it so remarkable, until the time of Lyeurgus, the celebrated legislator. The plan of policy devised by Lyeurgus, agreed with that already described, in comprehending a senate and assembly of the people, and in general in all those establishments which are deemed most requisite for the security of political independence. It differed from that of Athens, and indeed from all other governments, in having two kings, whose office was hereditary, though their power was sufficiently circumscribed by proper checks and restraints. But the great characteristic of the Spartan constitution arose from this, that, in all his laws, Lyeurgus had at least as much respect to war as to political liberty. With this view, all sorts of luxury, all arts of elegance or entertainment, every thing, in short, which had the smallest tendency to soften the minds of the Spartans, was absolutely proscribed. They were forbid the use of money, they lived at public tables on the coarsest fare, the younger were taught to pay the utmost reverence to the more advanced in years; and all ranks, capable to bear arms, were daily accustomed to the

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moft

most painful exercises. To the Spartans alone war was a relaxation, rather than a hardship, and they behaved in it with a spirit of which none but a Spartan could even form a conception.

But in order to see the effect of these principles, and to connect under one point of view the history of the different quarters of the globe, we must cast our eye on Asia, and observe the events which happened in those great empires, of which we have so long lost sight*. We have already mentioned in what obscurity the history of Egypt is involved, until the reign of Bocchoris†. From this period, to the dissolution of their government, the Egyptians are more celebrated for the wisdom of their laws and political institutions, than for the power of their arms. Several of these seem to have been dictated by the true spirit of civil wisdom, and were admirably calculated for preserving order and good government in an extensive kingdom. The great empire of Assyria likewise, which had so long disappeared, becomes again an object of attention, and affords the first instance we meet with in history of a kingdom which fell asunder by its own weight, and the effeminate weakness of its sovereigns‡. Sardanapalus, the last emperor of Assyria, neglecting the administration of affairs, and shutting himself up in his palace with his women and eunuchs, fell into contempt with his subjects. The governors of his provinces, to whom, like a weak and indolent prince, he had entirely committed the command of his armies, did not fail to lay hold of this opportunity of raising their own fortune on the ruins of their master's power. Arbaces, governor of Media, and Belshis, governor of Babylon, conspire against their sovereign, set fire to his capital, and divide between them his extensive dominions. These two kingdoms, sometimes united under one prince, and sometimes governed each by a particular sovereign, maintained the chief sway in Asia, till Cyrus the Great reduced this quarter of the world under the Persian yoke§. The

manners

* 762.

† 528.

‡ 767.

§ 536.

manners of this people, as brave, hardy, and independent, as well as the government of Cyrus, in all its various departments, are elegantly described by Xenophon, a Grecian philosopher and historian. It is not necessary, however, that we should enter on the same detail upon this subject, as with regard to the affairs of the Greeks. We have, in modern times, sufficient examples of monarchical government; but how few are our republics? But the era of Cyrus is in one respect extremely remarkable, because with it the history of the great nations of antiquity, which has hitherto engaged our attention, may be supposed to finish. Let us consider then the genius of the Assyrians, Babylonians, and Egyptians, in arts and sciences, and if possible discover what progress they had made in those acquirements, which are most subservient to the interests of society.

The taste for the great and magnificent, seems to have been the prevailing character of these nations; and they principally displayed it in their works of architecture. There are no vestiges, however, now remaining, which confirm the testimony of ancient writers with regard to the great works which adorned Babylon and Nineveh; neither is it clearly determined in what year they were begun or finished. There are three pyramids still remaining in Egypt, at some leagues distance from Cairo, which are supposed to have been the burying-places of the ancient Egyptian kings. The largest is five hundred feet in height, and two thousand six hundred and forty broad each way at bottom. It was a superstition among this people, derived from the earliest times, that even after death the soul continued in the body as long as it remained uncorrupted. Hence proceeded the custom of embalming, or of throwing into the dead body such vegetables as experience had discovered to be the greatest preservatives against putrefaction. The pyramids were erected with the same view. In them the bodies of the Egyptian kings were concealed. This expedient, together with embalming, as these superstitious monarchs conceived, would

would inevitably secure a safe and comfortable retreat for their souls after death. From what we read of the walls of Babylon, the temple of Belus, and other works of the East, and from what travellers have recorded of the pyramids, it appears that indeed they were superb and magnificent structures, but totally devoid of elegance. The orders of architecture were not yet known, nor even the constructing of vaults. The arts, in which these nations, next to architecture, principally excelled, were sculpture and embroidery. As to the sciences, they had all along continued to bestow their principal attention on astronomy. It does not appear, however, that they made great progress in explaining the causes of the phenomena of the universe, or indeed in any species of rational and sound philosophy. To demonstrate this to an intelligent reader, it is sufficient to observe, that according to the testimony of sacred and profane writers, the absurd reveries of magic and astrology, which always decrease in proportion to the advancement of true science, were in high esteem among them, during the latest periods of their government. The countries which they occupied were extremely fruitful, and afforded, without much labour, all the necessaries, and even luxuries of life. They had long been accustomed to a civilized and polished life in great cities. These circumstances had tainted their manners with effeminacy and corruption, and rendered them an easy prey to the Persians, a nation just emerging from barbarity, and of consequence brave and warlike. This was still more easy in the infancy of the military art: when strength and courage were the only circumstances which gave the advantage to one nation over another, when, properly speaking, there were no fortified places, which, in modern times, have been discovered to be so useful in stopping the progress of a victorious enemy, and when the event of a battle commonly decided the fate of an empire. But we must now turn our attention to other objects.

The

The history of Persia, after the reign of Cyrus, offers little, when considered in itself, that merits our regard: but when combined with that of Greece, it becomes particularly interesting. The monarchs who succeeded Cyrus, gave an opportunity to the Greeks to exercise those virtues which the freedom of their government had created and confirmed. Sparta remained under the influence of Lycurgus's institutions: Athens had just recovered from the tyranny of the Pisistratidae, a family who had trampled on the laws of Solon, and usurped the supreme power. Such was their situation, when the lust of universal empire, which never fails to torment the breast of tyrants, led Darius to send forth his numerous armies into Greece*. But the Persians were no longer those invincible foldiers, who under Cyrus had conquered Asia. Their minds were enervated by luxury and servitude. Athens, on the contrary, teemed with great men, whose minds were nobly animated by the late recovery of their freedom. Miltiades, in the plains of Marathon, with ten thousand Athenians, overcame the Persian army of a hundred thousand foot, and ten thousand cavalry. His countrymen, Themistocles and Aristides, the first celebrated for his abilities, the second for his virtue, gained the next honours to the general. It does not, however, fall within our plan to mention the events of this war, which, as the noblest monuments of virtue over force, of courage over numbers, of liberty over servitude, deserve to be read at length in ancient writers.

Xerxes, the son of Darius, came in person into Greece† with two million one hundred thousand men, and being every where defeated by sea and land, escaped to Asia in a fishing-boat. Such was the spirit of the Greeks, so well did they know

* That wanting virtue, life is pain and woe,

† That wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,

"And looks around for happiness in vain."

GUTHRIE.

The Choice of HERCULES.

WHEN Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women, of a larger stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiments as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and she endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular, composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner:

"My dear Hercules," says she, "I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuse: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb

you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business." Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name: to which she answered, "My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner:—"Hercules," says she, "I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent, by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you; and must lay this down as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it; in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness."

The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: "You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult; whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with passion, made up of scorn and pity,

" what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's-self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures; while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age.

" As for me, I am the friend of Gods, and of good men; an agreeable companion to the artizan; an household guardian to the fathers of families; a patron and protector of servants; an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings chearful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years, and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity.

We know, by the life of this memorable Hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

Tatler.

The Story of ALMET the Dervise.

Whoe'er enjoys the untroubled breast,
With Virtue's tranquil wisdom blest;
With Hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper Happiness with Fear.

HOR. by FRANCIS.

ALMET, the Dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions

tions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the east, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly at him with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The Dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

‘Almet,’ said the stranger, ‘thou seest before thee a man, whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away, without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanity of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment, in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leaves no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this purpose am I come; a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed.’ Almet listened, with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality; but the serenity of his countenance soon returned, and, stretching out his hand towards heaven—

‘STRANGER,’ said he, ‘the knowledge which I have received from the Prophet, I will communicate to thee.

‘As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which was visible in every countenance, I was

suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. ‘ Wretched
 ‘ mortals,’ said I, ‘ to what purpose are you busy ? If to pro-
 ‘ duce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed ? Do the linens of
 ‘ Egypt and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear
 ‘ them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves whom I see
 ‘ leading the camels that bring them ? Is the fineness of the
 ‘ texture, or the splendour of the tints, regarded with delight
 ‘ by those to whom custom has rendered them familiar ? Or
 ‘ can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who
 ‘ live only to traverse the desert ; a scene of dreadful uniform-
 ‘ ity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon ;
 ‘ where no change of prospect, or variety of images, relieves
 ‘ the traveller from a sense of toil and danger, of whirlwinds
 ‘ which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst
 ‘ which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay ?
 ‘ Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unre-
 ‘ garded lustre, gain from the possession what is lost by the
 ‘ wretch who seeks them in the mine ; who lives excluded
 ‘ from the common bounties of nature ; to whom even the vi-
 ‘ cissitude of day and night is not known ; who sighs in perpe-
 ‘ tual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of
 ‘ insensibility and labour ? If those are not happy who possess,
 ‘ in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a
 ‘ dream is the life of man ! And if there is, indeed, such dif-
 ‘ ference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of par-
 ‘ tiality the hand by which this difference has been made ?’

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned
 within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above.
 The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared ; I found my-
 self sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my
 right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran the minister
 of reproof. When I saw him I was afraid. I cast mine eye
 upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when
 he commanded me to be silent. ‘ Almet,’ said he, ‘ thou hast
 ‘ devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver
 ‘ ignorance

Wretched
 I stand with a sense of their condition
 "Wretched," said I, "so what purpose are you busy? It is to give
 these happiness, by whom it is enjoyed. To the ladies of
 the house and the girls of Perth, how selfishly on their own want
 them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves whom I see
 looking the camels that bring them? Is the happiness of the
 moment, or the prospect of the next, regarded with delight
 by those to whom custom has conformed their feelings? Of
 can the power of habit render other intelligible of pain, who
 live only to traverse this desert; a scene of dreary uniformity
 where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon;
 where the chance of progress, or variety of images, relieves
 the traveller from a tale of toil and danger, of winds
 which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst
 which the wealthy have given half their positions to allay?
 Of those on whom peridot diamonds sparkle with unre-
 quented light, from them the position what is told by the
 world, who less than in the home; who lives excluded
 to the common bond of life; to whom else the
 shade of day and night is unknown; who adds in peace
 of rest and sleep, and who is one momentary and passive to
 the storm and labor? If these are not happy who could
 be wretched as these are wretched who below, how varies
 the life of man? And in their wretched state, dis-
 tinct from the value of existence, how shall we speak of per-
 sonal freedom, by which this difference has been made?"

While we thought this multiplied, and my heart burned
 within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above,
 and the words of Moses disappeared. I found my
 feet on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived as my
 eye was raised, when I knew to be Asorah the minister
 of God. When I saw him I was afraid. I said, mine eye
 the ground, and was about to prostrate his angel, when
 he commanded me to be silent. "Almighty God," I thought
 "thou art thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver
 ignorance."

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for
Polite Literature.

Story of Abner the Deaf.



A second part of the story, on the death of
Abner, is published in the next number.
The story is by a Gentleman of the Pen.

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‘ ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption
‘ from the precipice of guilt ; but the book of nature thou hast
‘ read without understanding ; it is again open before thee ;
‘ look up, consider it, and be wise.’

‘ I looked up, and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle, there was a green walk ; at the end, a wild desert ; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit ; innumerable birds were singing in the branches ; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty ; on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom ; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottoes, and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.’

‘ While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace ; his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom ; he sometimes started, as if a sudden pang had seized him ; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror ; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forwards by some invisible power ; his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy ; his eye was again fixed on the ground ; and he went on, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance, and turning hastily to the Angel, was about to enquire what could produce such infelicity in a being, surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense ; but he prevented my request : ‘ The book of nature,’ said he, ‘ is before thee ; look
‘ look up, consider it, and be wise.’ I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren ; on
the

the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade: the sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active: he kept his eye fixed on the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence; sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stopped short as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again toward the Angel, impatient to enquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my request; 'Almet,' said he, 'remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablet of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end: the value of this period of thy existence is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which yet he did not enjoy: the song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred, that their beauty was not seen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment, whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers

flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

What then has Eternal Wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be miserable, is acquired by Virtue; and Virtue is possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayest direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God to men.

While the voice of Azoran was yet founding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to compleat the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my son, was the vision which the Prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in earthly things; and therefore thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris; but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be Above. Thus shalt thou rejoice in Hope, and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

Adventurer.

.....
The Story of DIONYSIUS the Tyrant.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, shewed how far he was from being happy, even whilst he abounded in riches, and all the pleasures

pleasures which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treasures, and the magnificence of his royal state, and affirming that no monarch was ever greater or happier than he. 'Have you a mind, Damocles,' said the king, 'to taste his happiness, and know, by experience, what my enjoyments are, of which you have so high an idea?' Damocles gladly accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered, that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and sideboards loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table; and to obey his commands with the greatest readiness, and the most profound submission. Neither ointments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himself amongst the gods. In the midst of all his happiness, he sees, let down from the roof exactly over his neck, as he lay indulging himself in state, a glittering sword hung by a single hair. The sight of destruction thus threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendants, and the glitter of the carved plate, gave him no longer any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation, and at last begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a dreadful kind of happiness. *Cic. Tusc. Quest.*

AFFECTION FILIAL.

It may be truly said, that if persons are undutiful to their parents, they seldom prove good to any other relation.

The honour which children are required to give to their father and mother, includes in it, love, reverence, obedience,

and relief. It is usual with Providence to retaliate men's disobedience to their parents in kind: commonly our own children shall pay us home for it.

Where shall we find the person who hath received from any one benefits so great, or so many, as children from their parents? To them it is they owe their very existence, and consequently all the pleasures and enjoyments of life.

No one will expect a return of kindness, however considerable, from him who can show himself unmindful of what he oweth his parents.

To see a father treating his sons like an elder brother, and to see sons covet their father's company and conversation, because they think him the wisest and most agreeable man of their acquaintance, is the most amiable picture the eye can behold; it is a transplanted self-love, as sacred as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as happy as religion can make it.

If every father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations when he was a son, and every son remembered what he expected from his father, when he himself was in a state of dependency; this one reflection would keep fathers from being rigid, or sons dissolute.

Beauties of Hist.

EXAMPLES OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

CINNA, the Roman Consul, who scrupled no attempt, how villanous soever, which could serve his purpose, undertook to get Pomponius Strabo murdered in his tent; but his son saved his life, which was the first remarkable action of Pompey the Great. The treacherous Cinna, by many alluring promises, had gained over one Terentius, a confidant of Pompey's, to his interest, and prevailed on him to assassinate the general, and seduce his troops. Young Pompey being informed of this design a few hours before it was to be put in execution, placed a faithful guard round the prætorium; so that none of the con-

spirators could come near it. He then watched all the motions of the camp, and endeavoured to appease the fury of the soldiers, who hated the general his father, by such acts of prudence as were worthy of the oldest commanders. However, some of the mutineers having forced open one of the gates of the camp, in order to desert to Cinna, the general's son threw himself flat on his back in their way, crying out, that they should not break their oath, and desert their commander, without treading his body to death. By this means he put a stop to their desertion, and afterwards wrought so effectually upon them by his affecting speeches and engaging carriage, that he reconciled them to his father.

Plut. in Pomp.

WHILE OCTAVIUS was at Samos, after the famous battle of Actium, which made him master of the universe, he held a council to examine the prisoners which had been engaged in Antony's party. Among the rest there was brought before him an old man named Metellus, oppressed with years and infirmities, disfigured with a long beard and a neglected head of hair, but especially by his clothes, which by his ill fortune were become very ragged. The son of this Metellus was one of the judges, and he had great difficulty of knowing his father in the deplorable condition in which he saw him. At last, however, having recollected his features, instead of being ashamed to own him, he ran to embrace him, crying bitterly. Afterwards, turning towards the tribunal, 'Caesar,' says he, 'my father has been your enemy, and I your officer: He deserves to be punished, and I to be rewarded. The favour I desire of you is either to save him on my account, or to order me to be put to death with him.' All the judges were touched with compassion at this affecting scene; Octavius himself relented, and granted to old Metellus life and liberty.

Appian.

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER the Great, having defeated the numerous army of Darius, king of Persia, had taken his mother, wife, and children prisoners. He behaved towards them all with the utmost delicacy, politeness, and humanity. Having received from Macedonia a great quantity of purple stuffs and rich habits, made after the fashion of that country, he presented them to Syfigambis (Darius's mother) together with the artificers who had wrought them. He likewise commanded the messengers to tell her, that in case she fancied those stuffs, she might make her grandchildren learn the art of weaving them, by way of amusement; and to give them as presents to whomsoever they should think proper. At these words, the tears which fell from her eyes shewed but too evidently how greatly she was displeased at these gifts, the working in wool being considered by the Persian women as the highest ignominy. Those who carried these presents, having told the king that Syfigambis was very much dissatisfied, he thought himself obliged to make an apology for what he had done, and administer some consolation to her. Accordingly he paid her a visit, when he spoke thus: "Mother, the stuff in which you see me clothed, was not only a gift of my sisters, but wrought by their fingers. Hence I beg you to believe that the custom of my country misled me; and do not consider that as an insult which was owing entirely to ignorance. I believe I have not as yet done any thing which I knew interfered with your manners and customs. I was told that among the Persians it is a sort of crime for a son to seat himself in his mother's presence, without first obtaining her leave. You are sensible how cautious I have always been in this particular, and that I never sat down till you had first laid your commands upon me to do so. As the highest testimony of the veneration I have for you, I always called you by the tender name of mother, though this belongs properly to Olympias only, to whom I owe my birth."

OLYMPIAS, Alexander's own mother, was of such an unhappy disposition, that he would never let her have any concern in the affairs of government. She used frequently to make very severe complaints on that account; but he always submitted to her ill-humour with great mildness and patience. Antipater, one of his friends, having one day wrote a long letter against her, the king, after reading it, replied, 'Antipater does not know that one single tear shed by a mother will obliterate ten thousand such letters as this.' A behaviour like this, and such an answer, shew at one and the same time, that Alexander was both an affectionate son and an able politician.

2. Curt.

EPAMINONDAS, without all doubt, was one of the greatest generals, and one of the best men which Greece ever produced. Before him the city of Thebes was not distinguished by any memorable action, and after him it was not famous for its virtues but its misfortunes, till it sunk into its original obscurity; so that it saw its glory take birth and expire with this great man. The victory he obtained at Leuctra had drawn the eyes and admiration of all the neighbouring people upon Epaminondas, who looked upon him as the support of Thebes, as the triumphant conqueror of all Sparta, as the deliverer of all Greece: in a word, as the greatest man, and the most excellent captain that ever was in the world. In the midst of this universal applause, so capable of making the general of an army forget the man for the victor, Epaminondas, little sensible to so affecting and so deserved a glory, 'My joy,' said he, 'arises from my sense of that which the news of my victory will give my father and my mother.'

Plut. in Coriol.

NOTHING in history seems so valuable to me, says Rollin, as such sentiments which do honour to human nature, and proceed from a heart which neither false glory, nor false greatness have

have corrupted. I confess it with grief, I see these noble sentiments daily expire amongst us, especially in persons where birth and rank raise them above others, who too frequently are neither good fathers, good sons, good husbands, nor good friends, and who would think it a disgrace to express for a father and mother the tender regard of which we have here so fine an example from a pagan.

MANLIUS TORQUATUS, the celebrated consul and Roman captain, had great wit, but a difficulty in expressing himself; which induced Manlius Imperiosus, his father, to keep him almost by force in the country, employ him in servile work, and treat him as a slave. Pompey, tribune of the people, enraged at this instance of severity, formed a design of accusing Manlius before the judges; but Torquatus being informed of it, went to the tribune, and, with a poinard in his hand, made him swear that he would not proceed in that accusation against him to whom he owed his being. The same Torquatus was afterwards made military tribune, and killed a soldier of the Gauls in single combat, from whom he took a gold chain that hung about his neck. From this action he obtained the name of *Torquatus*. He was consul in the war against the Latins; when he ordered his own son to be beheaded, for fighting contrary to his orders, though he had gained the victory. He conquered the enemies of the republic, and was several times made consul; but at last refused this dignity, saying, 'That it was no more possible for him to bear with the vices of the people, than it was for the people to bear with his severity.'

Encyclopæd. Britan.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS likewise relates a very singular instance of filial affection. A woman of illustrious birth had been condemned

demned to be strangled. The Roman prætor delivered her up to the triumvir, who caused her to be carried to prison, in order to her being put to death. The goaler, struck with compassion, could not resolve to kill her. He chose therefore to let her die of hunger. Besides which, he suffered her daughter to see her in prison, taking care, however, that she brought her nothing to eat. As this continued many days, he was surprised that the prisoner lived so long without eating; and suspecting the daughter, upon watching her, he discovered that she nourished her mother with her own milk. Amazed at so pious and at the same time so ingenious an invention, he told the fact to the triumvir, and the triumvir to the prætor, who believed the thing merited relating in the assembly of the people. The criminal was pardoned; a decree was passed that the mother and daughter should be maintained for the rest of their lives at the public expence, and that a temple sacred to piety should be erected near the prison. *Val. Max.*

THE same author gives a similar instance of filial piety in a young woman named Xantippe to her aged father Cimonus, who was likewise confined in prison, and which is universally known by the name of the Roman Charity. Both these instances appeared so very extraordinary and uncommon to that people, that they could only account for them, by supposing that the love of children to their parents was the first law of nature.

Ibid.

The Character of a Good SON.

THE good and dutiful Son is one who honoureth his parents, by paying them the utmost deference and respect; by a reverential awe and veneration for them; a filial affection for their persons, and a tender regard for their safety and preservation; a constant and cheerful attention to their advice, and a ready and implicit obedience to their commands. As he

becometh

becometh every day more sensible of his obligations to them, he grows every day more willing and solicitous to repay them. He employs his youth to support their age; his abundance to relieve their wants; his knowledge and strength to supply their infirmities and decay. He is more careful of his character and reputation in the world, because theirs depend upon it. Ever anxious for their welfare, and attentive to their happiness, he endeavours, by every method in his power, to prolong *their* days, that his *own* may be long in the land. He rests assured, that God will not only bless obedient children here, but will reward them with the blessing of heaven, where it shall be *well with him* for ever; where we shall all join; son and father, daughter and mother, wife and husband, servant and master: all the relations and connections of this life, to honour one great parent, protector, lord, and master of us all.

Beauties of Hist.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE MULE.

THIS useful and hardy animal is the offspring of the Horse and the Ass, and being barren, furnishes us with an indisputable proof that the two species are perfectly distinct. Nature has providently stopped the further propagation of these heterogeneous productions, to preserve, uncontaminated, the form of each animal; without which regulation the races would, in a short time, be mixed with each other, and every creature, losing its original perfection, would rapidly degenerate.

The common Mule is very healthy, and will live above thirty years: It is found very serviceable in carrying burthens, particularly in mountainous and stony places where Horses are not so sure-footed. The size and strength of our breed has lately been

been much improved by the importation of Spanish Male-
Asses; and it were much to be wished that the useful qualities
of this animal were more attended to: For by proper care in
its breaking, its natural obstinacy would be in a great measure
corrected; and it might be formed with success, for the sad-
dle, the draught, or the burthen.

People of the first quality in Spain are drawn by Mules,
where fifty or sixty guineas is no uncommon price for one of
them; nor is it surprising, when we consider how far they ex-
cel the Horse in travelling in a mountainous country, the Mule
being able to tread securely where the former can hardly stand.
Their manner of going down the precipices of the Alps, the
Andes, &c. is very extraordinary; and with it we will conclude
their history. In these passages, on one side, are steep emi-
nences, and on the other, frightful abysses: and, as they gene-
rally follow the direction of the mountain, the road, instead of
lying in a level, forms at every little distance steep declivities,
of several hundred yards downward. These can only be de-
scended by Mules; and the animal itself seems sensible of the
danger, and the caution that is to be used in such descents.
When they come to the edge of one of these descents, they stop
without being checked by the rider; and if he inadvertently
attempt to spur them on, they continue immovable. They
seem all this time ruminating on the danger that lies before
them, and preparing themselves for the encounter. They not
only attentively view the road, but tremble and snort at the
danger. Having prepared for the descent, they place their
fore feet in a posture, as if they were stopping themselves;
they then also put their hinder feet together, but a little for-
ward, as if they were going to lie down. In this attitude, ha-
ving taken as it were a survey of the road, they slide down with
the swiftness of a meteor. In the mean time, all the rider has
to do is to keep himself fast on the saddle without checking the
rein, for the least motion is sufficient to disorder the equili-
brium of the Mule; in which case they both unavoidably pe-
rish.

The MULE. p. 143.



The ASS. p. 145.



The ZEBRA. p. 147.



rich. But their address in this rapid descent is truly wonderful; for in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow exactly the different windings of the road, as if they had previously settled in their minds the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety. In this journey the natives place themselves along the sides of the mountains, and holding by the roots of the trees, animate the beasts with shouts, and encourage them to persevere. Some Mules, after being long used to these journies, acquire a kind of reputation for their safety and skill; and their value rises in proportion to their fame.

Hist. of Quid.

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THE ASS.

THE Ass, it is probable, was originally a native of Arabia and other parts of the east: The deserts of Lybia and Numidia, and many islands of the Archipelago, contain vast herds of wild Asses, which run with such amazing swiftness, that even the coursers of the country can hardly overtake them. They are chiefly caught by the natives on account of their flesh, which is eaten by them, and considered as a delicious repast. The flesh of the common or tame Ass is however drier, more tough, and disagreeable than that of the Horse; Galen says it is even unwholesome: Its milk, on the contrary, is an approved remedy for certain disorders. The wild Ass is not streaked like the Zebra, (with which it has often been confounded) nor is his form so beautiful: His figure resembles that of the common Ass, his colour is brighter, and he has a white streak extending from his head to his tail.

The Ass, like the Horse, was originally imported into America by the Spaniards, where it has run wild, and multiplied in a great degree. Ulloa informs us, that, in the kingdom of Quito, they hunt them in the following manner:—A number of persons on horseback, attended by Indians on foot, form a

large circle in order to drive them into a narrow compass, where at full speed they throw a noose over them, and having secured them with fetters, leave them till the chase is over, which frequently lasts for several days. They have all the swiftness of Horses; and neither declivities nor precipices can retard them in their flight. When attacked, they defend themselves with their heels and mouths with such activity, that, without slackening their pace, they often maim their pursuers.

A warm climate is most favourable to the growth of this animal: The Ass produced in this country, is much inferior in size and beauty to those of Spain and other warm countries: In Guinea they are larger and more beautiful than even their Horses: In Persia they have two kinds, the one slow and heavy, which is made use of for carrying burthens; the other, nimble, smooth, and stately, used chiefly for the saddle. They are managed as Horses; and, like them, are taught to amble. They generally slit their nostrils to give them more room for breathing. Many of these are sold as high as forty or fifty pounds.

Holingshed informs us, that in the reign of queen Elizabeth there were no Asses in this country: How soon after they might be introduced is uncertain. However they are at present naturalized in this kingdom, where their utility becomes daily more universally experienced.

The qualities of this animal are so well known as to need no description: His gentleness, patience, and perseverance, are without example: He is temperate with regard to food; and eats contentedly the coarsest and most neglected herbage: If he give the preference to any vegetable, it is to the plaintain, for which he will neglect every other herb in the pasture. In his water he is singularly nice, drinking only from the clearest brooks. He is so much afraid of wetting his feet, that, even when loaded, he will turn aside to avoid the dirty parts of the road.

He is stronger, in proportion to his size, than the Horse; but more sluggish, stubborn, and untractable. He is healthier than the

the Horse: and, of all other quadrupeds, is least infested with lice or other vermin, which is probably owing to the extreme hardness and dryness of his skin. For the same reason, perhaps, he is less sensitive of the goads of the whip, or the stinging of flies.

He is three or four years in coming to perfection; and lives to the age of twenty, or sometimes twenty-five years. He sleeps much less than the Horse; and never lies down for that purpose but when he is much fatigued. The She-Ass goes eleven months with young; and seldom produces more than one at a time.

The services of this useful creature are too often repaid by hard fare and cruel usage; and being generally the property of the poor, it partakes of their wants and their distresses: Whereas, by due cultivation and care in its education, the Ass might be usefully and profitably employed in a variety of domestic purposes, and in many cases supply the place of the Horse, to which only it is second, though generally degraded into the most useless and neglected of domestic quadrupeds.

Hist. of Quad.

THE ZEBRA,

WHICH many authors have mistaken for a wild Ass, is the most beautiful, as well as the wildest, most timid, and untamable animal in nature. Being larger than the Ass, it rather resembles the Mule in shape: Its head is larger, its ears longer than those of the Horse; its legs beautifully small, and well placed; and its body well formed, round, and fleshy: But the beauty of its shape is greatly heightened by the glossy smoothness of its skin, and the amazing regularity and elegance of its colours, which in the male are white and brown, and in the female white and black, ranged in alternative stripes over the whole body, in a stile so beautiful and ornamental, that it would at first sight seem rather the effect of art than the ge-

nuine production of nature : The head is striped with fine bands of black and white, which form a center in the forehead : The neck is adorned with stripes of the same colour running round it : The body is beautifully variegated with bands running across the back, and ending in points at the belly : Its thighs, its legs, its ears, and even its tail, are all beautifully streaked in the same manner.

The Zebra inhabits the southern parts of Africa, where whole herds are seen feeding in those extensive plains that lie towards the Cape of Good Hope. However their watchfulness is such, that they will suffer nothing to come near them ; and their swiftness so great, that they easily leave their pursuers far behind.

Such is the beauty of this creature, that it seems by nature fitted to gratify the pride, and formed for the service of man ; and it is most probable, that time and assiduity alone are wanting to bring it under subjection. As it resembles the Horse in regard to its form as well as manner of living, there can be little doubt but it possesses a similitude of nature, and only requires the efforts of an industrious and skilful nation, to be added to the number of our useful dependants. Nevertheless its liberty has hitherto remained uncontrolled, and its natural fierceness has as yet resisted every attempt to subdue it : Those that have been brought to this country, have discovered a degree of viciousness that rendered it unsafe to approach them too familiarly ; but it is by no means to be concluded from hence, that they are untameable.

They have continued to be wild, because they are natives of a country where the wretched inhabitants have no other idea of advantage from the animal creation than as they are good for food, paying more regard to that which affords the most delicious repast, than to delicacy of colouring, or beauty of conformation.

Quaggas or wild Asses, an animal hitherto but little known, and not much described, abound in the same country, and have

been

been mistaken for Zebras of the female kind; but are now known to be a distinct species. They live in herds, and are said to be extremely swift. *Hist. of Quad.*

The body is beautifully variegated with bands running across the back, and ending in points at the belly. Its legs, its ears, and even its tail, are all beautifully streaked in the same manner.

History of the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON; or an Incitement to Enterprise and Emulation.

AMONG the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton; of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

'Virtue,' says Virgil, 'is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form.' The person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university to dispute with him, on a certain day, offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confesses that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient

cient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had, in the presence of the pope and cardinals, the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and the assembly, then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music, he danced with uncommon gracefulness, and on the day after his disputation at Paris, exhibited his skill on horsemanship before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who, travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke, with some reluctance, consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon seems to have been the single rapier, which was then newly introduced into Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will inquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.

The Duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincentio di Gonzaga,

ga, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the streets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor skill in this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince; who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the Admirable Crichton brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: the court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

Adventurer.

HISTORY OF FINGAL,

KING OF MORVEN, IN ANCIENT CALEDONIA.

THIS celebrated hero flourished in the third century, and according to the Irish historians, died in the 283, although there is some reason from Ossian's poems for placing his death a few years later. Fingal was descended in all probability from those Celtic tribes who were the first inhabitants of Britain. Tradition, and the poems of Ossian, give him a long line of royal ancestors,

ancestors, such as Comhal, Trenmor, and Trathal, &c., heroes renowned for their valour and victories, and who had all reigned over the same territory. Whether this territory was bounded by the Caledonian forest, or extended somewhat farther to the south, towards the Roman provinces, is uncertain; but there is no doubt of its having extended over all the north and west Highlands, comprehending the Hebrides, whose petty chiefs were all subject to the king of Morven. His principal place of residence was Selma, which was probably in the neighbourhood of Glencoe, supposed to be the Cona of Offian, though some imagine it to have been in Strath-Cona in Moray. The truth seems to be, that as Fingal and his people lived by hunting, they often shifted their habitation. Hence, in all parts of the Highlands, we find, in the names of places, buildings, &c. such monuments as justify their several claims for the honour of Fingal's residence. Fingal acquired great fame by his prowess in arms. He made many successful incursions into the Roman province, from whence he carried away those spoils which his son so often mentions under the names of the *wine of the stranger*, and the *work of the stranger*. By sea we find him frequently making voyages to Scandinavia, the Orkneys, and Ireland; called by Offian *Löchlin*, *Inislore*, and *Ullin*. Several of these expeditions were celebrated by his son in Epic poems, of which two only remain, *Fingal* and *Temora*. In the former of these poems, Fingal having passed over into Ireland to assist the celebrated Cuchullin in his wars against Swaran, king of Scandinavia, defeated that monarch's army, and took himself prisoner; but remembering the love he formerly bore to the fair Agandecca, sister to Swaran, he generously released his prisoner, who immediately set sail for Scandinavia. The subject of the poem of *Temora* is Fingal's third expedition into Ireland, where we see this great hero in the last of his battles.

VOLUME I. The Cuchullin was a celebrated Caledonian hero. He was king or lord of the isle of Sky, and the remains of his palace of Dunstaich are still shewn in that island. He was called over to Ireland upon the death of its king Artho, to be guardian to young Cormac, who was lineally descended from Conar the son of Trenmor, the great-grandfather of Fingal.

The occasion of this war was as follows : After the death of Cuchullin, guardian to Cormac, the young king of Ireland, Cairbar, chief of the Firbolg, having routed the forces of Cormac, murdered that prince in his own palace of Temora; and usurped the sovereignty of Ireland. On Fingal's arrival, he gave battle to the savage Cairbar, who was slain by Oscar, the son Ossian, and grandson of Fingal. The brave Oscar fell in this combat, treacherously wounded by his enemy. Cathmor, brother to Cairbar) a prince celebrated for his valour and generosity, took upon himself the command of the army of the Firbolg, slew Fillan, the youngest son of Fingal, who had distinguished himself in a remarkable manner by his heroic bravery; and forced the victorious army of the Caledonians to retire. Fingal who, agreeable to the custom of the Caledonian kings, had retired to a neighbouring mountain, from whence he beheld the contending armies, and from time to time sent his bards to encourage his people, now roused by the death of his beloved Fillan, put himself at the head of his army, routed the forces of Cathmor, slew that brave general, and restored the family of the Caledonian princes to the throne of Ireland : after which, the great Fingal resigned the spear of the mighty Trenmor to Ossian his son, and no more listened the call of arms. How long he lived afterwards is uncertain. He is said to have died a natural death; and therefore none of his son's poems relate to this event, though it is occasionally mentioned in many of them. " Did thy beauty last, O Ryno ? Stood the strength of car-borne Oscar ? Fingal himself passed away; and the halls of his fathers have forgot his steps. The blast of the north opens thy gates, O king, and I behold thee sitting on mist, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant : but like a watery cloud, when we see the stars behind it, with their weeping eyes. Thy shield is like the aged moon ; thy sword a vapour half kindled with fire. Dim and feeble is the chief who travelled in brightness before. But thy steps are on the winds of the desert, and the storms of

darken in thy hand. Thou takest the sun in thy wrath, and hidest him in thy clouds. The sons of little men are afraid; and a thousand showers descend."—*Berrathon*.

"The character of Fingal (Dr Blair observes) is perhaps the most perfect that was ever drawn by a poet, for we may boldly defy all the writers of antiquity to show us any hero equal to Fingal. Throughout the whole of Ossian's works, he is represented to us in all that variety of lights which give the full display of a character. In him concur almost all the qualities that can ennoble human nature; that can either make us admire the hero, or love the man. He is not only unconquerable in war, but he makes his people happy by his wisdom in the days of peace. He is truly the father of his people. He is known by the epithet of 'Fingal of the mildest look,' and distinguished on every occasion by humanity and generosity. He is merciful to his foes, full of affection to his children, full of concern about his friends, and never mentions Agandecca, his first love, without the utmost tenderness. He is the universal protector of the distressed; none ever went sad from Fingal.—'O Oscar! bend the strong in arms, but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a stream of many tides against the foes of thy people; but like the gale that moves the grass to those who ask thine aid: so Trenmor lived; such Trathal was; and such has Fingal been. My arm was the support of the injured; the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel.' These were the maxims of true heroism, to which he formed his grandson. His fame is represented as every where spread; the greatest heroes acknowledge his superiority; his enemies tremble at his name; and the highest encomiums that can be bestowed on one whom the poet would most exalt, is to say, That his soul was like the soul of Fingal. Wherever he appears, we behold the hero. The objects he pursues are always great; to bend the proud, to protect the injured, to defend his friends, to overcome his enemies by generosity more than by force. Some strokes of human imperfection and frailty, are what u-

usually give us the most clear view and the most sensible impression of a character, because they present to us a man such as we have seen; they recal known features of human nature. When poets go beyond this range, and attempt to describe a faultless hero, they, for the most part, set before us a sort of vague undistinguishable character, such as the imagination cannot lay hold of, or realise to itself as the object of affection. But Fingal, though exhibited without any of the common human failings, is nevertheless a real man; a character which touches and interests every reader."

We may observe, that Fingal appears to have been no less a poet than a warrior; at least, in all those passages ascribed to him in the poems of his son, there is a grandeur and loftiness that elevates them above the common style even of Ossian. The following passage from the poem of *Carthon* may be taken as a specimen of Fingal's poetry: "—'Raife, ye bards,' said the mighty Fingal, 'the praise of unhappy Moïna. Call her ghost, with your songs, to our hills; that she may rest with the fair of Morven, the sunbeams of other days, and the delight of heroes of old.—I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls, The thistle shook, there, its lonely head: the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moïna: silence is in the house of her fathers. Raife the song of mourning, O bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us; for, one day we must fall.—Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield—And let the blast of the desert come! We shall be renowned in our day. The mark of my arm shall be in the battle, and my name in the song of bards. Raife the song;

song; send round the shell: and let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail? if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is for a season, like Fingal; our fame shall survive thy beams.*—Such was the joy of Fingal in the day of his joy. His thousand bards leaned forward from their seats, to hear the voice of the king. It was like the music of the harp on the gale of the spring. Lovely were thy thoughts, O Fingal! Why had not Ossian the strength of thy soul? But thou standest alone, my father; and who can equal the king of Morven?'' *Encyc. Britan. and Ossian's Poems.*

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The Aerial Dwelling of FINGAL.

Soon hast thou set, Malvina*, daughter of generous Toscar! But thou risest like the beam of the east, among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit in their stormy halls, the chambers of the thunder. A cloud hovers over Cona: its blue curling sides are high. The winds are beneath it, with their wings; within it is the dwelling† of Fingal. There the hero sits in darkness; his airy spear is in his hand. His shield half covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon; when one half still remains in the wave, and the other looks sickly on the field.

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* Malvina was beloved of Oscar, the gallant son of Ossian, on which account Ossian addresses several of his poems to her.—He here beautifully describes her soul rising up amongst the forms of her fathers, (sitting in their aerial palace); a blush diffusing her cheeks when she beholds their unknown faces.

† The description of this ideal palace of Fingal is very poetical, and agreeable to the notions of those times, concerning the state of the deceased, who were supposed to pursue, after death, the pleasures and employments of their former life. The situation of Ossian's heroes, in their separate state, if not entirely happy, is more agreeable, than the notions of the ancient Greeks concerning their departed heroes. See Hom. Odyss. l. 11.

His friends sit around the king, on mist ; and hear the songs of Ullin : he strikes the half viewless harp ; and raises the feeble voice. The lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina rises, in the midst ; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers, and turns aside her humid eyes. " Art thou come so soon," said Fingal, " daughter of generous Toscar ? Sadness dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged son is sad. I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there ; its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers. Go with thy rustling wing, O breeze ! and sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock, at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids are departed to their place ; and thou alone, O breeze, mournest there."

Ossian's Poems.

ON HOMER.

'T is no romantic commendation of Homer, to say, that no man understood persons and things better than he ; or had a deeper insight into the humours and passions of human nature. He represents great things with such sublimity, and little ones with such propriety, that he always makes the one admirable, and the other pleasant.

He is a perfect master of all the lofty graces of the figurative style, and all the purity and easiness of the plain. Strabo, the excellent geographer and historian, assures us, that Homer has described the places and countries of which he gives account, with that accuracy, that no man can imagine who has not seen them ; and no man but must admire and be astonished who has. His poems may justly be compared with that shield of divine workmanship so inimitably represented in the eighteenth book of the Iliad. You have there exact images of
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all the actions of war, and employments of peace; and are entertained with the delightful view of the universe. Homer has all the beauties of every dialect and style scattered through his writings; he is scarce inferior to any other poet, in the poet's own way and excellency; but excels all others in force and comprehension of genius, elevation of fancy, and immense copiousness of invention. Such a sovereignty of genius reigns all over his works, that the ancients esteemed and admired him as the great High Priest of nature, who was admitted into her inmost choir, and acquainted with her most solemn mysteries.

The great men of former ages, with one voice, celebrate the praises of Homer; and old Zoilus has only a few followers in these later times, who detract from him either for want of Greek, or from a spirit of conceit and contradiction.

These gentlemen tell us, that the divine Plato himself banished him out of his commonwealth; which, say they, must be granted to be a blemish upon the poet's reputation. The reason why Plato would not let Homer's poems be in the hands of the subjects of that government, was because he did not esteem ordinary men capable readers of them. They would be apt to pervert his meaning, and have wrong notions of God and religion, by taking his bold and beautiful allegories in too literal a sense. Plato frequently declares, that he loves and admires him as the best, the most pleasant, and the divinest of all the poets; and studiously imitates his figurative and mystical way of writing. Though he forbid his works to be read in public, yet he would never be without them in his own closet. Though the philosopher pretends, that for reasons of state he must remove him out of his city; yet he declares he would treat him with all possible respect while he staid; and dismiss him laden with presents, and adorned with garlands (as the priests and supplicants of their gods used to be;) by which marks of honour, all people wherever he came might be warned and induced to esteem his person sacred, and receive him with due veneration.

Blackwall.

On

On the Beauties of VIRGIL.

VIRGIL possesses beauties which have justly drawn the admiration of ages, and which, to this day, hold the balance in equilibrium between his fame and that of Homer. The principal and distinguishing excellency of Virgil, and which, in my opinion, he possesses beyond all poets, is tenderness. Nature had endowed him with exquisite sensibility; he felt every affecting circumstance in the scenes he describes; and, by a single stroke, he knows how to reach the heart. This, in an epic poem, is the merit next to sublimity; and puts it in an author's power to render his composition extremely interesting to all readers.

The chief beauty of this kind, in the *Iliad*, is the interview of Hector with Andromache. But, in the *Æneid*, there are many such. The second book is one of the greatest masterpieces that ever was executed by any hand; and Virgil seems to have put forth there the whole strength of his genius, as the subject afforded a variety of scenes, both of the awful and tender kind. The images of horror, presented by a city burned and sacked in the night, are finely mixed with pathetic and affecting incidents. Nothing, in any poet, is more beautifully described than the death of old Priam; and the family pieces of Æneas, Anchises, and Creusa, are as tender as can be conceived. In many passages of the *Æneid*, the same pathetic spirit shines; and they have been always the favourite passages in that work. The fourth book, for instance, relating the unhappy passion and death of Dido, has been always most justly admired, and abounds with beauties of the highest kind. The interview of Æneas with Andromache and Helenus, in the third book; the episodes of Pallas and Evander, of Nisus and Euryalus, of Lausus and Mezentius, in the Italian wars, are all striking instances of the poet's power of raising the tender emotions. For we must observe, that though the *Æneid* be an unequal

unequal poem, and, in some places, languid, yet there are beauties scattered through it all; and not a few, even in the last six books. The best and most finished books, upon the whole, are the first, the second, the fourth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, and the twelfth.

Blair.

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On several Advantages which the CLASSICS enjoyed.

It was among the advantages which the chief classics enjoyed, that most of them were placed in prosperous and plentiful circumstances of life, raised above anxious cares, want, and abject dependence. They were persons of quality and fortune, courtiers and statesmen, great travellers, and generals of armies, possessed of the highest dignities and posts of peace and war. Their riches and plenty furnished them with leisure and means of study; and their employments improved them in knowledge and experience. How lively must they describe those countries, and remarkable places, which they had attentively viewed with their own eyes! What faithful and emphatical relations were they enabled to make of those councils, in which they presided; of those actions in which they were present and commanded!

Herodotus, the father of history, besides the advantages of his travels and general knowledge, was so considerable in power and interest, that he bore a chief part in expelling the tyrant Lygdamis, who had usurped upon the liberties of his native country.

Thucydides and Xenophon were of distinguished eminence and abilities, both in civil and military affairs; were rich and noble; had strong parts, and a careful education in their youth, completed by severe study in their advanced years: in short, they had all the advantages and accomplishments both of the retired and active life.

Sophocles bore great offices in Athens; led their armies; and in strength of parts, and nobleness of thought and expression, was not unequal to his colleague Pericles; who, by his commanding wisdom and eloquence, influenced all Greece, and was said to thunder and lighten in his harangues.

Euripides, famous for the purity of the Attic style, and his power in moving the passions, especially the softer ones of grief and pity, was invited to, and generously entertained in, the court of Archelaus king of Macedon. The smoothness of his composition, his excellency in dramatic poetry, the soundness of his morals, conveyed in the sweetest numbers, were so universally admired, and his glory so far spread, that the Athenians, who were taken prisoners in the fatal overthrow under Nicias, were preserved from perpetual exile and ruin, by the astonishing respect that the Sicilians, enemies and strangers, paid to the wit and fame of their illustrious countryman. As many as could repeat any of Euripides's verses, were rewarded with their liberty, and generously sent home with marks of honour.

Plato, by his father's side, sprung from Codrus, the celebrated king of Athens; and by his mother's from Solon, their noble celebrated law-giver. To gain experience, and enlarge his knowledge, he travelled into Italy, Sicily, and Egypt. He was courted and honoured by the greatest men of the age wherein he lived; and will be studied and admired by men of taste and judgment in all succeeding ages. In his works, are inestimable treasures of the best learning. In short, as a learned gentleman says, he writes with all the strength of human reason, and all the charms of human eloquence.

Anacreon lived familiarly with Polycrates, king of Samos; and his sprightly muse, naturally flowing with innumerable pleasures and graces, must improve in delicacy and sweetness by the gaily and refined conversation of that flourishing court.

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The bold and exalted genius of Pindar was encouraged and heightened by the honours he received from the champions and princes of his age; and his conversation with the heroes qualified him to sing their praises with more advantage. The conquerors at the Olympic games scarce valued their garlands of honour, and wreaths of victory, if they were not crowned with his never-fading laurels, and immortalized by his celestial song. The noble Hiero of Syracuse was his generous friend and patron; and the most powerful and polite state of all Greece esteemed a line of his in praise of their glorious city, worth public acknowledgments, and a statue. Most of the genuine and valuable Latin Classics had the same advantages of fortune, and improving conversation, the same encouragements with these and the other celebrated Grecians.

Terence gained such a wonderful insight into the characters and manners of mankind, such an elegant choice of words, and fluency of style, such judgment in the conduct of his plot, and such delicate and charming turns, chiefly by the conversation of Scipio and Lælius, the greatest men, and most refined wits, of their age. So much did this judicious writer, and clean scholar, improve by his diligent application to study, and their genteel and learned conversation; that it was charged upon him by those who envied his superior excellencies, that he published their compositions under his own name. His enemies had a mind that the world should believe those noblemen wrote his plays, but scarce believed in themselves; and the poet very prudently and genteelly slighted their malice, and made his great patrons the finest compliment in the world, by esteeming the accusation as an honour, rather than making any formal defence against it.

Sallust, so famous for his neat expressive brevity and quick turns, for truth of fact and clearness of style, for the accuracy of his characters, and his piercing view into the mysteries of policy and motives of action, cultivated his rich abilities, and made his acquired learning so useful to the world, and so ho-

nourable to himself, by bearing the chief offices in the Roman government, and sharing in the important councils and debates of the senate.

Cæsar had a prodigious wit, and universal learning; was noble by birth, a consummate statesman, a brave and wise general, and a most heroic prince. His prudence and modesty in speaking of himself, the truth and clearness of his descriptions, the inimitable purity and perspicuity of his style, distinguish him with advantage from all other writers. None bears a nearer resemblance to him in more instances than the admirable Xenophon. What useful and entertaining accounts might reasonably be expected from such a writer, who gives you the geography and history of those countries and nations, which he himself conquered, and the description of those military engines, bridges, and encampments, which he himself contrived and marked out!

The best authors in the reign of Augustus, as Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, &c. enjoyed happy times, and plentiful circumstances. That was the golden age of learning. They flourished under the favours and bounty of the richest and most generous court in the world; and the beams of majesty shone bright and propitious on them.

What could be too great to expect from such poets as Horace and Virgil, beloved and munificently encouraged by such patrons as Mæcenæ and Augustus?

A chief reason why Tacitus writes with such skill and authority, that he makes such deep searches into the nature of things, and designs of men, that he so exquisitely understands the secrets and intrigues of courts, was, that he himself was admitted into the highest places of trust, and employed in the most public and important affairs. The statesman brightens the scholar, and the consul improves and elevates the historian.

Blackwall.

On

On the Study of the New Testament.

THE classic scholar must by no means be so much wanting to his own duty, pleasure, and improvement, as to neglect the study of the New Testament, but must be perpetually conversant in those inestimable writings, which have all the treasures of divine wisdom, and the words of eternal life in them. The best way will be to make them the first and last of all your studies, to open and close the day with that sacred book, wherein you have a faithful and most entertaining history of that blessed and miraculous work of the redemption of the world; and sure directions how to qualify and intitle yourself for the great salvation purchased by Jesus.

This exercise will compose your thoughts into the sweetest serenity and cheerfulness; and happily consecrate all your time and studies to God. After you have read the Greek Testament once over with care and deliberation, I humbly recommend to your frequent and attentive perusal, these following chapters:

St. Matthew 5. 6. 7. 28. 26. 27. 28. — St. Mark 1. 13.
 — St. Luke 2. 9. 15. 16. 23. 24. — St. John 1. 11. 14. 15,
 16. 17. 19. 20. — Acts 26. 27. — Romans 2. 8. 12. —
 1 Cor. 3. 9. 13. 15. — 2 Cor. 4. 6. 11. — Ephes. 4. 5. 6.
 — Philipp. 1. 2. 3. — Coloss. 1. 3. — 1 Thess. 2. 5. —
 1 Tim. 1. 6. — 2 Tim. 2. 3. — Philemon. — Heb. 1. 4. 6.
 11. 12. — 1 St. Peter all. — 2 St. Peter all. — St. Jude.
 — 1 St. John 1. 3. — Revel. 1. 18. 19. 20.

In this collection you will find the Book of God, written by the evangelists, and apostles, comprised in a most admirable and comprehensive epitome. A true critic will discover numerous instances of every style in perfection; every grace and ornament of speech more chaste and beautiful, than the most admired and shining passages of the secular writers.

In particular, the description of God, and the future state of heavenly glory, in St. Paul and St. Peter, St. James and St.

John,

John, as far transcend the descriptions of the Jupiter and Olympus, which Homer, and Pindar, and Virgil, give us, as the thunder and lightning of the heavens do the rattling and flashes of a Salmoneus: or the eternal Jehovah is superior to the Pagan deities. In all the New Testament, especially these select passages, God delivers to mankind laws of mercy, mysteries of wisdom, and rules of happiness, which fools and madmen stupidly neglect, or impiously scorn; while all the best and brightest beings in the universe regard them with sacred attention, and contemplate them with wonder and transporting delight. These studies, with a suitable Christian practice (which they so loudly call for, and so pathetically press) will raise you above all vexatious fears, and deluding hopes; and keep you from putting an undue value upon either the eloquence or enjoyments of this world.

Blackwall.

A Diversity of Style and Manner in the different Composers of the Sacred Books, On JOB, DAVID, and ISAIAH.

AMONG the different composers of the sacred books, there is an evident diversity of style and manner; and to trace their different characters in this view, will contribute not a little towards our reading their writings with greater advantage. The most eminent of the sacred poets are, the author of the Book of Job, David, and Isaiah. As the compositions of David are of the lyric kind, there is a greater variety of style and manner in his works, than in those of the other two. The manner in which, considered merely as a poet, David chiefly excels, is the pleasing, the soft, and the tender. In his Psalms, there are many lofty and sublime passages; but, in strength of description, he yields to Job; in sublimity, he yields to Isaiah. It is a sort of temperate grandeur, for which David is chiefly distinguished; and to this he always soon returns, when, upon some occasions, he rises above it. The psalms in which he touches us most, are those in which he describes the happiness

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of the righteous, or the goodness of God; expresses the tender breathings of a devout mind, or sends up moving and affectionate supplications to heaven. Isaiah is, without exception, the most sublime of all poets. This is abundantly visible in our translation; and, what is a material circumstance, none of the books of scripture appear to have been more happily translated than the writings of this prophet. Majesty is his reigning character; a majesty more commanding, and more uniformly supported, than is to be found among the rest of the Old Testament poets. He possesses, indeed, a dignity and grandeur, both in his conceptions and expressions, which are altogether unparalleled, and peculiar to himself. There is more clearness and order too, and a more visible distribution of parts, in his book, than in any other of the prophetic writings. *Blair.*

On the Book of Job.

It only now remains to speak of the book of Job. It is known to be extremely ancient; generally reputed the most ancient of all the poetical books; the author uncertain. It is remarkable, that this book has no connection with the affairs or manners of the Jews, or Hebrews. The scene is laid in the land of Uz, or Idumæa, which is a part of Arabia; and the imagery employed is generally of a different kind, from what I before showed to be peculiar to the Hebrew poets. We meet with no allusions to the great events of sacred history, to the religious rites of the Jews, to Lebanon or to Carmel, or of any of the peculiarities of the climate of Judea. We find few comparisons founded on rivers or torrents; these were not familiar objects in Arabia. But the longest comparison that occurs in the book, is to an object frequent and well known in that region, a brook that fails in the season of heat, and disappoints the expectation of the traveller.

The poetry, however, of the book of Job, is not only equal to that of any other of the sacred writings, but is superior to them

them all, except those of Isaiah alone. As Isaiah is the most sublime, David the most pleasing and tender, so Job is the most descriptive, of all the inspired poets. A peculiar glow of fancy, and strength of description, characterise the author. No writer whatever abounds so much in metaphors. He may be said, not to describe, but to render visible, whatever he treats of. A variety of instances might be given. Let us remark only those strong and lively colours, with which, in the following passages, taken from the 18th and 20th chapters of his book, he paints the condition of the wicked: observe how rapidly his figures rise before us; and what a deep impression, at the same time, they leave on the imagination. 'Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon the earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite, but for a moment? Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds, yet he shall perish for ever. He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chased away, as a vision of the night. The eye also which saw him, shall see him no more; they which have seen him, shall say, where is he?—He shall suck the poison of asps, the viper's tongue shall slay him. In the fullness of his sufficiency, he shall be in straits; every hand shall come upon him. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of steel shall strike him through. All darkness shall be hid in his secret places. A fire not blown shall consume him. The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him. The increase of his house shall depart. His goods shall flow away in the day of wrath. The light of the wicked shall be put out; the light shall be dark in his tabernacle. The steps of his strength shall be straitened, and his own counsel shall cast him down. For he is cast into a net, by his own feet. He walketh upon a snare. Terrors shall make him afraid on every side; and the robber shall prevail against him. Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation. His remembrance shall perish from

‘from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street. He shall be driven from light into darkness. They that come after him shall be astonished at his day. He shall drink of the wrath of the Almighty.’

Blair.

On the Illiad of Homer.

THE subject of the Illiad must unquestionably be admitted to be, in the main, happily chosen. In the days of Homer, no object could be more splendid and dignified than the Trojan war. So great a confederacy of the Grecian states, under one leader, and the ten years siege which they carried on against Troy, must have spread far abroad the renown of many military exploits, and interested all Greece in the traditions concerning the heroes who had most eminently signalized themselves. Upon these traditions, Homer grounded his poem; and though he lived, as is generally believed, only two or three centuries after the Trojan war, yet, through the want of written records, tradition must, by his time, have fallen into the degree of obscurity most proper for poetry; and have left him at full liberty to mix as much fable as he pleased, with the remains of true history. He has not chosen, for his subject, the whole Trojan war; but, with great judgment, he has selected one part of it, the quarrel betwixt Achilles and Agamemnon; and the events to which that quarrel gave rise; which, though they take up forty-seven days only, yet include the most interesting, and most critical period of the war. By this management, he has given greater unity to what would have otherwise been an unconnected history of battles. He has gained one hero, or principal character, Achilles, who reigns throughout the work; and he has shown the pernicious effect of discord among confederated princes. At the same time, I admit that Homer is less fortunate in his subject than Virgil. The plan of the Æneid in

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concludes

cludes a greater compass and a more agreeable diversity of events; whereas the Iliad is almost entirely filled with battles.

The praise of high invention has in every age been given to Homer, with the greatest reason. The prodigious number of incidents, of speeches, of characters divine and human, with which he abounds, the surprising variety with which he has diversified his battles, in the wounds and deaths, and little history-pieces of almost all the persons slain, discover an invention next to boundless. But the praise of judgment is, in my opinion, no less due to Homer, than that of invention. His story is all along conducted with great art. He rises upon us gradually; his heroes are brought out, one after another, to be

objects of our attention. The distress thickens, as the poem advances; and every thing is so contrived as to aggrandize Achilles, and to render him, as the poet intended he should be, the capital figure.

But that wherein Homer excels all writers, is the characteristical part. Here, he is without a rival. His lively and spirited exhibition of characters, is, in a great measure, owing to his being so dramatic a writer, abounding every where with dialogue and conversation. There is much more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil; or, indeed, than in any other poet. Blair.

..... It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there; and hence

On the Odyssey of Homer.

My observations, hitherto, have been made upon the Iliad only. It is necessary to take some notice of the Odyssey also. Longinus's criticism upon it is not without foundation, that Homer may, in this poem, be compared to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the heat of his meridian beams. It wants the vigour and sublimity of the Iliad; yet, at the same time possesses so many beauties, as to be justly entitled to high praise. It is a very amusing poem, and has much greater variety than the Iliad; it contains many interesting stories;

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ries, and beautiful descriptions. We see every where the same descriptive and dramatic genius, and the same fertility of invention, that appears in the other work. It descends indeed from the dignity of gods, and heroes, and warlike achievements; but in recompence, we have more pleasing pictures of ancient manners. Instead of that ferocity which reigns in the Iliad, the Odyssey presents us with the most amiable images of hospitality and humanity; entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landscape of nature; and instructs us by a constant vein of morality and virtue, which runs through the poem.

Blair.

His time upon it is all along conducted with great art. He gradually; his heroes are brought out one after another, to be objects of our attention. The diffusers thicken, as the poem advances; and every thing is so contrived as to stagger and stagger. And to render him, as the poet intended he should be

ON STYLE.

It is not easy to give a precise idea of what is meant by Style. The best definition I can give of it is, the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of Language. It is different from mere Language or words. The words, which an author employs, may be proper and faultless; and his Style may, nevertheless, have great faults; it may be dry, or stiff, or feeble, or affected. Style has always some reference to

an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there; and hence, when we are examining an author's composition, it is, in many cases, extremely difficult to separate the Style from the sentiment. No wonder these two should be so intimately connected, as Style is nothing else, than that sort of expression which our thoughts most readily assume. Hence, different countries have been noted for peculiarities of Style, suited to their different temper and genius. The eastern nations animated their Style with the most strong and hyperbolic figures. The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a Style, accurate, clear, and neat. The Asiatics, gay and

loose in their manners, affected a Style florid and diffuse. The like sort of characteristic differences are commonly remarked in the Style of the French, the English, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of Style, it is usual to talk of a nervous, a feeble, or a spirited Style; which are plainly the characters of a writer's manner of thinking; as well as of expressing himself: so difficult it is to separate these two things from one another. Of the general characters of Style, I am afterwards to discourse; but it will be necessary to begin with examining the more simple qualities of it, from the assemblage of which its more complex denominations, in a great measure, result.

All the qualities of a good Style may be ranged under two heads, Perspicuity and Ornament. For all that can possibly be required of Language is, to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others; and, at the same time, in such a dress, as, by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions which we seek to make. When both these ends are answered, we certainly accomplish every purpose for which we use Writing and Discourse.

On Purity and Propriety of STYLE.

Purity and Propriety of Language, are often used indiscriminately for each other; and, indeed, they are very nearly allied. A distinction, however, obtains between them. Purity, is the use of such words, and such constructions, as belong to the idiom of the Language which we speak; in opposition to words and phrases that are imported from other Languages, or that are obsolete, or new-coined, or used without proper authority. Propriety is the selection of such words in the Language, as the best and most established usage has appropriated to those ideas which we intend to express by them. It implies the correct and happy application of them, according to that

usage,

usage, in opposition to vulgarisms, or low expressions; and to words and phrases, which would be less significant of the ideas that we mean to convey. Style may be pure, that is, it may all be strictly English, without Scotchisms or Gallieisms, or ungrammatical, irregular expressions of any kind, and may, nevertheless, be deficient in propriety. The words may be ill chosen; not adapted to the subject, nor fully expressive of the author's sense. He has taken all his words and phrases from the general mass of English Language; but he has made his selection among these words unhappily. Whereas Style cannot be proper without being also pure; and where, both Purity and Propriety meet, besides making Style perspicuous, they also render it graceful. There is no standard, either of Purity or of Propriety, but the practice of the best writers and speakers in the country.

When I mentioned obsolete or new-coined words as incongruous with Purity of Style, it will be easily understood, that some exceptions are to be made. On certain occasions, they may have grace. Poetry admits of greater latitude than prose, with respect to coining, or at least, new-compounding words; yet, even here, this liberty should be used with a sparing hand. In prose, such innovations are more hazardous, and have a worse effect. They are apt to give Style an affected and conceited air; and should never be ventured upon except by such, whose established reputation gives them some degree of dictatorial power over Language.

The introduction of foreign and learned words, unless where necessity requires them, should always be avoided. Baren Languages may need such assistance; but ours is not one of these. Dean Swift, one of our most correct writers, valued himself much on using no words but such as were of native growth; and his Language may, indeed, be considered as a standard of the strictest Purity and Propriety in the choice of words. At present, we seem to be departing from this standard. A multitude of Latin words have, of late, been poured

in

in upon us. On some occasions, they give an appearance of elevation and dignity to Style. But often, also, they render it stiff and forced: and, in general, a plain native Style, as it is more intelligible to all readers, so, by a proper management of words, it may be made equally strong and expressive with this Latinized English. *Blair.*

Directions for forming a STYLE.

It will be more to the purpose, that I conclude these dissertations upon Style, with a few directions concerning the proper method of attaining a good Style in general, leaving the particular character of the Style to be either formed by the subject on which we write, or prompted by the heat of genius.

The first direction which I give for this purpose, is, to study clear ideas on the subject concerning which we are to write or speak. This is a direction which may at first appear to have small relation to Style. Its relation to it, however, is extremely close. The foundation of all good Style, is good sense, accompanied with a lively imagination. The Style and thoughts of a writer are so intimately connected, that, as I have several times hinted, it is frequently hard to distinguish them. Wherever the impressions of things upon our minds are faint and indistinct, or perplexed and confused, our Style in treating of such things will infallibly be so too. Whereas, what we conceive clearly and feel strongly, we will naturally express with clearness and with strength. This, then, we may be assured, is a capital rule as to Style, to think closely of the subject, till we have attained a full and distinct view of the matter which we are to clothe in words, till we become warm and interested in it; then, and not till then, shall we find expression begin to flow. Generally speaking, the best and most proper expressions, are those which a clear view of the subject suggests, without much labour or enquiry after them. This is Quinti-

lian's

lian's observation, Lib. viii. c. 1. *Plerumque optima verba
rebus coherent, et cernuntur suo lumine. At nos quærimus
illa, tanquam lateant seque subducant. Ita nunquam puta-
mus verba esse circa id de quo dicendum est; sed ex aliis lo-
cis petimus, et inventis vim asserimus.** Blair.

Too anxious a Care about Words to be avoided.

We must observe, however, that there may be an extreme in too great and anxious a care about Words. We must not retard the course of thought, nor cool the heat of imagination, by pausing too long on every word we employ. There is, on certain occasions, a glew of composition which should be kept up, if we hope to express ourselves happily, though at the expence of allowing some inadvertencies to pass. A more severe examination of these must be left to be the work of correction. For if the practice of composition be useful, the laborious work of correcting is no less so; it is indeed absolutely necessary to our reaping any benefit from the habit of composition. What we have written should be laid by for some little time, till the ardour of composition be past, till the fondness for the expressions we have used be worn off, and the expressions themselves be forgotten; and then reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we shall discern many imperfections which at first escaped us. Then is the season for pruning redundancies; for weighing the arrangements of sentences; for attending to the juncture and connecting particles; and bringing Style into a regular, correct, and proper form. The most proper words for the most part adhere to the thoughts which are to be expressed by them, and may be discovered as by their own light. But we hunt after them, as if they were hidden, and only to be found in a corner. Hence, instead of conceiving the words to lye near the subject, we go in quest of them to some other quarter, and endeavour to give force to the expressions we have found out.

rect, and supported form. This '*Lime Labor*' must be submitted to by all who would communicate their thoughts with proper advantage to others; and some practice in it will soon sharpen their eye to the most necessary objects of attention, and render it a much more easy and practicable work than might at first be imagined.

Blair.

An Acquaintance with the best Authors necessary to the Formation of a STYLE.

IN the third place, with respect to the assistance that is to be gained from the writings of others, it is obvious that we ought to render ourselves well acquainted with the Style of the best authors. This is requisite, both in order to form a just taste in Style, and to supply us with a full stock of words on every subject. In reading authors with a view to Style, attention should be given to the peculiarities of their different manners; and in this and former Lectures I have endeavoured to suggest several things that may be useful in this view. I know no exercise that will be found more useful for acquiring a proper Style, than to translate some passage from an eminent English author, into our own words. What I mean is, to take, for instance, some page of one of Mr. Addison's Spectators, and read it carefully over two or three times, till we have got a firm hold of the thoughts contained in it; then to lay aside the book; to attempt to write out the passage from memory, in the best way we can; and having done so, next to open the book, and compare what we have written with the Style of the author. Such an exercise will, by comparison, shew us where the defects of our Style lie; will lead us to the proper attentions for rectifying them; and, among the different ways in which the same thought may be expressed, will make us perceive that which is the most beautiful.

Blair.

A ser-

A servile Imitation to be avoided.

In the fourth place, I must caution, at the same time, against a servile imitation of any one author whatever. This is always dangerous. It hampers genius; it is likely to produce a stiff manner; and those who are given to close imitation, generally imitate an author's faults as well as his beauties. No man will ever become a good writer, or speaker, who has not some degree of confidence to follow his own genius. We ought to beware, in particular, of adopting any author's noted phrases, or transcribing passages from him. Such a habit will prove fatal to all genuine composition. Infinitely better it is to have something that is our own, though of moderate beauty, than to affect to shine in borrowed ornaments, which will, at last, betray the sinner's poverty of our genius. On these heads of composing, correcting, reading, and imitating, I advise every student of oratory to consult what Quintilian has delivered in the Tenth Book of his Institutions; where he will find a variety of excellent observations and directions, that will deserve attention.

Style must be adapted to the Subject.

In the fifth place, it is an obvious but material rule, with respect to Style, that we always study to adapt it to the subject, and also to the capacity of our hearers, if we are to speak in public. Nothing merits the name of eloquent or beautiful, which is not suited to the occasion, and to the persons to whom it is addressed. It is to the last degree awkward and absurd, to attempt a poetical florid Style, on occasions when it should be our business only to argue and reason; or to speak with elaborate pomp of expression, before persons who comprehend nothing of it, and who can only stare at our unreasonable magnificence. These are defects not so much in point of Style, as

what is much worse, in point of common sense. When we begin to write or speak, we ought previously to fix in our minds a clear conception of the end to be aimed at; to keep this steadily in our view, and to suit our Style to it. If we do not sacrifice to this great object every ill-timed ornament that may occur to our fancy, we are unpardonable; and though children and fools may admire, men of sense will laugh at us and our Style.

Blair.

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ON DEMOSTHENES.

I SHALL not spend any time upon the circumstances of Demosthenes's life; they are well known. The strong ambition which he discovered to excel in the art of speaking; the unsuccessfulness of his first attempts; his unwearied perseverance in surmounting all the disadvantages that arose from his person and address; his shutting himself up in a cave, that he might study with less distraction; his declaiming by the sea-shore, that he might accustom himself to the noise of a tumultuous assembly, and with pebbles in his mouth, that he might correct a defect in his speech; his practising at home with a naked sword hanging over his shoulder that he might check an ungraceful motion, to which he was subject; all those circumstances, which we learn from Plutarch, are very encouraging to such as study Eloquence, as they shew how far art and application may avail, for acquiring an excellence which nature seemed unwilling to grant us.

Ibid.

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DEMOSTHENES imitated the Manly Eloquence of PERICLES.

DESPISING the affected and florid manner which the rhetoricians of that age followed, Demosthenes returned to the forcible and manly eloquence of Pericles; and strength and vehemence

mence form the principal characteristics of his Style. Never had orator a finer field than Demosthenes in his *Olynthiacs* and *Philippics*, which are his capital orations: and, no doubt, to the nobleness of the subject, and to that integrity and public spirit which eminently breathe in them, they are indebted for much of their merit. The subject is, to rouse the indignation of his countrymen against Philip of Macedon, the public enemy of the liberties of Greece; and to guard them against the insidious measures, by which that crafty prince endeavoured to lay them asleep to danger. In the prosecution of this end, we see him taking every proper method to animate a people, renowned for justice, humanity and valour, but in many instances become corrupt and degenerate. He boldly taxes them with their venality, their indolence, and indifference to the public cause; while, at the same time, with all the art of an orator, he recalls the glory of their ancestors to their thoughts, shews them that they are still a flourishing and a powerful people, the natural protectors of the liberty of Greece, and who wanted only the inclination to exert themselves, in order to make Philip tremble. With his cotemporary orators, who were in Philip's interest, and who persuaded the people to peace, he keeps no measures, but plainly reproaches them as the betrayers of their country. He not only prompts to vigorous conduct, but he lays down the plan of that conduct; he enters into particulars; and points out, with great exactness, the measures of execution. This is the strain of these orations. They are strongly animated; and full of the impetuosity and fire of public spirit. They proceed in a continued train of inductions, consequences, and demonstrations, founded on sound reason. The figures which he uses, are never sought after; but always rise from the subject. He employs them sparingly indeed; for splendour and ornament are not the distinctions of this orator's composition. It is an energy of thought, peculiar to himself, which forms his character, and sets him above all others. He appears to attend much more to things than to

words. We forget the orator, and think of the business. He warms the mind, and impels to action. He has no parade and ostentation; no methods of insinuation; no laboured introductions; but is like a man full of his subject, who, after preparing his audience, by a sentence or two, for hearing plain truths, enters directly on business. *Blair.*

DEMOSTHENES contrasted with ÆSCHINES.

DEMOSTHENES appears to great advantage, when contrasted with Æschines, in the celebrated oration 'pro Corona.' Æschines was his rival in business, and personal enemy; and one of the most distinguished orators of that age. But when we read the two orations, Æschines is feeble in comparison of Demosthenes, and makes much less impression on the mind. His reasonings concerning the law that was in question, are indeed very subtle; but his invective against Demosthenes is general, and ill-supported. Whereas Demosthenes is a torrent, that nothing can resist. He bears down his antagonist with violence; he draws his character in the strongest colours; and the particular merit of that oration is, that all the descriptions in it are highly picturesque. There runs through it a strain of magnanimity and high honour; the orator speaks with that strength and conscious dignity which great actions and public spirit alone inspire. Both orators use great liberties with one another; and, in general, that unrestrained licence which ancient manners permitted, even to the length of abusive names and downright scurrility, as appears both here and in Cicero's Philippics, hurts and offends a modern ear. What those ancient orators gained by such a manner in point of freedom and boldness, is more than compensated by want of dignity; which seems to give an advantage, in this respect, to the greater decency of modern speaking. *Ibid.*

On the Style of DEMOSTHENES.

THE Style of Demosthenes is strong and concise, though sometimes, it must not be dissembled, harsh and abrupt. His words are very expressive; his arrangement is firm and manly; and, though far from being unmusical, yet it seems difficult to find in him that studied, but concealed number, and rhythmus, which some of the ancient critics are fond of attributing to him. Negligent of those lesser graces, one would rather conceive him to have aimed at that sublime which lies in sentiment. His action and pronunciation are recorded to have been uncommonly vehement and ardent; which, from the manner of his composition, we are naturally led to believe. The character which one forms of him, from reading his works, is of the austere, rather than the gentle kind. He is, on every occasion, grave, serious, passionate; takes every thing on a high tone; never lets himself down, nor attempts any thing like pleasantry. If any fault can be found in his admirable eloquence, it is, that he sometimes borders on the hard and dry. He may be thought to want smoothness and grace; which Dionysius of Halicarnassus attributes to his imitating too closely the manner of Thucydides, who was his great model for Style, and whose history he is said to have written eight times over with his own hand. But these defects are far more than compensated, by that admirable and masterly force of masculine eloquence, which, as it overpowered all who heard it, cannot, at this day, be read without emotion.

After the days of Demosthenes, Greece lost her liberty; eloquence of course languished, and relapsed again into the feeble manner introduced by the Rhetoricians and Sophists. Deme- trius Phalerius, who lived in the next age to Demosthenes, attained indeed some character, but he is represented to us as a flowery, rather than a persuasive speaker, who aimed at grace rather than substance. 'Delectabat Athenienses,' says Cicero,

'magis

'magis quam inflammabat.' 'He amused the Athenians, rather than warmed them.' And after his time, we hear of no more Grecian orators of any note. *Blair.*

ON CICERO.

THE object in this period most worthy to draw our attention, is Cicero himself; whose name alone suggests every thing that is splendid in oratory. With the history of his life, and with his character, as a man and a politician, we have not at present any direct concern. We consider him only as an eloquent speaker; and, in this view, it is our business to remark both his virtues, and his defects, if he has any. His virtues are, beyond controversy, eminently great. In all his orations there is high art. He begins, generally, with a regular exordium; and with much preparation and insinuation prepossesses the hearers, and studies to gain their affections. His method is clear, and his arguments are arranged with great propriety. His method is indeed more clear than that of Demosthenes; and this is one advantage which he has over him. We find every thing in its proper place; he never attempts to move till he has endeavoured to convince; and in moving, especially the softer passions, he is very successful. No man, that ever wrote, knew the power and force of words better than Cicero. He rolls them along with the greatest beauty and pomp; and, in the structure of his sentences, is curious and exact to the highest degree. He is always full and flowing, never abrupt. He is a great amplifier of every subject; magnificent, and in his sentiments highly moral. His manner is on the whole diffuse, yet it is often happily varied, and suited to the subject. In his four orations, for instance, against Cataline, the tone and style of each of them, particularly the first and last, is very different, and accommodated with a great deal of judgment to the occasion, and the situation in which they were spoken. When a great

great public object roused his mind, and demanded indignation and force, he departs considerably from that loose and declamatory manner to which he inclines at other times, and becomes exceedingly cogent and vehement. This is the case in his orations against Anthony, and in those too against Verres and Cataline,

Blair.

HAMLET to the Players.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shews and noise. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone, is from the purpose of playing; whose end is—to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought

thought some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered:—that's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. *Shakespeare.*

THE MONK.

A POOR Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a single fous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The Monk, as I judge from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but

it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so; it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it—

—A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single sou.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words 'great claims,' he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down counting over and over.

again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the order of Mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The Monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore——The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent——But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door——Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me, what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along. *Sterne.*

The Death of YORICK.

A FEW houts before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius slept in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewel of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,——and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke.—I hope not, Yorick, said he,——Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand,——and that was all,——but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him,——my dear lad, be comforted,——let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them;——who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,——I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee; and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, clearing up his voice, that there is still enough of thee left to make a bishop,——and that I may live to see it.—I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,——his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius,——I beseech thee to take a view of my head.——I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and misshapened with the blows which have been so unhandsofly given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panca, that should I recover, and 'mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would

'fit it.'—Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeezed his hand,——and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,——he then closed them——and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble-slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph, and elegy——

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him;——a foot-way crossing the church-yard close by his grave,——not a passenger goes by, without stopping to cast a look upon it,——and sighing as he walks on,——

Alas, poor YORICK!

Sterne.

SIR BERTRAND.—A Fragment.

SIR Bertrand turned his steed towards the woods, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the

the different tracks ; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil, and then instantly retired behind it ; having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage a while urged him to push forwards, but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him ; he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the fullen toll of a distant bell struck his ears—he started up, and turning towards the sound, discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was stopped by a moated ditch, surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded ; and by a momentary glimpse of moon-light he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gate-way at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished ; at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed, and approaching the house, traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps—All was still as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a single object
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through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke—the noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again—he repeated the strokes more boldly and louder—another interval of silence ensued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still. He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front—It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away, as before—at the same instant a deep sullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—he was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed—but shame stopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a resistless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his shoulder to it, and forced it open—he quitted it, and stepped forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large stair-case, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and after a moment's deliberation ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another stair-case, and then vanished—At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart.

heart. He was now in total darkness, and, with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless with his—He dropt it, and rushed forwards with a desperate valour. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature of the place—Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, compleatly armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room, on both sides, were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir

Bertrand

Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil, and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure chrystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the knight, and, falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast: delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who, leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words: —

Aikin's Miscel.

The Character of POMPEY.

POMPEY had early acquired the surname of the Great, by that sort of merit which, from the constitution of the republic, necessarily made him great; a fame and success in war, superior to what Rome had ever known in the most celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three several times, over the
three

three different parts of the known world; Europe, Asia, Africa; and by his victories had almost doubled the extent, as well as the revenues of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the Lesser Asia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire. He was about six years older than Cæsar; and while Cæsar, immersed in pleasures, oppressed with debts, and suspected by all honest men, was hardly able to shew his head, Pompey was flourishing in the height of power and glory; and, by the consent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the post that his ambition seemed to aim at, to be the first man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himself the master of it without any risk, if his virtue, or his phlegm, at least, had not restrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people what he did not care to seize by force; and, by fomenting the disorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the necessity of creating him dictator. It is an observation of all the historians, that while Cæsar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or usurped, whether over those who loved, or those who feared him; Pompey seemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any desire to govern, but with the good-will of the governed. What leisure he found from his wars, he employed in the study of polite letters, and especially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms; yet he pleaded several causes with applause, in the defence of his friends and clients; and some of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his sentiments just; his voice sweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown; for though in both he observed the same discipline, a perpetual modesty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the licence of camps, the example was more

rare and striking. His person was extremely graceful, and imprinting respect; yet with an air of reserved haughtiness, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plausible, rather than great; specious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief instrument of governing was dissimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real sentiments. As he was a better soldier than a statesman, so what he gained in the camp, he usually lost in the city; and, though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent opposition of the senate drove him to that alliance with Crassus and Cæsar, which proved fatal both to himself and the republic. He took in these two, not as the partners, but the ministers rather of his power; that by giving them some share with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable: he had no reason to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; since neither of them had any credit or character of that kind which alone could raise them above the laws: a superior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own: till, by cherishing Cæsar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms and military command, he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly dissuaded both his union and his breach with Cæsar; and after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle: if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preserved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural superstition, and attention to those vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruspices: He had seen the same temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it: but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting; but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He
saw

saw his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharsalia, was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and seen farther into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt, finished the sad catastrophe of this great man: the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom; and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance in the present war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness, when all Italy was putting up prayers and vows for his safety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of human greatness, he, who a few days before commanded kings and consuls, and all the noblest of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of slaves; murdered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freed-men, with the planks of an old fishing-boat; and his ashes, being conveyed to Rome, were deposited privately by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his Alban villa. The Egyptians, however, raised a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of brass, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was sought out, and restored by the emperor Hadrian. *Middleton.*

The Character of CATO.

IF we consider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty; yet, falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the stoical rule, he was generally disappointed of the end which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was severe, morose, inexorable; banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives in acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion; in public affairs he was the same; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumstances, or even to a force that could controul him; for, instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour; yet from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal; which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy; when he could no longer be what he had been; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying; he put an end to his life with a spirit and resolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praised rather than imitated.

Middleton.

A Comparison of CÆSAR with CATO.

As to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways: Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity; Cato for his unfulfilled integrity; the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato for his immoveable firmness; Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting; what he desired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous severity; he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so; so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him.

Sallust, by Mr. Rose.

The private Life of ÆMILIUS SCIPIO.

THE taking of Numantia, which terminated a war that disgraced the Roman name, completed Scipio's military exploits.

But,

But, in order to have a more perfect idea of his merit and character, it seems that, after having seen him at the head of armies, in the tumult of battles, and in the pomp of triumph it will not be lost labour to consider him in the repose of a private life, in the midst of his friends, family, and household. The truly great man ought to be so in all things. The magistrate, general, and prince, may constrain themselves, whilst they are in a manner exhibiting themselves as spectacles to the public, and appear quite different from what they really are. But reduced to themselves, and without the witnesses who force them to wear the mask, all their lustre, like the pomp of the theatre, often abandons them, and leaves little more to be seen in them than meanness and narrowness of mind.

Scipio did not depart from himself in any respect. He was not like certain paintings, that are to be seen only at a distance: could not but gain by a nearer view. The excellent education which he had had, through the care of his father Paulus Emilius, who had provided him with the most learned masters of those times, as well in polite learning as the sciences; and the instructions he had received from Polybius, enabled him to fill up the vacant hours he had from public affairs profitably, and to support the leisure of a private life with pleasure and dignity. This is the glorious testimony given of him by an historian: "Nobody knew better how to mingle leisure and action, nor to use the intervals of rest from public business with more elegance and taste. Divided between arms and books, between the military labours of the camp, and the peaceful occupations of the closet, he either exercised his body in the dangers and fatigues of war, or his mind in the study of the sciences."

The first Scipio Africanus used to say, that he was never less idle than when at leisure, nor less alone than when alone. A fine saying, cries Cicero, and well worthy of that great man. And it shews that, even when inactive, he was always employed; and that when alone, he knew how to converse with him-

• Valerius Patereculus

self.

self: A very extraordinary disposition in persons accustomed to motion and agitation, whom leisure and solitude, when they are reduced to them, plunge into a disgust for every thing, and fill with melancholy; so that they are displeased in every thing with themselves, and sink under the heavy burden of having nothing to do. This saying of the first Scipio seems to me to suit the second still better, who having the advantage of the other, by being educated in a taste for polite learning and the sciences, found in that a great resource against the inconvenience of which we have been speaking. Besides which, having usually Polybius and Panætius with him, even in the field, it is easy to judge that his house was open, in times of peace, to all the learned. Every body knows that the comedies of Terence, the most accomplished work of that kind Rome ever produced, for natural elegance and beauties, are ascribed to him and Lælius, of whom we shall soon speak. It was publicly enough reported, that they assisted that poet in the composition of his pieces; and Terence himself makes it an honour to him in the prologue to the *Adelphi*. I shall undoubtedly not advise any body, and least of all persons of Scipio's rank, to write comedies. But on this occasion, let us only consider taste in general for letters. Is there a more ingenuous, a more affecting pleasure, and one more worthy of a wise and virtuous man, I might perhaps add, or one more necessary to a military person, than that which results from reading works of wit, and from the conversation of the learned? Providence thought fit, according to the observation of a Pagan, that he should be above those trivial pleasures, to which persons without letters, knowledge, curiosity, and taste for reading, are obliged to give themselves up.

Another kind of pleasure, still more sensible, more warm, more natural, and more implanted in the heart of man, constituted the greatest felicity of Scipio's life; this was that of friendship; a pleasure seldom known by great persons or princes, because generally loving only themselves, they do not de-

serve

serve to have friends. However, this is the most grateful tie of human society; so that the poet Ennius says with great reason, that to live without friends is not to live. Scipio had undoubtedly a great number of them, and those very illustrious: but I shall speak here only of Lælius, whose probity and prudence acquired him the surname of the Wise.

Never, perhaps, were two friends better suited to each other than those great men. They were almost of the same age, and had the same inclination, benevolence of mind, taste for learning of all kinds, principles of government, and zeal for the public good. Scipio, no doubt, took place in point of military glory; but Lælius did not want merit of that kind; and Cicero tells us, that he signalized himself very much in the war with Viriathus. As to the talents of the mind, the superiority, in respect of eloquence, seems to have been given to Lælius; though Cicero does not agree that it was due to him, and says, that Lælius's style favoured more of the ancient manner, and had something less agreeable in it than that of Scipio.

Let us hear Lælius himself (that is, the words Cicero puts into his mouth) upon the strict union which subsisted between Scipio and him. "As for me," says Lælius, "of all the gifts
 " of nature or fortune, there are none, I think, comparable to
 " the happiness of having Scipio for my friend. I found in
 " our friendship a perfect conformity of sentiments in respect
 " to public affairs; an inexhaustible fund of counsels and sup-
 " ports in private life; with a tranquillity and delight not to be
 " expressed. I never gave Scipio the least offence, to my
 " knowledge, nor ever heard a word escape him that did not
 " please me. We had but one house, and one table at our
 " common expence, the frugality of which was equally the
 " taste of both. In war, in travelling, in the country, we were
 " always together. I do not mention our studies, and the at-
 " tention of us both always to learn something; this was the
 " employment of all our leisure hours, removed from the sight
 " and commerce of the world."

Is there any thing comparable to a friendship like that which Lælius has just described? What a consolation is it to have a second self, to whom we have nothing secret, and in whose heart we may pour out our own with perfect effusion! Could we taste prosperity so sensibly, if we had no one to share in our joy with us? And what a relief is it in adversity, and the accidents of life to have a friend still more affected with them than ourselves! What highly exalts the value of the friendship we speak of, was its not being founded at all upon interest, but solely upon esteem for each other's virtues. "What occasion," says Lælius, could Scipio have "of me? Undoubtedly none: nor I of him. But my attachment to him was the effect of my high esteem and admiration of his virtues; and his to me arose from the favourable idea of my character and manners. This friendship increased afterwards upon both sides, by habit and commerce. We both, indeed, derived great advantages from it; but those were not our view, when we began to love each other."

I cannot place the famous embassy of Scipio Africanus into the East and Egypt, better than here; we shall see the same taste of simplicity and modesty, as we have just been representing in his private life, shine out in it. It was a maxim with the Romans, frequently to send ambassadors to their allies, to take cognizance of their affairs, and to accommodate their differences. It was with this view that three illustrious persons, P. Scipio Africanus, Sp. Mummius, and L. Metellus, were sent into Egypt, where Ptolemy Physcon then reigned, the most cruel tyrant mentioned in history. They had orders to go from thence to Syria, which the indolence; and afterwards the captivity of Demetrius Nicanor amongst the Parthians, made a prey to troubles, factions, and revolts. They were next to visit Asia Minor, and Greece; to inspect into the affairs of those countries; to inquire in what manner the treaties made with the Romans were observed; and to remedy, as far as possible, all the disorders that should come to their knowledge. They acquitted themselves with so much equity, wisdom, and ability, and did

such great services to those to whom they were sent, in re-establishing order amongst them, and in accommodating their differences, that, when they returned to Rome, ambassadors arrived there from all the parts in which they had been, to thank the senate for having sent persons of such great merit to them, whose wisdom and goodness they could not sufficiently commend.

The first place to which they went, according to their instructions, was Alexandria. The king received them with great magnificence. As for them, they affected it so little, that at their entry, Scipio, who was the richest and most powerful person of Rome, had only one friend, the philosopher Panætius, with him, and five domestics. His victories, says an ancient writer, and not his attendants, were considered; and his personal virtues and qualities were esteemed in him, and not the glitter of gold and silver.

Though, during their whole stay in Egypt, the king caused their table to be covered with the most exquisite provisions of every kind, they never touched any but the most simple and common, despising all the rest, which only serve to soften the mind and enervate the body.—But, on such occasions, ought not the ambassadors of so powerful a state as Rome to have sustained its reputation of majesty in a foreign nation, by appearing in public with a numerous train and magnificent equipages? This was not the taste of the Romans, that is, of the people that, among all the nations of the earth, thought the most justly of true greatness and solid glory. *Rollin.*

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On Human Grandeur.

AN alehouse-keeper near Illington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre,

sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pelfed with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal; and, turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "*Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen, patibulum inter et statuam.*" "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands; for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet : her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice ; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense ; her admirers must play no tricks ; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting at his train. " Pox take these fools," he would say, " how much joy might all this bawling give my lord-mayor ?"

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked of predecessor ; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment ; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop ; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he never heard the book mentioned before. " Alas !" cries our traveller, " to what purpose, then, has he fasted to death,

" death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond
 " the precincts of China !"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best cloaths for Sundays ; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole ; whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail ; the rhymers, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts ; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. " Where was there ever
 " so much merit seen ? no times so important as our own !
 " ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause !"
 To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street ; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea ; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn ; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring-fishery.

Goldsmith.

The

The Resignation of the Emperor CHARLES V.

CHARLES resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the
seventeenth.

seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure: that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea; that, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy: that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years: that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness: that for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left you by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory

“ memory on that account : but now, when I voluntarily re-
 “ sign to you what I might still have retained, I may well ex-
 “ pect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With
 “ these, however, I dispense ; and shall consider your concern
 “ for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of them, as
 “ the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to
 “ me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administra-
 “ tion, to justify the extraordinary proof which I this day give
 “ of my paternal affection ; and to demonstrate, that you are
 “ worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve
 “ an inviolable regard for religion ; maintain the Catholic faith
 “ in its purity ; let the laws of your country be sacred in your
 “ eyes ; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your peo-
 “ ple : and, if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish
 “ to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son
 “ endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your scept-
 “ tre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to
 “ you.”

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his sub-
 jects, and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, ex-
 hausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an
 extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole
 audience melted into tears ; some from admiration of his mag-
 nanimity ; others, softened by the expressions of tenderness
 towards his son, and of love to his people ; and all were affect-
 ed with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign, who had dis-
 tinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular
 marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less
 splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to
 his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending
 on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all these
 vast possessions he reserved nothing to himself, but an annual
 pension of an hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges
 of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of bene-
 ficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estramadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders, that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation, rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friars cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

Robertson.

GENERAL HISTORY.

*OF THE ORIGIN OF NATIONS, LAWS, GOVERNMENT,
AND COMMERCE.*III. FROM THE DEFEAT OF XERXES TO THE TAKING OF CAR-
THAGE.

THOUGH the Persian war concluded gloriously for the Greeks, it is, in a great measure, to this war, that the subsequent misfortunes of that nation are to be attributed. It was not the battles in which they suffered the loss of so many brave men, but those in which they acquired an immensity of Persian gold; it was not their enduring so many hardships in the course of the war, but their connexion with the Persians, after the conclusion of it, which subverted the Grecian establishments, and ruined the most virtuous confederacy that ever existed upon earth. The Greeks became haughty after their victories: delivered from the common enemy, they began to quarrel with one another: their quarrels were fomented by Persian gold, of which they had acquired enough to make them desirous of more. Hence proceeded the famous Peloponnesian war, † in which the Athenians and Lacedemonians acted as principals, and drew after them the other states of Greece. They continued to weaken themselves, by these intestine divisions, till Philip, king of Macedon, (a country till his time little known, but which, by the active and crafty genius of this prince, became important and powerful) rendered himself the absolute master of Greece, by the battle of ‡ Cheronæa. But this conquest is one of the first

* 463. † 431. ‡ 338.

first we meet with in history, which did not depend on the event of a battle. Philip had laid his schemes so deep, and by bribery, promises, and intrigues, gained over such a number of considerable persons in the several states of Greece to his interest, that another day would have put in his possession what Cheronæa had denied him. The Greeks had lost that virtue, which was the basis of their confederacy. Their popular governments served only to give a sanction to their licentiousness and corruption. The principal orators, in most of their states, were bribed into the service of Philip; and all the eloquence of a Demosthenes, assisted by truth and virtue, was unequal to the mean, but more seductive arts of his opponents, who, by flattering the people, used the surest method of winning their affections.

Philip had proposed to extend the boundaries of his empire beyond the narrow limits of Greece. But he did not long survive the battle of Cheronæa. Upon his decease his son Alexander was chosen general against the Persians, by all the Grecian states, except the Athenians and Thebans. These made a feeble effort for expiring liberty. But they were obliged to yield to superior force. Secure on the side of Greece, * Alexander set out on his Persian expedition, at the head of thirty thousand foot, and five thousand horse. The success of this army in conquering the whole force of Darius, in three pitched battles, in over-running and subduing not only the countries then known to the Greeks, but many parts of India, the very names of which had never reached an European ear, has been described by many authors, both ancient and modern, and constitutes a singular part of the history of the world. Soon after this rapid † career of victory and success, Alexander died at Babylon. His captains, after sacrificing all his family to their ambition, divided among them his dominions. This gives rise to a number of wars and events, too complicated for our present purpose, and even too uninteresting. After considering there-
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fore the state of arts and sciences in Greece, we shall pass over to the Roman affairs, where the historical deduction is more simple, and also more important.

The bare names of illustrious men, who flourished in Greece from the time of Cyrus to that of Alexander, would fill a large volume. During this period, all the arts were carried to the highest pitch of perfection; and the improvements we have hitherto mentioned were but the dawns of this glorious day. Though the eastern nations had raised magnificent and stupendous structures, the Greeks were the first people in the world, who, in their works of architecture, added beauty to magnificence, and elegance to grandeur. The temples of Jupiter Olympus, and the Ephesian Diana, are the first monuments of good taste. They were erected by the Grecian colonies, who settled in Asia Minor before the reign of Cyrus. Phidias, the Athenian, who died in the year B. C. 432, is the first sculptor whose works have been immortal. Zeuxis, Parrhasius, and Timantheus, during the same age, first discovered the power of the pencil, and all the magic of painting. Composition in all its various branches, reached a degree of perfection in the Greek language, of which a modern reader can hardly form an idea. After Hesiod and Homer, who flourished 1000 years before the Christian era, the tragic poets Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, were the first considerable improvers of poetry. Herodotus gave simplicity and elegance to prosaic writings. Isocrates gave it cadence and harmony, but it was left to Thucydides and Demosthenes to discover the full force of the Greek tongue. It was not, however, in the finer arts alone that the Greeks excelled. Every species of philosophy was cultivated among them with the utmost success. Not to mention the divine Socrates, the virtues of whose life, and the excellence of whose philosophy, justly entitled him to a very high degree of veneration, his three disciples, Plato, Aristotle, and Xenophon, may, for strength of reasoning, justness of sentiment, and propriety of expression, be put on a footing with
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the writers of any age or century. Experience, indeed, in a long course of years, has taught us many secrets in nature, with which these philosophers were unacquainted, and which no strength of genius could divine. But whatever some vain empirics in learning may pretend, the most learned and ingenious men, both in France and England, have acknowledged the superiority of the Greek philosophers, and have reckoned themselves happy in catching their turn of thinking, and manner of expression. But the Greeks were not less distinguished for their active than for their speculative talents. It would be endless to recount the names of their famous statesmen and warriors, and it is impossible to mention a few without doing injustice to a greater number. War was first reduced into a science by the Greeks. Their soldiers fought from an affection to their country, and an ardour for glory, and not from a dread of their superiors. We have seen the effects of this military virtue in their wars against the Persians: the cause of it was the wise laws which Amphictyon, Solon, and Lycurgus had established in Greece. But we must now leave this nation, whose history, both civil and philosophical, is as important as their territory was inconsiderable; and turn our attention to the Roman affairs, which are still more interesting, both on their own account, and from the relation in which they stand to those of modern Europe.

The character of Romulus, the founder of the Roman state, when we view him as the leader of a few lawless and wandering banditti *, is an object of extreme insignificance. But when we consider him as the founder of an empire as extensive as the world, and whose progress and decline have occasioned the two greatest revolutions that ever happened in Europe, we cannot help being interested in his conduct. His disposition was extremely martial; and the political state of Italy, divided into a number of small but independent districts, afforded a noble field for the display of military talents. Ro-
mulus

mulus was continually embroiled with one or other of his neighbours; and war was the only employment by which he and his companions expected not only to aggrandize themselves, but even to subsist. In the conduct of his wars with the neighbouring people, we may observe the same maxims by which the Romans afterwards became masters of the world. Instead of destroying the nations he had subjected, he united them to the Roman state, whereby Rome acquired a new accession of strength from every war she undertook, and became powerful and populous from that very circumstance which ruins and depopulates other kingdoms. If the enemies, with which he contended, had, by means of the art or arms they employed, any considerable advantage, Romulus immediately adopted that practice, or the use of that weapon, and improved the military system of the Romans by the united experience of all their enemies. We have an example of both these maxims, by means of which the Roman state arrived at such a pitch of grandeur, in the war with the Sabines. Romulus having conquered that nation, not only united them to the Romans, but finding their buckler preferable to the Roman, instantly threw aside the latter, and made use of the Sabine buckler in fighting against other states. Romulus, though principally attached to war, did not altogether neglect the civil policy of his infant kingdom. He instituted what was called the Senate, a court originally composed of a hundred persons, distinguished for their wisdom and experience. He enacted laws for the administration of justice, and for bridling the fierce and unruly passions of his followers; and, after a long reign, spent in promoting the civil or military interests of his country, was, according to the most probable conjecture, privately assassinated by some of the members of that senate*, which he himself had instituted.

The successors of Romulus were all very extraordinary personages. Numa, who came next to him, established the religious

gious ceremonies of the Romans, and inspired them with that veneration for an oath which was ever after the soul of their military discipline. Tullus Hostilius, Ancus Martius, Tarquinius Priscus, and Servius Tullius, laboured each during his reign for the grandeur of Rome. But Tarquinius Superbus, the seventh and last king, having obtained the crown by the execrable murder of his father-in-law Servius, continued to support it by the most cruel and infamous tyranny. This, together with the insolence of his son Sextus Tarquinius, who, by dishonouring Lucretia, a Roman lady, affronted the whole nation, occasioned the expulsion of the Tarquin family †, and with it the dissolution of the regal government. As the Romans, however, were continually engaged in war, they found it necessary to have some officer invested with supreme authority, who might conduct them to the field, and regulate their military enterprizes. In the room of the kings, therefore, they appointed two annual magistrates called consuls, who, without creating the same jealousy, succeeded to all the powers of their sovereigns. This revolution was extremely favourable to the Roman grandeur. The consuls, who enjoyed but a temporary power, were desirous of signalizing their reign by some great action: each vied with those who had gone before him, and the Romans were daily led out against some new enemy. When we add to this, that the people, naturally warlike, were inspired to deeds of valour by every consideration which could excite them; that the citizens of Rome were all soldiers, and fought for their lands, their children, and their liberties, we need not be surprised that they should, in the course of some centuries, extend their power over all Italy. *from ed. of Gold.*

The Romans, now secure at home, and finding no enemy to contend with, turn their eyes abroad, and meet with a powerful rival in the Carthaginians. This state had been founded or enlarged on the coast of the Mediterranean in Africa, some time before Rome, by a colony of Phœnicians, anno B. C.

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869, and, according to the practice of their mother-country, they had cultivated commerce and naval greatness.

Carthage, in this design, had proved wonderfully successful. She now commanded both sides of the Mediterranean. Besides that of Africa, which she almost entirely possessed, she had extended herself on the Spanish side, through the Streights. Thus mistress of the sea, and of commerce, she had seized on the islands of Corsica and Sardinia. Sicily had difficulty to defend itself; and the Romans were too nearly threatened not to take up arms*. Hence a succession of hostilities between these rival states, known in history by the name of Punic wars, in which the Carthaginians, with all their wealth and power, were an unequal match for the Romans. Carthage was a powerful republic, when Rome was a truckling state; but she was now become corrupt and effeminate, while Rome was in the vigour of her political constitution. Carthage employed mercenaries to carry on her wars; Rome, as we have already mentioned, was composed of soldiers. The first war with Carthage taught the Romans the art of fighting on the sea, with which they had hitherto been unacquainted. A Carthaginian vessel was wrecked on their coasts; they used it for a model, † in three months fitted out a fleet, and the Consul Duilius, who fought their first naval battle, was victorious. It is not to our purpose to mention all the transactions of these wars. The behaviour of Regulus, the Roman general, may give us an idea of the spirit which then animated this people. Being taken prisoner in Africa, he is sent back on his parole to negotiate a change of prisoners. He maintains in the senate, the propriety of that law, which cut off from those who suffered themselves to be taken, ‡ all hopes of being saved, and returns to a certain death.

Neither was Carthage, though corrupted, deficient in great men. Of all the enemies, the Romans ever had to contend with, Hannibal, the Carthaginian, was the most inflexible and dangerous.

dangerous. His father, Hamilcar, had imbibed an extreme hatred against the Romans; and having settled the intestine troubles of his country, he took an early opportunity to inspire his son, though but nine years old, with his own sentiments. For this purpose, he ordered a solemn sacrifice to be offered to Jupiter; and leading his son to the altar, asked him whether he was willing to attend him in his expedition against the Romans. The courageous boy not only consented to go, but conjured his father by the gods present, to form him to victory, and teach him the art of conquering. That I will joyfully do, replied Hamilcar; and with all the care of a father who loves you, if you will swear upon the altar to be an eternal enemy to the Romans. Hannibal readily complied; and the solemnity of the ceremony, and the sacredness of the oath, made such an impression upon his mind, as nothing could ever afterwards efface. Being appointed general at twenty-five years of age, he crosses the Ebro*, the Pyrenees, and the Alps, and in a moment falls down upon Italy. The loss of four battles threatens the fall of Rome. Sicily sides with the conqueror†. Hieronymus, King of Syracuse, declares against the Romans; and almost all Italy abandons them. In this extremity, Rome owed its preservation to three great men. Fabius Maximus, despising popular clamour, and the military ardour of his countrymen, declines coming to an engagement. The strength of Rome has time to recover. Marcellus raises the siege of Nola, takes Syracuse, and revives the drooping spirits of his troops. The Romans admired the character of these great men, but saw something more divine in the young Scipio.— The success of this young hero confirmed the popular opinion, that he was of divine extraction, and held converse with the gods. At the age of four-and-twenty, he flies into Spain‡, where both his father and uncle lost their lives, attacks New Carthage, and carries it at the first assault. Upon his arrival in Africa, kings submit to him, Carthage trembles in her turn,

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and sees her armies defeated. Hannibal, sixteen years victorious, is in vain called home to defend his country. Carthage is rendered tributary, gives hostages, and engages never to enter upon a war, but with the consent of the Roman people.

Guthrie.

The Advantages of a Good Education.

I CONSIDER an human soul, without education, like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am, therefore, much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and

and uncultivated ; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner ? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated ? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species ; that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity ; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them ; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it !

It is, therefore, an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish ;—though, it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking ; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into an human figure ; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features ; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegance ; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Spectator.

The Disadvantages of a Bad Education.

SIR, I was condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when satiety of common diversions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feasts, and dances, and bagpipes; congratulations were sent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents discovered, in my first cries, such tokens of future virtue and understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness and the increase of their estate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in play-houses, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their times called in as the auxiliaries against the intrusion of thought.

When there is such a parity between two persons associated for life, the dejection which the husband, if he be not completely stupid, must always suffer for want of superiority, sinks him to submissiveness. My mamma, therefore, governed the family without controul; and except that my father still retained some authority in the stables, and now and then, after a supernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glass or china-dish to prove his sovereignty, the whole course of the year was regulated by her direction, the servants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or dismissed at her discretion.

She, therefore, thought herself entitled to the superintendence of her son's education; and when my father, at the instigation

stigation of the parson, faintly proposed that I should be sent to school, very positively told him, that she would not suffer a fine child to be ruined; that she never knew any boys at a grammar-school, that could come into a room without blushing, or sit at the table without some awkward uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into danger by boisterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, she would rather follow me to the grave, than see me tear my clothes, and hang down my head, and sneak about with dirty shoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his proposal than to appear wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my learning; for, indeed, he had known very few students that had not some stiffness in their manner. They, therefore, agreed, that a domestic tutor should be procured; and hired an honest gentleman, of mean conversation and narrow sentiments, but whom, having passed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the same table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmost flexibility of submission to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, lest I should mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally brushed my coat before he dismissed me into the parlour.

He had no occasion to complain of too burdensome an employment; for my mother very judiciously considered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and suffered me not to pass any more time in his apartment than my lesson required. When I was summoned to my task, she enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was seldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admonished not to lean on my chair, cross my legs, or swing

swing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very seriously deliberated upon his total dismissal, because I began, she said, to learn his manner of sticking on my hat, and had his bend in my shoulders, and his totter in my gait.

Such, however, was her care, that I escaped all these depravities; and when I was only twelve years old, had rid myself of every appearance of childish diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickness of my replies; and many a scholar, five years older than myself, have I dashed into confusion by the steadiness of my countenance, silenced by my readiness of repartee, and tortured with envy by the address with which I picked up a fan, presented a snuff box, or received an empty tea-cup.

At fourteen, I was completely skilled in all the niceties of dress; and I could not only enumerate all the variety of silks, and distinguish the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and observe every deviation from the reigning mode. I was universally skilful in all the changes of expensive finery; but as every one, they say, has something to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Brussels lace.

The next year saw me advanced to the trust and power of adjusting the ceremonial of an assembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every stranger applied for introduction. My heart now disdained the instructions of a tutor; who was rewarded with a small annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myself.

In a short time I came to London, and as my father was well known among the higher classes of life, soon obtained admission to the most splendid assemblies, and most crowded card tables. Here I found myself universally caressed and applauded; the ladies praised the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the softness of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themselves to my notice; and invited, by a thousand oblique solicitations, my attendance to the play-house,
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and my salutations in the Park. I was now happy to the utmost extent of my conception; I passed every morning in dress, every afternoon in visits, and every night in some select assemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were suffered to molest us.

After a few years, however, these delights became familiar, and I had leisure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languour of satiety, or recreate weariness, by varied amusement; and, therefore, endeavoured to enlarge the sphere of my pleasures, and to try what satisfaction might be found in the society of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived that every man whose name I had heard mentioned with respect, received me with a kind of tenderness nearly bordering on compassion; and that those whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their understandings, by treating me with contempt. One of these wittings elevated his crest, by asking me in a full coffee-house the price of patches; and another whispered, that he wondered Miss Frisk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her squirrel.

When I found myself thus hunted from all masculine conversation, by those who were themselves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and resolved to dedicate my life to their service and their pleasure. But I find that I have now lost my charms. Of those with whom I entered the gay world, some are married, some have retired, and some have so much changed their opinion, that they scarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties, to whom I have made my addressees, suffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myself welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either use or dignity to life, are content to pass their hours between their bed and their cards, without esteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I cannot but think, Mr Rambler, that I have reason to complain; for surely the females ought to pay some regard to the age of him whose youth was passed in endeavours to please them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to punish it in the man. Yet I find, that though they lavish their first fondness upon pertness and gaiety, they soon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their last years in stupidity and contempt.

I am, &c. FLORENTULUS.

Rambler.

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The Importance of Time, and the proper Methods of spending it.

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar in his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself, in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life, in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied

to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad, in most parts of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wish away whole years; and travel through time, as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not, however, include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow:—

The first is, the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suitable to a reasonable nature, and bring

great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean, that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the Divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world, but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

The

The next method, therefore, that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess, I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is, indeed, no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person; one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are capable of edifying and entertaining those with whom they converse, which are qualities that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might, on all occasions, have recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the

gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

Spectator.

Story of ANNINGAIT and AGUT a Greenland tale.

Place me where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year:
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph, who sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles.

FRANCIS.

OF the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions; part is distributed by nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON
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The EDINBURGH REPOSITORY for
Polite Literature



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No inconvenience is less superable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for this philosophical abstraction. A native of England, pinched with the frosts of December, may lessen his affection for his own country, by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia, and sport among woods that are always green, and streams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity, and while he stirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence, that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

The barrenness of the earth and the severity of the skies in these dreary countries, are such as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress, so that the care of escaping death from cold and hunger should leave no room for those passions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct, or diversify characters; the summer should be spent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for the summer.

Yet learned curiosity is known to have found its way into these abodes of poverty and glooms: Lapland and Iceland have their historians, their critics, and their poets; and Love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the same power in the Greenlander's hut as in the palaces of eastern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their

their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear, but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait, that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested, that, "She
" was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme
" upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the
" teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution
" of the ice; that he would pursue her, though she should
" pass the fnows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the
" caves of the eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from
" the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the
" paws of Amaroc, and rescue her from the ravine of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wish, that "whoever shall attempt to
" hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his
" bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for
" no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry
" lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered,

conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes, and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast, before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut, that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities. "O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider," said Anningait, "what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs; then must the night be past without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries, which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for summer and winter; where they raise houses in rows above the ground, dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them; can travel at any time from one place to another, through ways inclosed with trees, or over walls raised upon the inland waters; and direct their course through wide countries by the sight of green hills

“ hills or scattered buildings. Even in summer, we have no
 “ means of crossing the mountains, whose snows are never dis-
 “ solved; nor can remove to any distant residence, but in our
 “ boats coasting the bays. Consider, Ajut; a few summer
 “ days, and a few winter-nights, and the life of man is at an
 “ end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and
 “ gaiety; but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal,
 “ or the soft oil, without the smile of Ajut.”

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

Anningait, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five fawns and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship at the price of half a whale, and two horns of sea-unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much over-powered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the sea-side; and, when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud, that he might return with plenty of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood a while to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside, from that hour, her white deer skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat, and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed, “ that her lover might have hands strong-

“er than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet
 “of the rein-deer; that his dart might never err, and that his
 “boat might never leak; that he might never stumble on the
 “ice, nor faint in the water; that the seal might rush on his
 “harpoon, and the wounded whale might dash the waves in
 “vain.”

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families, are always rowed by women; for a man will not debase himself by work which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and swim back to his mistress; but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed, in wild numbers and uncouth images, his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. “O life,” says he, “frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance but
 “in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles
 “from afar; while the storms drive and the waters beat it,
 “the sun melts it above, and the rocks shatter it below. What
 “art thou, deceitful pleasure! but a sudden blaze streaming
 “from the north, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks
 “the traveller with the hopes of light, and then vanishes for
 “ever? What, love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till we have lost all power of resistance
 “and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut,
 “while I had yet not called her to the banquet, I was careless
 “as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the fingers in the stars.
 “Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, did
 “I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of
 “virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale,

“resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer sun. In a few weeks, I shall return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roe-fish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch; the tough hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold; and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling.”

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief, and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngfuk, on his return from hunting. Norngfuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngfuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle obtained a promise, that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls.

souls. Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and enquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much greater reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction should flatter her desires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and Norngsuk depending upon his artifices, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlanders; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated; she remonstrated; she wept, and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare, taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach; where, finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those

who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into stars; others imagine, that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenland-er would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut. *Rambler.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Common BULL and COW.

Of all animals, except man, the Cow seems most extensively propagated: It is equally capable of enduring the rigours of heat and cold; and is an inhabitant of the frozen as well as the most scorching climates. Other animals preserve their nature or their form with inflexible perseverance; but these in every respect suit themselves to the wants and conveniences of mankind. In no animal is there to be met with a greater variety of kinds: and in none a more humble and pliant disposition.

The climate and pastures of Great Britain are well adapted to the moderate nature of this animal; and we are indebted to the variety and abundance of our wholesome vegetables for the number and excellence of our cattle, which range over our hills,

The fact of these events have occasioned to various nations and
 countries, some are of opinion, that they were intended in
 to them; others imagine, that Providence was directed to the
 sake of the human race, and that the world was intended
 for a theatre, and that Providence to look down on the
 state of the world, but the general principle is, that God is
 looking down on the state of the world, and that the world is
 where God is always present, and Providence always present. The
 various fortunes of the world, and the various fortunes of the
 world, which the world is made to be, and which the world is
 made to be, for the sake of the world, for the sake of the world,
 what they for the world, and what they for the world, and what they for the world.

NATURAL HISTORY

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 fields.

Common BULL. P. 236



Common COW. P. 236



WRUS. or Wild BULL. P. 239



hills, and enliven our plains; a source of inexhaustible wealth—the pride and boast of this happy country.

Being destitute of the upper fore-teeth, the Cow prefers the high and rich grass in pastures to the short and more delicate herbage the Horse generally selects. For this reason, in our English pastures, where the grass is rather high and flourishing than succulent and nutritious, the Cow thrives admirably: and there is no part of Europe in which this animal grows larger*, yields more milk, nor fattens sooner.

It has often been remarked, that the Horse and Sheep impoverish the soil on which they graze; whilst the pasture where the Cow is fed, acquires a finer surface, and every year becomes more level and beautiful; For the Horse selects the grass that is most delicate and tender, and being furnished with fore-teeth on each jaw, nips it close, and frequently pulls it up by the roots, thereby preventing its future growth and propagation: The Sheep also, though formed like the Cow with respect to its teeth, only bites the most succulent parts of the herbage. These animals therefore cut the fine grass too closely, and suffer the high weeds and ranker grass to vegetate undisturbed, and overrun the pastures.

The age of the Cow is known by its horns: At the age of four years a ring is formed at their roots, and every succeeding year another ring is added. Thus by allowing three years before their appearance, and then reckoning the number of rings, the creature's age may be exactly known.

The quantity of milk given by the Cow is very different: Some will yield only about six quarts in one day, while others give from ten to fifteen, and sometimes even to twenty. The richness of the pasture contributes not a little to its increase. There have been instances of Cows giving upwards of thirty quarts

* Two Oxen, bred and fed at Hawick, in the county of Northumberland, were killed in March, 1787, at the age of seven years: They measured from the head to the rump nine feet eight inches, the height at the shoulder was five feet ten inches, and weighed one hundred and seventy-eight stone five pounds each.

quarts of milk in one day. In such cases there is a necessity for milking them thrice. From the milk of some Cows twelve or fourteen pounds of butter are made in a week.

It has been advanced by some naturalists as a general principle, that neither animals, nor parts of animals, appear to be primarily intended for the use of man; but are only capable of a secondary application to his purposes: Yet it must be allowed, that, in many instances, what they term the secondary use is so manifest and important, that it cannot, with propriety, be supposed to be excluded from the original designs of the all-wise Creator: And it must be allowed, that the Cow, in its faculty of giving in such abundance, and with so much ease, its milk, which forms so rich and nutritive an aliment for the human species, is a striking example of this subordination to the interests of mankind: For this animal differs, in some part of its organization, from most others, having a larger and more capacious udder, and longer and thicker teats, than the largest animal we know. It has likewise four teats, while all other animals of the same nature have but two. It also yields the milk freely to the hand, while most animals, at least those that do not ruminate in the same manner, refuse it, except their own young, or some adopted animal, be allowed to partake.

The Cow, having four teats, is a striking peculiarity: The number in all other animals bearing some proportion to the number of young ones they bring forth at a time; as in the Bitch, the Cat, the Sow, &c.

The Cow will yield her milk as freely, and will continue to give it as long, without the aid of the calf, as if it were permitted to suck her constantly. This is not the case with the As; which, it is well known, will soon grow dry, if her foal be not permitted to suck part of her milk every day.

Upon the whole, it appears, that the property of yielding milk, without the young one, is confined to those kinds of ruminating horned animals which have cloven hoofs, four stomachs, long
intestines,

intestines, are furnished with suet, and have no fore-teeth in the upper jaw ; that Cows, Sheep, Goats, and Deer, are of this kind, and no other ; and that the Cow has this property in a more eminent degree than others, owing to the capaciousness of her udder, and the size and form of her teats.

By great industry and attention to their breed, and by judicious mixtures with those of other countries, our horned cattle are universally allowed to be the finest in Europe ; although such as are purely British are inferior in size to those on many parts of the continent. The large species now propagated in most parts of England, are either entirely foreign, or our own greatly improved by a cross or mixture with the foreign kind. The Holstein or Dutch breed has been introduced with great success ; and from these the Lincolnshire kind derive their size.

Hist. of Quad.

The URUS, or WILD BULL,

Is a variety of the Ox kind, and is chiefly to be met with in the extensive forests of Lithuania : It grows to a size almost equal to the elephant, and is quite black ; the eyes are red and fiery, the horns thick and short, and the forehead covered with a quantity of curled hair ; the neck is short and strong, and the skin has an odour of musk. The female, though not so big as the male, exceeds the largest of our Bulls in size : Nevertheless her udder is extremely small. Upon the whole, however, this animal, which greatly resembles those of the tame kind, probably owes its variety to its natural wildness, and the richness of the pasture where it is produced.

Hist. of Quad.

AFFECTION

AFFECTION FRATERNAL.

THOUGH all mankind spring from the same head, and are bound to cultivate a mutual good-will to each other; yet this duty is not so obvious and striking as that which is incumbent on those who belong to the same family.

Nothing can approach nearer to self-love than fraternal affection: and there is but a short remove from our own concerns and happiness to theirs who come from the same stock, and are partakers of the same blood. Nothing, therefore, can be more horrible than discord and animosity among members so allied; and nothing so beautiful as harmony and love.

This relation is formed by nature not by choice; and though it has many things in common with, yet it is prior to the obligations of friendship; consequently nature and reason dictate that there should be a peculiar affection between brethren. We are not obliged, however, to make a brother or sister an intimate or bosom friend in preference to one who is not a kin. Diversity of temper, and want of suitable qualifications may render it unsafe and improper. But where friendship and fraternity meet in the same persons, such a conjunction adds a lustre to the relation.

Among brethren an hearty love of benevolence, an ardent concern for each other's welfare, a readiness to serve and promote it, are the peculiar offices of this relation; and though friends are to have their share, yet the claim of kindred is first and ordinarily strongest*.

EXAMPLES OF FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE Chinese have been remarkable for the purity of their morals, the simplicity of their manners, and the cultivation of the

* *Necessaria præsidia vitæ debentur iis maxime, quos ante dixi (i. e. propinquis) vitæ autem, victusque communis, consilia, sermones, &c. in amicitis vigent maxime. CIC. DE OFFIC.*

the social virtues. The examples of their rulers and great men have very much contributed to confirm the people in the practice of moral duties; for, perhaps, few princes ever exhibited greater instances of an amiable and virtuous conduct. Cemu, who was a disciple of, and commentator upon their celebrated philosopher Confucius, gives us the following instances of brotherly affection:

The king of Cucho had three sons, and like many other parents, having most affection for the youngest, some days before his death declared him his successor, to the exclusion of his brethren. This proceeding was the more extraordinary, as it was contrary to the laws of the kingdom. The people, therefore, thought that after the death of the king, they might without any crime raise the eldest son to the throne. This design was universally approved of: but the new king calling to mind his father's last words, rejected the offer, and taking the crown, placed it on the head of his youngest brother, publicly declaring that he renounced it, and thought himself unworthy of it, as he was excluded by his father's will; and his father could not now retract what he had done. His brother, being affected with such a generous action, instantly intreated him not to oppose the inclination of the people, who desired him for their ruler. He urged, that he alone was the lawful successor to the crown which he refused, and that their father could not infringe the laws of the kingdom; that he had been betrayed by an extravagant fondness; and that, in a word, the people had the power of redressing any breach in the established law. Nothing, however, was capable of persuading his brother to accept of the crown. There was a glorious contest between the two princes; and as they perceived that the dispute would be endless, they retired from court: thus each having both conquered and been vanquished, they went to end their days together in peaceful solitude, and left the kingdom to their other brother.

Beaut. of Hist.

VESPASIAN, the Roman emperor, being informed that Domitian had abandoned himself to all manner of debauchery, and assumed more authority than was suitable to a son only, was highly incensed against him: upon this, Titus, his eldest son, pleaded with great affection and earnestness in favour of his brother, intreating the emperor to beware of being rashly incensed by intelligence from such as brought criminal accusations. "To your own son," said he, "it is but just you should bear a spirit of gentleness, free from all prejudice. Not from fleets, not from legions, are such powerful bulwarks formed for the support of the imperial dignity, as from a numerous issue in the imperial house. The number of our friends is diminished with time: they often desert us to follow fortune; or because we cannot gratify their desires. But from our own blood we may always promise ourselves ready assistance, and unshaken fidelity. In our good fortune many will partake with us; but our nearest in kindred alone will bear us company in our adversities. Even between brothers," added he, "concord and unanimity will not prove lasting, if their common parent sets them not an example." Vespasian, though not entirely reconciled to Domitian, by this reasoning, was nevertheless charmed with the tender affection of Titus. Upon the death of the emperor the government fell to Titus; but Domitian pretended to an equal share in it, and raised great disturbances in the city, by giving out, and arrogantly maintaining, that his father had left him partner in the empire, but that the will had been falsified: yet Titus could not prevail upon himself either to punish or banish him; but, on the contrary, treated him as his colleague in the empire, conjuring him often in private not to hate a brother who bore him a sincere and tender affection, and was willing to allow him a due share in the administration.

SUET. IN DOM. c. 2. & 9. *Beaut. of Hist.*

DARIUS,

DARIUS, king of Persia, had three sons by his first wife, the daughter of Gabrias, all three born before their father came to the crown; and four more by Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, who were all born after the father's accession to the throne. Artabazanes, called by Justin Artimenes, was the eldest of the former, and Xerxes of the latter. Artabazanes alledged, in his own behalf, that the right of succession, according to the custom and practice of all nations, belonged to him preferably to all the rest. Xerxes's argument for succeeding his father was, that as he was the son of Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, who founded the Persian empire, it was more just that the crown of Cyrus should devolve upon one of his descendants, than upon one that was not. Demaratus, a Spartan king, at that time at the court of Persia, secretly suggested to Xerxes another argument to support his pretensions; that Artabazanes was indeed the eldest son of Darius; but he, Xerxes, was the eldest son of the king; and therefore Artabazanes, being born when his father was but a private person, all he could pretend to, on account of his seniority, was only to inherit his private estate; but that he, Xerxes, being the first-born son of the king, had the best right to succeed to the crown. He farther supported this argument by the example of the Lacedemonians, who admitted none to inherit the kingdom, but those children that were born after their father's accession. The right of succession was accordingly determined in favour of Xerxes. Both Justin and Plutarch take notice of the prudent conduct of these two brothers on so nice an occasion. According to their manner of relating this fact, Artabazanes was absent when the king died; and Xerxes immediately assumed all the marks, and exercised all the functions of the sovereignty. But upon his brother's returning home, he quitted the diadem, and the tiara, which he wore in such a manner as only suited the king, went out to meet him, and showed him all imaginable respect. They agreed to make their uncle Artabanes the arbitrator of their

difference; and, without any further appeal, to acquiesce in his decision.

All the while this dispute lasted, the two brothers showed one another all the demonstrations of a truly fraternal affection, by keeping up a continual intercourse of presents and entertainments: whence their mutual esteem and confidence for each other banished all fears and suspicions on both sides, and introduced on unconstrained cheerfulness, and a perfect security.

This is a spectacle, says Justin, highly worthy of our admiration: to see, whilst most brothers are at daggers drawing with one another about a small patrimony, with what moderation and temper both waited for a decision, which was to dispose of the greatest empire then in the universe. When Artabanus gave judgment in favour of Xerxes, Artabazanes the same instant prostrated himself before him, acknowledging him for his master, and placed him upon the throne with his own hand; by which proceeding he showed a greatness of soul truly royal, and infinitely superior to all human dignities. This ready acquiescence in a sentence so contrary to his interest, was not the effect of an artful policy, that knows how to dissemble upon occasion, and to receive honour to itself from what it could not prevent: no; it proceeded from a real respect for the laws, a sincere affection for his brother, and an indifference for that which so warmly inflames the ambition of mankind, and so frequently arms the nearest relations against each other. For his part, during his whole life, he continued firmly attached to the interest of Xerxes, and prosecuted them with so much ardor and zeal, that he lost his life in his service at the battle of Salamin. *PLUT. DE FRAT. AMORE, p. 448. JUST. l. c. 10.*

Beaut. of Hist.

BROTHERS.

BROTHERS.

YE are the children of one father, provided for by his care ; and the breast of one mother hath given you suck.

Let the bonds of affection, therefore unite thee with thy brothers, that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house.

And when ye separate in the world, remember the relation that bindeth you to love and unity ; and prefer not a stranger to thine own blood.

If thy brother is in adversity, assist him : if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not.

So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race ; and his care be continued to you all in your love to each other.

Econ. of Hum. Life.

Directions in reading the CLASSICS.

IN the mean time, I shall only give you two or three cautions and directions for your reading them, which to some people will look a little odd, but with me they are of great moment, and very necessary to be observed.

The first is, that you would never be persuaded into what they call Common-places ; which is a way of taking an author to pieces, and ranging him under proper heads, that you may readily find what he has said upon any point, by consulting an alphabet. This practice is of no use but in circumstantialia of time and place, custom and antiquity, and in such instances where facts are to be remembered, not where the brain is to be exercised. In these cases it is of great use : it helps the memory, and serves to keep those things in a sort of order and succession. But, common-placing the sense of an author is such a stupid undertaking, that, if I may be indulged in saying it, they

they want common sense that practise it. What heaps of this rubbish have I seen! O the pains and labour to record what other people have said, that is taken by those who have nothing to say themselves! You may depend upon it, the writings of these men are never worth the reading: the fancy is cramped, the invention spoiled, their thoughts on every thing are prevented, if they think at all; but it is the peculiar happiness of these collectors of sense, that they can write without thinking.

I do most readily agree, that all the bright sparkling thoughts of the ancients, their finest expressions, and noblest sentiments, are to be met with in these transcribers: but how wretchedly are they brought in, how miserably put together! Indeed, I can compare such productions to nothing but rich pieces of patch-work, sewed together with packthread.

When I see a beautiful building of exact order and proportion taken down, and the different materials laid together by themselves, it puts me in mind of these common place men. The materials are certainly very good, but they understand not the rules of architecture so well, as to form them into just and masterly proportions any more: and yet how beautiful would they stand in another model upon another plan!

For, we must confess the truth; We can say nothing new, at least we can say nothing better than has been said before; but we may nevertheless make what we say our own. And this is done when we do not trouble ourselves to remember in what page or what book we have read such a passage; but it falls in naturally with the course of our own thoughts, and takes its place in our writings with as much ease, and looks with as good a grace, as it appeared in two thousand years ago.

This is the best way of remembering the ancient authors, when you relish their way of writing, enter into their thoughts, and imbibe their sense. There is no need of tying ourselves up to an imitation of any of them; much less to copy or transcribe them. For there is room for vast variety of thought and style;

Style: as nature is various in her works, and is nature still. Good authors, like the celebrated masters in the several schools of painting, are originals in their way, and different in their manner. And when we can make the same use of the Romans as they did of the Grecians, and habituate ourselves to their way of thinking and writing, we may be equal in rank, though different from them all, and be esteemed originals as well as they.

And this is what I would have you do. Mix and incorporate with those ancient streams; and though your own wit will be improved and heightened by such a strong infusion, yet the spirit, the thought, the fancy, the expression, which shall flow from your pen, will be entirely your own. *Felton.*

.....
On forming a STYLE.

GIVE me leave to touch this subject, and draw out, for your use, some of the chief strokes, some of the principal lineaments, and fairest features, of a just and beautiful style. There is no necessity of being methodical, and I will not entertain you with a day system upon the matter, but with what you will read with more pleasure, and, I hope, with equal profit, some desultory thoughts in their native order, as they rise in my mind, without being reduced to rules, and marshalled according to art.

To assist you, therefore, as far as art may be an help to nature, I shall proceed to say something of what is required in a finished piece, to make it complete in all its parts, and masterly in the whole.

I would not lay down any impracticable schemes, nor trouble you with a dry formal method: the rule of writing, like that of our duty, is perfect in its kind; but we must make allowances for the infirmities of nature; and since none is without his faults, the most that can be said is, That he is the best writer, against whom the fewest can be alledged.

“ A composition is then perfect, when the matter rises out
 “ of the subject ; when the thoughts are agreeable to the mat-
 “ ter, and the expressions suitable to the thoughts ; where
 “ there is no inconsistency from the beginning to the end ;
 “ when the whole is perspicuous in the beautiful order of its
 “ parts, and formed in due symmetry and proportion.”

Falton.

.....

Expression suited to the THOUGHT.

IN every sprightly genius, the expression will be ever lively as the thoughts. All the danger is, that a wit too fruitful should run out into unnecessary branches ; but when it is matured by age, and corrected by judgment, the writer will prune the luxuriant boughs, and cut off the superfluous shoots of fancy, thereby giving both strength and beauty to his work.

Perhaps this piece of discipline is to young writers the greatest self-denial in the world : to confine the fancy, to stifle the birth, much more to throw away the beautiful offspring of the brain, is a trial, that none but the most delicate and lively wits can be put to. It is their praise, that they are obliged to retrench more wit than others have to lavish : the chippings and filings of these jewels, could they be preserved, are of more value than the whole mass of ordinary authors ; and it is a maxim with me, that he has not wit enough, who has not a great deal to spare.

It is by no means necessary for me to run out into the several sorts of writing : we have general rules to judge of all, without being particular upon any, though the style of an orator be different from that of an historian, and a poet's from both.

Ibid.

Simplicity

On an elegant STYLE.

AN elegant style is a character expressing a higher degree of ornament than a neat one; and, indeed, is the term usually applied to style, when possessing all the virtues of ornament, without any of its excesses or defects. From what has been formerly delivered, it will easily be understood, that complete elegance implies great perspicuity and propriety; purity in the choice of words, and care and dexterity in their harmonious and happy arrangement. It implies farther, the grace and beauty of imagination spread over style, as far as the subject admits of it; and all the illustration which figurative language adds, when properly employed. In a word, an elegant writer is one who pleases the fancy and the ear, while he informs the understanding; and who gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expression, but not overcharged with any of its misplaced beauties. In this class, therefore, we place only the first rate writers in the language; such as Addison, Dryden, Pope, Temple, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and a few more; writers who differ widely from one another in many of the attributes of Style, but whom we now class together, under the denomination of Elegant, as, in the scale of Ornament, possessing nearly the same place.

Blair.

On the different kinds of SIMPLICITY.

THE first is, Simplicity of Composition, as opposed to too great a variety of parts. Horace's precept refers to this:

Denique sit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum.

"Then learn the wand'ring humour to controul,

"And keep one equal tenour through the whole."

FRANCIS

This is the simplicity of plan in a tragedy, as distinguished

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from

from double plots, and crowded incidents: the Simplicity of the Iliad, or Æneid, in opposition to the digressions of Lucan, and the scattered tales of Ariosto; the Simplicity of Grecian architecture, in opposition to the irregular variety of the Gothic. In this sense, Simplicity is the same with Unity.

The second sense is, Simplicity of Thought, as opposed to refinement. Simple thoughts are what arise naturally; what the occasion or the subject suggest unfought; and what, when once suggested, are easily apprehended by all. Refinement in writing, expresses a less natural and obvious train of thought, and which it required a peculiar turn of genius to pursue; within certain bounds very beautiful; but when carried too far approaching to intricacy, and hurting us by the appearance of being *recherché*, or far sought. Thus, we would naturally say, that Mr. Parnell is a poet of far greater simplicity, in his turn of thought, than Mr. Cowley: Cicero's thoughts on moral subjects are natural: Seneca's too refined and laboured. In these two senses of Simplicity, when it is opposed either to variety of parts, or to refinement of thought, it has no proper relation to Style.

There is a third sense of Simplicity, in which it has respect to Style; and stands opposed to too much ornament, or pomp of language; as when we say, Mr. Locke is a simple, Mr. Hervey a florid, writer; and it is in this sense, that the "*simplex*," or "*the tenuis*," or "*subtile genus dicendi*," is understood by Cicero and Quintilian. The simple style, in this sense, coincides with the plain or the neat style, which I before mentioned; and, therefore, requires no farther illustration.

But there is a fourth sense of Simplicity, also respecting Style; but not respecting the degree of ornament employed, so much as the easy and natural manner in which our language expresses our thoughts. This is quite different from the former sense of the word just now mentioned, in which Simplicity was equivalent to Plainness; whereas, in this sense, it is compatible with the highest ornament. Homer, for instance,

possesses

possesses this Simplicity in the greatest perfection; and yet no writer has more ornament and beauty. This Simplicity, which is what we are now to consider, stands opposed, not to ornament, but to affectation of ornament, or appearance of labour about our Style; and it is a distinguishing excellency in writing.

Blair.

Simplicity the Characteristic of TILLOTSON'S Style.

SIMPLICITY is the great beauty of Archbishop Tillotson's manner. Tillotson has been long admired as an eloquent writer, and a model for preaching. But his eloquence, if we can call it such, has been often misunderstood. For if we include in the idea of eloquence, vehemence and strength, picturesque description, glowing figures, or correct arrangement of sentences, in all these parts of oratory the Archbishop is exceedingly deficient. His style is always pure, indeed, and perspicuous, but careless and remiss, too often feeble and languid; little beauty in the construction of his sentences, which are frequently suffered to drag unharmoniously; seldom any attempt towards strength or sublimity. But notwithstanding these defects, such a constant vein of good sense and piety runs through his works, such an earnest and serious manner, and so much useful instruction, conveyed in a style so pure, natural and unaffected, as will justly recommend him to high regard as long as the English language remains; not indeed as a model of the highest eloquence, but as a simple and amiable writer, whose manner is strongly expressive of great goodness and worth. I observed before, that Simplicity of manner may be consistent with some degree of negligence in style; and it is only the beauty of that Simplicity which makes the negligence of such writers seem graceful. But, as appears in the Archbishop, negligence may sometimes be carried so far, as to impair the beauty of Simplicity, and make it border on a flat and languid manner.

Ibid.

Simplicity of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's Style.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE is another remarkable writer in the Style of Simplicity. In point of ornament and correctness, he rises a degree above Tillotson: though, for correctness, he is not in the highest rank. All is easy and flowing in him; He is exceedingly harmonious; smoothness, and what may be called amenity, are the distinguishing characters of his manner; relaxing, sometimes, as such a manner will naturally do, into a prolix and remiss Style. No writer whatever has stamped upon his style a more lively impression of his own character. In reading his works, we seem engaged in conversation with him; we become thoroughly acquainted with him, not merely as an author, but as a man; and contract a friendship for him. He may be classed as standing in the middle, between a negligent simplicity and the highest degree of Ornament which this character of style admits. *Blair.*

Simplicity of Mr ADDISON's Style.

OF the latter of these, the highest, most correct, and ornamented degree of the simple manner, Mr Addison is beyond doubt in the English language, the most perfect example: and therefore, though not without some faults, he is, on the whole, the safest model for imitation, and the freest from considerable defects, which the language affords. Perspicuous and pure he is in the highest degree; his precision, indeed, is not very great; yet nearly as great as the subjects which he treats of require: the construction of his sentences easy, agreeable, and commonly very musical; carrying a character of smoothness more than of strength. In figurative language he is rich, particularly in similes and metaphors; which are so employed, as to render his Style splendid without being gaudy. There is

not the least affectation in his manner; we see no marks of labour; nothing forced or constrained; but great elegance joined with great ease and simplicity. He is, in particular, distinguished by a character of modesty and of politeness, which appeared in all his writings. No author has a more popular and insinuating manner; and the great regard which he every where shews for virtue and religion, recommends him highly. If he fails in any thing, it is in want of strength and precision, which renders his manner, though perfectly suited to such essays as he writes in the Spectator, not altogether a proper model for any of the higher and more elaborate kinds of composition. Though the public have ever done much justice to his merit, yet the nature of his merit has not always been seen in its true light: for, though his poetry be elegant, he certainly bears a higher rank among the prose writers than he is entitled to among the poets; and, in prose, his humour is of a much higher and more original kind than his philosophy. The character of Sir Roger de Coverly discovers more genius than the critique on Milton.

Blair.

The Character of MARIUS.

THE birth of Marius was obscure, though some call it equestrian, and his education wholly in camps; where he learnt the first rudiments of war, under the greatest master of that age, the younger Scipio, who destroyed Carthage; till by long service, distinguished valour, and a peculiar hardness and patience of discipline, he advanced himself gradually through all the steps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete soldier. The obscurity of his extraction, which depressed him with the nobility, made him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occasions of danger,

ger, thought him the only man fit to be trusted with their lives and fortunes; or to have the command of a difficult and desperate war: and in truth, he twice delivered them from the most desperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy. Scipio, from the observation of his martial talents, while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave a kind of prophetic testimony of his future glory; for being asked by some of his officers, who were supping with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have, in case of any accident to himself? That man, replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table. In the field he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the most favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his measures from augurs and diviners: nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions he had inspired his soldiers with a confidence of victory; so that his enemies dreaded him as something more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulse and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accomplishment of learning, which he openly affected to despise; so that Arpinum had the singular felicity to produce the most glorious contemner, as well as the most illustrious improver, of the arts and eloquence of Rome*. He made no figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of sustaining his authority in the city, than by cherishing the natural jealousy between the senate and the people; that by this declared enmity to the one he might always be at the head of the other; whose favour he managed, not with any view to the public good, for he had nothing in him of the statesman or the patriot, but to the advancement of his private interest and glory. In short, he was crafty, cruel, covetous, and perfidious; of a temper and talents greatly serviceable abroad, but turbulent and dangerous at home; an implacable enemy to the nobles, ever seeking occasion

* Arpinum was also the native city of Cicero.

occasions to mortify them, and ready to sacrifice the republic, which he had saved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life spent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domestic wars, he died at last in his bed, in a good old age, and in his seventh consulship: an honour that no Roman before him ever attained.

The Character of SYLLA.

SYLLA died after he had laid down the dictatorship, and restored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatness of mind, lived many months as a private senator, and with perfect security, in that city where he had exercised the most bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that, during the three years in which the Marians were masters of Italy, he neither dissembled his resolution of pursuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, first to chastise a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his ancestors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almost sunk into obscurity, till he produced it again into light, by aspiring to the honours of the state. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully instituted himself in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondness for the company of mimics and players, was drawn when young, into a life of luxury and pleasure; so that when he was sent quaestor to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in so rough and desperate a service chance had given him so soft and delicate a quaestor. But, whether roused by the example, or stung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himself in that charge with the greatest vigour and courage, suffering no man to outdo him in

any

any part of military duty or labour, making himself equal and familiar even to the lowest of the soldiers, and obliging them by all his good offices and his money; so that he soon acquired the favour of his army, with the character of a brave and skilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himself, banished and proscribed, into that very province where he had been contemned by him at first as his quaestor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his passions and purposes; and was so different from himself in different circumstances, that he seemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practised the same art that he had seen so successful to Marius, of raising a kind of enthusiasm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auspices and divine admonitions; for which end, he carried always about with him a little statue of Apollo, taken from the temple of Delphi; and whenever he had resolved to give battle, used to embrace it in sight of the soldiers, and beg the speedy confirmation of its promises to him. From an uninterrupted course of success and prosperity, he assumed a surname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix, or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, says Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppression of his country; for which posterity would think him more unfortunate, even than those whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himself, of being the only man in history, in whom the odium of the most barbarous cruelties was extinguished by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cause, yet detested the inhumanity of his victory, and never speaks of him with respect, nor of his government but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a master of three most pestilent vices, luxury, avarice, cruelty." He was the first of his family whose dead body was burnt: for, having ordered Marius's remains to be

taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehensive of the same insult upon his own, if left to the usual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the sum of which was, "that no man had ever gone beyond him, in doing good to his friends, or hurt to his enemies."

Middleton.

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The Character of JULIUS CÆSAR.

CÆSAR was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society: formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in council; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quinctilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wheresoever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging, that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition, and love of pleasure; which he indulged in their turns to the great-

est excess: yet the first was always predominant; to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses: and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary, to acquire and to support power, soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other: with money therefore he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but, disdainful the condition of a subject, he could never rest, till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted, had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it: and as men shorten life by living too fast, so by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end. *Middleton.*

The Character of CATILINE.

LUCIUS CATILINE was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigour, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth

he

he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable: he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own; violent in his passions; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

After Sylla's usurpation, he was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government: and, provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design, by his poverty, and the consciousness of his crimes; both which evils he had heightened by the practices above-mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the state, thoroughly debauched by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures.

Sallust by Mr. Rose.

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The Rape of LUCRETIA, and the Establishment of the Consular Power in ROME.

THE siege of Ardea being carried on very slowly, the general officers had a good deal of leisure for their diversions, and they mutually made entertainments for one another in their quarters. One day, when Sextus Tarquinius was entertaining his brothers, their kinsman Collatinus being of the company, the conversation happened to turn upon the merit of wives. Every one extolled the good qualities of his own; but Collatinus affirmed, that his Lucretia excelled all others. It was a kind of quarrel, and in order to end it, they took the method which

mirth and wine inspired; which was, to mount their horses, and to surprize their wives; and it was agreed, that she whom they found employed in the manner most becoming her sex, should have preference. Away, therefore, they galloped, first to Rome, where they surprized the king's daughters in law all together in the midst of feasting and diversions; and the ladies seemed much disconcerted by the unexpected return of their husbands. From Rome they hastened away to Collatia, the place where Collatinus resided in the time of peace. Though the night was far advanced when the princes arrived there, they found Lucretia up, with her maids about her, spinning and working in wool. The company her husband brought her of a sudden did not discompose her; and they were all pleased with the reception she gave them. Sextus was so captivated with her beauty, and so inflamed with passion, which her insuperable modesty made the more violent, that he became exceedingly unwilling to leave the place; but there was an absolute necessity for his appearing in the camp before Ardea. However he found a pretence of returning very soon to Collatia; and went to lodge at his kinsman's house. Lucretia, in her husband's absence, entertained him with great civility and respect, and after supper he was conducted to his apartment. When all were asleep he stole into Lucretia's chamber, and coming with his drawn sword to her bed side, laid his left hand upon her breast and wakened her. 'Lucretia, said he, I am Sextus Tarquinius, if you speak a word you die.' Then he declared his passion, and by entreaties, mixed with menaces, endeavoured to make her yield to his desires. And when he found that all was vain, and that even the fear of death could not prevail upon her to consent, he threatened her also with infamy. He told her that he would kill one of her slaves, lay him naked by her when she was dead, and then declare to all the world that he had only revenged the injured honour of Collatinus. The dread of ignominy was too powerful for Lucretia's constancy; Sextus obtained his wishes, and early the next morning appeared

ed again in the camp. Lucretia, though she had escaped what she dreaded as the greatest of evils, yet could not endure the thoughts of life after the violence she had suffered. She dressed herself in mourning, took a poignard under her robe, wrote to her husband at the camp to meet her at her father Lucretius' house, and then mounting her chariot came to Rome. People were surprised to see her wearing all the marks of the deepest sorrow, and often asked her as she passed along, what was the cause of her grief. She answered them only by weeping; and, when the same question was put to her at her father's house, she still refused to discover the matter, till there should be a full assembly of her friends and relations, whom she desired might be called together. Upon the first summons great numbers of the nobility crowded to the house, and among the rest P. Valerius (afterwards Poplicola) and Lucius Junius, who seems to have waited for this moment to throw off that mask of stupidity, which had got him the surname of Brutus. When the assembly was pretty numerous, she addressed herself to her husband Collatinus, disclosed in few words the whole secret, her own shame and his dishonour, and the treacherous author of both: she protested the unspotted innocence of her heart, but at the same time declared her firm resolution not to live, and conjured them not to let the crime of Sextus Tarquinius go unpunished. All who were present gave her, one by one, their solemn promise, to revenge the insult she had suffered; they also endeavoured to comfort her, by telling her, that the body could not sin, and that there could be no guilt where the mind was unconsenting; but nothing could divert her from the desperate resolution she had taken: "No," said she, "no woman shall hereafter survive her honour, and say, Lucretia was her example;" and then having embraced her father and her husband, as one that bids a last farewell, she immediately plunged the concealed dagger into her breast. Her father and husband, starting, cried out as she fell at their feet:

a mixture of compassion and fury seized the whole assembly; and the blood which Lucretia shed to attest her innocence, or repair her glory, served likewise to cement the union of these illustrious patriots who gave liberty to Rome. For Brutus going near the dying lady, drew the poignard out of her bosom, and, shewing it all bloody to the assembly, "Yes, said he, I swear by this blood which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villainy could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the proud, his wicked wife and their children, with fire and sword, nor will ever suffer any of that family, or any other whatsoever, to be king in Rome: Ye Gods, I call you to witness this my oath!" This said, he presented the dagger to Collatinus, Lucretius, Valerius, and the rest of the company, and engaged them to take the same oath. These noble Romans, struck with amazement at the prodigious appearance of wisdom in an idiot, looked on him as inspired, and submitted entirely to his conduct. He then let them know his folly was only feigned, he exhorted them to defer lamenting the death of Lucretia to another time, to behave themselves now like men and Romans, and think only of revenging it; and he advised them to begin by shutting the gates of Rome, and placing a trusty guard to secure them, that no body might go out of the city to give notice at the camp of what was doing. This counsel was approved, and, as Lucretius had been left governor of the city by Tarquin, was put in execution without difficulty.

Then Brutus causing the yet bleeding Lucretia to be carried to the place where the Comitia was usually held, and placing the corps where it might be seen by every body, ordered the people to be called together. By a surprising instance of good fortune, he happened to be legally invested with the power of assembling the Comitia; this right was annexed to the office of tribune, or chief commander of the king's horse-guards, which Tarquin had given him, because he thought him incapable of using it to his disadvantage. When the multitude

were

were assembled, the imagined idiot, to their great surprise, addressing himself to them, began with an apology for his presuming to speak in public on so important an occasion; he in a few words explained to them all the mystery of his past conduct, and the necessity he had been under, for more than twenty years together, of counterfeiting folly, as the only means to preserve his life, after the murder of his father and elder brother. He then proceeded to tell them the resolution the patricians were come to of deposing the tyrant, and pressed them in the strongest terms to concur in that design. He enumerated the crimes by which Tarquin, in concert with the wicked Tullia, had made his way to the throne. He put them in mind of Aruns Tarquinius, (the tyrant's brother) and the elder Tullia, both persons of amiable dispositions, and both treacherously poisoned, he by his wife the present queen, she by her husband the present king; the criminal nuptials that followed these secret murders; and the horrid tragedy that followed these nuptials; Servius Tullius, the justest, the mildest, the most beneficent of kings, openly assassinated, and the cruel Tullia riding in triumph over the body of her expiring father.

" O execrable fact! Ye gods! the avengers of injured parents, ye beheld it! But why should I dwell on these crimes committed by the tyrant against his own family and blood? The wrongs he has done his country, his cruelties to every one of you in particular, are insufferable and without end. With what an utter contempt of all our laws did he usurp an elective kingdom? And how has he maintained himself in his illegal power? By murders, by banishments, by the oppression of all his subjects. As for the Patricians,—you see the condition to which we are reduced; I shall say nothing of it—our greatest enemies could not behold it without compassion. And as for you, Plebeians, what is become of your rights and privileges? Are you ever called together to assist at the sacrifices? To elect your magistrates? Or to give your suffrages in public affairs? Have you not been treated

" as

"as the vilest of slaves? The victorious Romans, victorious
 "over all nations around them, are condemned at home to
 "undergo the most painful drudgeries, to be hewers of stone,
 "to sweat under heavy burdens, to work in mines, and breathe
 "the unwholesome air of sinks and common sewers. And are
 "these miseries, these indignities, never to have an end? Or,
 "if you ever propose to assert your freedom, how long will
 "you delay it? You wait, perhaps, for Tarquin's death. But
 "what benefit would accrue to you from that? He has three
 "sons, more wicked, if possible, than himself. By what the
 "eldest of them has now done, you may judge what is to be
 "expected from such a race. There! Romans, turn your
 "eyes to that sad spectacle—the daughter of Lucretius—Col-
 "latinus's wife—She died by her own hand. See there a no-
 "ble lady, whom the lust of a Tarquin reduced to the neces-
 "sity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence.
 "Sextus, hospitably entertained by her as a kinsman of her
 "husband's;—Sextus, perfidious guest! became her brutal
 "ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia could not sur-
 "vive the insult. Glorious woman! once only treated as a
 "slave, she thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia,
 "a woman, disdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will;
 "and shall we, shall men, with such an example before our
 "eyes, and after five and twenty years of ignominious servi-
 "tude, shall we, through a fear of dying, defer one single
 "instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans, now is the
 "time; the favourable moment, we have so long waited for,
 "is come. Tarquin is absent from Rome: the Patricians are
 "at the head of the enterprize: the city is abundantly pro-
 "vided with men, arms, and all things necessary. There is no-
 "thing wanting to secure the success, if our own courage does
 "not fail us. And shall those warriors who have ever been so
 "brave when foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when con-
 "quests were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of a
 "tyrant, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver them-
 selves

“ selves from slavery ? Some of you perhaps are intimidated by
 “ the army which Tarquin now commands. The soldiers, you i-
 “ magine, will take the part of their general. Banish so
 “ groundless a fear. The love of liberty is natural to all men.
 “ Your fellow citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppres-
 “ sion with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome, and will
 “ as eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But
 “ should we grant, there may be some among them, who,
 “ through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be dispos-
 “ ed to favour the tyrant, the number of these can be but
 “ small, and we have means sufficient in our hands to reduce
 “ them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to
 “ them than life. Their wives, their children, their fathers,
 “ their mothers, are here in the city. Courage ! Romans, the
 “ Gods are for us, those Gods whose temples and altars the
 “ impious Tarquin has profaned by sacrifices and libations
 “ made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with
 “ numberless inextinguished crimes committed against his subjects.
 “ O ye Gods, who protected our forefathers, and ye Genii,
 “ who watch for the preservation and glory of Rome, do you
 “ inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause,
 “ and we will to our last breath defend your worship from all
 “ profanation.”

Brutus's harangue was often interrupted by the acclamations
 of the people. Some wept at the remembrance of past suffer-
 ings ; others out of joy, at the hopes of a more happy govern-
 ment ; and every one called out for arms. But Brutus did not
 judge it proper to arm the people, till they had first confirmed,
 by their suffrages, a decree of the senate, which was to this ef-
 fect : It deprived Tarquin of all the prerogatives belonging to
 the regal authority, condemned him and all his posterity to per-
 petual banishment, and devoted to the Gods of hell every Ro-
 man who should hereafter by word or deed endeavour his re-
 storation. The Curia being assembled and the matter propos-

ed, they were all unanimous in confirming the senate's decree.

And now the government being reduced to an interregnum, and the people having declared Spurius Lucretius (the father of Lucretia) inter-*rex*, the great and important question, the future form of government, was debated by the leaders in the revolution. And here again Brutus discovered himself to be a consummate politician: "Experience said he, has shewn us, in the examples of Romulus and Numa, and other good kings, that it is by no means proper that Rome should be without supreme magistrates, to keep an even balance of the powers of the senate and people; but it is necessary that the sovereign authority should neither center in one man, nor be perpetual; let it be divided between two, who may jointly make the interest of the public their chief concern; they will be a check upon each other, and have a mutual emulation in the discharge of their duty. However, let us take particular care, not to continue their power too long, lest they abuse it, and become unwilling to part with it. Let us change the very names of king and kingdom, and give the two heads that are to govern us, the name of Consuls, and the Roman state that of Republic. Let us abolish the pompous ensigns of regal power, sceptres, crowns, and royal robes; Let our consuls only sit on an ivory chair, wear a white robe, and be attended by twelve lictors. But what am I saying? I am not for utterly abolishing the venerable name of king, which was consecrated by the same auspices as Rome herself at her foundation. Let us give it to that magistrate to whom we commit the superintendency of religion: let his office be for life, and let him be called King of sacred things." The whole council approved of this scheme; and the people, being again assembled by Curia, established the new form of administration by a law. *Hooker.*

History of the Limits and Extent of the MIDDLE AGE.

WHEN the magnitude of the Roman empire grew enormous, and there were two imperial cities, Rome and Constantinople, then that happened which was natural; out of one empire it became two, distinguished by the different names of the Western, and the Eastern.

The Western empire soon sunk. So early as in the fifth century, Rome, once the mistress of nations, beheld herself at the feet of a Gothic sovereign. The Eastern empire lasted many centuries longer, and, though often impaired by external enemies, and weakened as often by internal factions, yet still it retained traces of its ancient splendor, resembling, in the language of Virgil, some fair but faded flower:

Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma recessit. VIRG.

At length, after various plunges and various escapes, it was totally annihilated in the fifteenth century by the victorious arms of Mahomet the Great.

The interval between the fall of these two empires (the Western or Latin in the fifth century, the Eastern or Grecian in the fifteenth) making a space of near a thousand years, constitutes what we call the Middle Age.

Dominion passed during this interval into the hands of rude, illiterate men: men who conquered more by multitude than by military skill; and who, having little or no taste either for sciences or arts, naturally despised those things from which they had reaped no advantage.

This was the age of Monks and Legends; of Leonine verses, (that is, of bad Latin put into rhyme;) of projects to decide truth by ploughshares and battoons; of crusades, to conquer infidels, and extirpate heretics; of princes deposed, not as Cræsus was by Cyrus, but one who had no armies, and who did not even wear a sword.

Different portions of this age have been distinguished by different descriptions : such as *Sæculum Monotheliticum*, *Sæculum Eiconoclasticum*, *Sæculum Obscurum*, *Sæculum Ferreum*, *Sæculum Hildibrandinum*, &c. ; strange names it must be confessed, some more obvious, others less so, yet none tending to furnish us with any high or promising ideas.

And yet we must acknowledge, for the honour of humanity and of its great and divine Author, who never forsakes it, that some sparks of intellect were at all times visible, through the whole of this dark and dreary period. It is here we must look for the taste and literature of the times.

The few who were enlightened, when arts and sciences were thus obscured, may be said to have happily maintained the continuity of knowledge; to have been (if I may use the expression) like the twilight of a summer's night; that auspicious gleam between the setting and the rising sun, which, though it cannot retain the lustre of the day, helps at least to save us from the totality of darkness.

Harris.

An Account of the Destruction of the ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

WHEN Alexandria was taken by the Mahometans, Amrus, their commander, found there Philoponus, whose conversation highly pleased him, as Amrus was a lover of letters, and Philoponus a learned man. On a certain day Philoponus said to him : " You have visited all the repositories or public warehouses in Alexandria, and you have sealed up things of every sort that are found there. As to those things that may be useful to you, I presume to say nothing ; but as to things of no service to you, some of them perhaps may be more suitable to me." Amrus said to him : " And what is it you want ? " The philosophical books (replied he) preserved in the royal libraries. This (said Amrus) is a request upon which

‘ which I cannot decide. You desire a thing where I can issue
 ‘ no orders till I have leave from Omar, the commander of the
 ‘ faithful.’—Letters were accordingly written to Omar, in-
 ‘ forming him of what Philoponus had said; and an answer
 ‘ was returned by Omar, to the following purport: ‘ As to
 ‘ the books of which you have made mention, if there be con-
 ‘ tained in them what accords with the book of God (mean-
 ‘ ing the Alcoran) there is without them, in the book of God,
 ‘ all that is sufficient. But if there be any thing in them re-
 ‘ pugnant to that book, we in no respect want them. Order
 ‘ them therefore to be all destroyed.’ Amrus, upon this, or-
 ‘ dered them to be dispersed through the baths of Alexan-
 ‘ dria, and to be there burnt in making the baths warm. Af-
 ‘ ter this manner, in the space of six months, they were all
 ‘ consumed.’

The historian, having related the story, adds from his own
 feelings, ‘ Hear what was done and wonder!’

Thus ended this noble library; and thus began, if it did not
 begin sooner, the age of barbarity and ignorance. *Harris.*

GENERAL HISTORY.

OF THE ORIGIN OF NATIONS, LAWS, GOVERNMENT, AND COMMERCE.

IV. FROM THE TAKING OF CARTHAGE TO THE FOUNDATION OF THE EASTERN EMPIRE BY CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

AFTER the conquest of Carthage, Rome had inconsiderable
 wars but great victories; before this time its wars were great,

and its victories inconsiderable. At this time the world was divided, as it were, into two parts; in the one fought the Romans and Carthaginians; the other was agitated by those quarrels which had lasted since the death of Alexander the Great. Their scene of action was Greece, Egypt, and the East. The states of Greece had once more disengaged themselves from a foreign yoke. They were divided into three confederacies, the Etolian, Acheans, and Beotians; each of these was an association of free cities, which had assemblies and magistrates in common. Of them all the Etolians were the most considerable. The kings of Macedon maintained that superiority, which, in ancient times, when the balance of power was little attended to, a great prince naturally possessed over his less powerful neighbours. Philip, the present monarch, had rendered himself odious to the Greeks, by some unpopular and tyrannical steps; the Etolians were most irritated; and hearing the fame of the Roman arms, called them into Greece, and overcame Philip by their assistance. The victory, however, chiefly redounded to the advantage of the Romans. The Macedonian garrisons were obliged to evacuate Greece; the cities were all declared free; but Philip became a tributary to the Romans, and the states of Greece became their dependants. The Etolians, discovering their first error, endeavoured to remedy it by another still more dangerous to themselves, and more advantageous to the Romans. As they had called the Romans into Greece to defend them against Philip, they now called in Antiochus, king of Syria, to defend them against the Romans. The famous Hannibal too had recourse to the same prince, who was at this time the most powerful in the East, and the successor to the dominions of Alexander in Asia. But Antiochus did not follow his advice so much, as that of the Etolians; for instead of renewing the war in Italy, where Hannibal, from experience, judged the Romans to be most vulnerable, he landed in Greece with a small body of troops, and being overcome without difficulty, fled over into

Asia,

Asia. In this war the Romans made use of Philip for conquering Antiochus, as they had before done of the Etolians for conquering Philip. They now pursue Antiochus,* the last object of their resentment, into Asia, and having vanquished him by sea and land, compel him to submit to an infamous treaty. In these conquests the Romans still allowed the ancient inhabitants to possess their territory; they did not even change the form of government: the conquered nations became the allies of the Roman people, which however, under a specious name, concealed the most servile of all conditions, and inferred, that they should submit to whatever was required of them. When we reflect on these easy conquests, we have reason to be astonished at the resistance which the Romans met with from a barbarous prince, Mithridates, king of Pontus. This monarch, however, had great resources. His kingdom, bordering on the inaccessible mountains of Caucasus, abounded in a race of men, whose minds were not enervated by pleasure, and whose bodies were firm and vigorous.

The different states of Greece and Asia, who now began to feel the weight of their yoke, but had not spirit to shake it off, were transported at finding a prince, who dared to shew himself an enemy to the Romans, and cheerfully submitted to his protection. Mithridates, however, was compelled to yield to the superior star of the Romans. Vanquished successively by Sylla and Lucullus, he was at length subdued by Pompey, and stripped of his dominions and of his life.† In Africa the Roman arms met with equal success. Marius, in conquering Jugurtha, made all secure in that quarter. Even the barbarous nations beyond the Alps, began to feel the weight of the Roman arms. Gallia Narbonensis had been reduced into a province.‡ The Cimbri, Teutones, and other northern nations of Europe, broke into this part of the empire.¶ The same Marius, whose name

was

was so terrible in Africa, made the north of Europe to tremble. The barbarians retired to their wilds and deserts,* less formidable than the Roman legions. But while Rome conquered the world, there subsisted an eternal war within her walls. This war had subsisted from the first periods of the government. Rome, after the expulsion of her kings, enjoyed but a nominal liberty. The descendants of the senators, who were distinguished by the name of Patricians, were invested with so many odious privileges, that the people felt their dependence, and became determined to shake it off. A thousand disputes on this subject arose betwixt them and the Patricians, which always terminated in favour of liberty.

These disputes, however, while the Romans preserved their virtue, were not attended with any dangerous consequences. The Patricians, who loved their country, cheerfully parted with some of their privileges to satisfy the people: and the people, on the other hand, though they obtained laws by which they might be admitted to enjoy the first offices of the state, and though they had the power of nominating, always named Patricians. But when the Romans, by the conquest of foreign nations, became acquainted with all their luxuries and refinements; when they became tainted with the effeminacy and corruption of the eastern courts, and sported with every thing just and honourable, in order to obtain them, the state, torn by the factions between its members, and without virtue on either side, to keep it together, became a prey to its own children. Hence the bloody seditions of the Gracchi, which paved the way for an inextinguishable hatred between the nobles and commons, and made it easy for any turbulent demagogue to put them in action against each other. The love of their country was no more than a specious name; the better sort were too wealthy and effeminate to submit to the rigours of military discipline, and the soldiers, composed of the dregs of the republic, were

were no longer citizens. They knew none but their commander; under this banner they fought and conquered and plundered, and for him they were ready to die. He might command them to imbrue their hands in the blood of their country. They knew no country but the camp, and no authority but that of their general, were ever ready to obey him. The multiplicity of the Roman conquests, however, which required their keeping on foot several armies at the same time, retarded the subversion of the republic. These armies were so many checks upon each other. Had it not been for the soldiers of Sylla, Rome would have surrendered its liberty to the army of Marius.

Julius Cæsar at length appears. By subduing the Gauls, he gained his country the most useful conquest it ever made. Pompey, his only rival, is overcome in the plains of Pharsalia. Cæsar victorious appears in a moment all over the world, † in Egypt, in Asia, in Mauritania, in Spain, in Gaul, and in Britain: conqueror on all sides, he is acknowledged master at Rome, and in the whole empire. Brutus and Cassius think to give Rome her liberty, by stabbing him in the senate-house. § But they only subject her to tyrants, who, without his clemency or abilities, were not inferior in ambition. The republic falls into the hands of Mark Anthony; ¶ young Cæsar Octavianus, nephew to Julius Cæsar, wrests it from him by the sea-fight at Actium: there is no Brutus nor Cassius to put an end to his life. The friends of liberty have killed themselves in despair; and Octavius, under the name of Augustus, and title of Emperor, remains the undisturbed master of the empire. During these civil commotions, the Romans still preserved the glory of their arms among distant nations, and while it was unknown who should be master at Rome, the Romans were without dispute the masters of the world; their military disci-

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pline and valour abolished all the remains of the Carthaginian, the Persian, the Greek, the Assyrian, and the Macedonian glory, and they were now only a name. No sooner therefore was Octavius established on the throne, than ambassadors from all quarters of the known world, crowd to make their submissions. Æthiopia sues for peace; the Parthians, who had been a most formidable enemy, court his friendship; the Indies seek his alliance, Pannonia acknowledges him, Germany dreads him, and the Weser receives his laws.* Victorious by sea and land, he shuts the temple of Janus†. The whole earth lives in peace under his power, and Jesus Christ comes into the world.†

Having thus traced the progress of the Roman government, while it remained a republic, our plan obliges us to say a few words with regard to the arts, sciences, and manners of that people. During the first ages of the republic, the Romans lived in a total neglect, or rather contempt of all the elegant improvements of life. War, politics, and agriculture were the only arts they studied, because they were the only arts they esteemed. But upon the downfall of Carthage, the Romans, having no enemy to dread from abroad, began to taste the sweets of security, and to cultivate the arts. Their progress, however was not gradual, as in the other countries we have described. The conquest of Greece at once put them in possession of every thing most rare, curious, or elegant. Asia, which was the next victim, offered all its stores; and the Romans, from the most simple people, speedily became acquainted with the arts, the luxuries, and refinements of the whole earth. Eloquence they had always cultivated as the high road to eminence and preferment. The orations of Cicero are only inferior to those of Demosthenes, which, according to all our ideas, are perfect productions. In poetry, Virgil yields only to Homer, whose verse, like the prose of Demosthenes, is perfect and inimitable. Horace, however, in his satires and epistles, had no model among the Greeks, and stands to this day unrivalled in that species of writing. In history the Romans can boast a Livy, who possesses all the natural ease of Herodotus, and is

* 24.

† 15.

† 7.

more

more descriptive, more eloquent and sentimental. Tacitus indeed did not flourish in the Augustine age, but his works do himself the greatest honour, while they disgrace his country and human nature, whose corruptions and vices he paints in the most striking colours. In philosophy, if we except the works of Cicero, and the system of the Greek philosopher Epicurus, described in the nervous poetry of Lucretius, the Romans, during the time of the republic, made not the least attempt. In tragedy, they never produced any thing excellent; and Terence, though remarkable for purity of style, wants that comica vis, or lively vein of humour, which distinguished the Greek comedians, and which distinguishes our Shakespeare.

We now return to our history, and are arrived at an æra, which presents us with a set of monsters, under the name of emperors, whose histories, a few excepted, disgrace human nature. They did not indeed abolish the forms of the Roman republic, though they extinguished its liberties, and while they were practising the most unwarrantable cruelties upon their subjects, they themselves were the slaves of their soldiers. They made the world tremble, while they in their turn trembled at the army. Rome, from the time of Augustus, became the most despotic empire that ever subsisted in Europe. To form an idea of their government, we need only recal to our mind the situation of Turkey at present. It is of no importance therefore to consider the character of the emperors, since they had no power but what arose from a mercenary standing army, nor to enter into a detail with regard to the transactions of the court, which were directed by that caprice, and cruelty, and corruption, which universally prevail under a despotic government. When it is said that the Roman republic conquered the world, it is only meant the civilized part of it, chiefly Greece, Carthage, and Asia. A more difficult task still remained for the emperors, to subdue the barbarous nations of Europe; the Germans, the Gauls, the Britons, and even the remote cor-

ner of Scotland; for though these countries had been discovered, they were not effectually subdued by the Roman generals. These nations, though rude and ignorant, were brave and independent. It was rather from the superiority of their discipline than of their courage, that the Romans gained any advantage over them. The Roman wars with the Germans, are described by Tacitus, and from his accounts, though a Roman, it is easy to discover with what bravery they fought, and with what reluctance they submitted to a foreign yoke. From the obstinate resistance of the Germans, we may judge of the difficulties the Romans met with in subduing the other nations of Europe. The contests were on both sides bloody; the countries of Europe were successively laid waste, the inhabitants perished in the field, many were carried into slavery, and but a feeble remnant submitted to the Roman power. This situation of affairs was extremely unfavourable to the happiness of mankind. The barbarous nations, indeed, from their intercourse with the Romans, acquired some taste for the arts, sciences, language, and manners of their new masters. These however were but miserable consolations for the loss of liberty, for being deprived of the use of their arms, for being over-awed by mercenary soldiers, kept in pay to restrain them, and for being delivered over to rapacious governors, who plundered them without mercy. The only circumstance which could support them under these complicated calamities, was the hope of seeing better days.

The Roman empire, now stretched out to such an extent, had lost its spring and force. It contained within itself the seeds of dissolution; and the violent irruption of the Goths and Vandals, and other barbarians, hastened its destruction. These fierce tribes, who came to take vengeance on the empire, either inhabited the various provinces of Germany, which had never been subdued by the Romans, or were scattered over the vast countries of the north of Europe, and north-west of Asia, which are now inhabited by the Danes, the Swedes, the Poles, the

the subjects of the Russian empire, and the Tartars. They were drawn from their native country by that restlessness which actuates the minds of Barbarians, and makes them rove from home in quest of plunder, or new settlements. The first invaders met with a powerful resistance from the superior discipline of the Roman legions; but this, instead of daunting men of a strong and impetuous temper, only roused them to vengeance. They return to their companions, acquaint them with the unknown conveniencies and luxuries that abounded in countries better cultivated, or blessed with a milder climate than their own; they acquaint them with the battles they had fought, of the friends they had lost, and warm them with resentment against their opponents. Great bodies, of armed men, (says an elegant historian, in describing this scene of desolation) with their wives and children, and slaves, and flocks, issued forth, like regular colonies in quest of new settlements. New adventurers followed them. The lands which they deserted were occupied by more remote tribes of barbarians. These, in their turn, pushed forward into more fertile countries, and like a torrent continually encreasing, rolled on, and swept every thing before them. Wherever the barbarians marched, their route was marked with blood. They ravaged or destroyed all around them. They made no distinction between what was sacred, and what was profane. They respected no age, or sex, or rank. If a man was called upon to fix upon the period, in the history of the world, during which, the condition of the human race was most calamitous and afflicted, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Theodosius the Great, A. D. 395, to the establishment of the Lombards in Italy, A. D. 571. The cotemporary authors, who beheld that scene of desolation, labour, and are at a loss for expressions to describe the horrors of it. *The scourge of God, the destroyer of nations*, are the dreadful epithets, by which they distinguish the most noted of the barbarous leaders.

Constantine,

Constantine, who was emperor about the beginning of the fourth century, and who had embraced Christianity, changed the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople. This occasioned a prodigious alteration. The western and eastern provinces were separated from each other, and governed by different sovereigns. The withdrawing the Roman legions from the Rhine and the Danube to the east, threw down the western barriers of the empire, and laid it open to the invaders. *Guthrie.*

*Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity, together with the Im-
mensity of his Works.*

I was yesterday, about sun-set, walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, "When I consider the heavens
" the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which
" thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of
" him,

“him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!” In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God’s works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other: as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries, Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth

worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is limited to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move and act, and understand, is of a wide circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we rest on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us, that his attributes are infinite; but the poverty of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent, and in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence: his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another, or to draw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, he is a being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space, is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoria*, or little *sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance or thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" (says Job.) Behold I "go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him." In short, reason as well as revelation assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures; so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

Spectator.

Man only, who does not degenerate with his holy energy. Several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it, which are necessary to his well-being. *Motives to Piety and Virtue, drawn from the Omnipresence and Omnipotence of the Deity.*

In one of your late papers, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing,

and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light in which I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus present with his maker, but at the same time receives no benefit or advantage from this his presence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation.

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving kindness.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective quantities. The several minerals, in

the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but

though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us away from his presence, and take his holy spirit from us. This single consideration, one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness, which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, Secondly, the deplorable condition of such an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation. We may assure ourselves, that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is not essentially present in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of those accursed places behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is great in the powers of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of an Omnipotence intensified in his anger, and united to his will. But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the displeasure of him, that at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet his soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being unbound from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expostulation of Job, when for the year trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! "Why hast thou set me as

"mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself." But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving kindness; *requit* or *recompense* ed. The blessed in heaven beheld him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes; in there is a double faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one another as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the divine presence. O we, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know the spirit of God is present with us by the effects which he produces in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those reviving joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all their thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul, so irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul. Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that is, able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all these horrors which encompass him; he knows that his help is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon

on as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands betwixt his soul, and the sight of that being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his holy spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles: *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus, bonorum malorumque custos et observator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* "There is a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him." But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in divine revelation; "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." *Speñator.*

Story of FADLALLAH. /

FADLALLAH, a prince of great virtues, succeeded his father Bin-Ortoc, in the kingdom of Mousel. He reigned over his faithful subjects for some time, and lived in great happiness with

as his defender, his glory, and the lifting-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands between his soul, and the sight of that being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulfils of joy.

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Story of FADLALLAH.

FADLALLAH, a prince of great virtues, succeeded his father Bin-Ottar, in the kingdom of Mosul. He reigned over his faithful subjects for some time, and lived in great happiness with

with his beauteous consort Queen Zemroude, when there appeared at his court a young Dervis of so lively and entertaining a turn of wit, as won upon the affections of every one he conversed with. His reputation grew so fast every day, that it at last raised a curiosity in the prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so, and far from finding that common fame had flattered him, he was soon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of solicitude for the conversation of other men; and as he was every day more and more satisfied of the abilities of this stranger, offered him the first posts in his kingdom. The young Dervis, after having thanked him with a very singular modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

The king was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation; and though he could not get him to engage in a life of business, made him however his chief companion and first favourite.

As they were one day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the company, the Dervis entertained Fadlallah with an account of his travels and adventures. After having related to him several curiosities which he had seen in the Indies—‘It was in this place,’ says he, ‘that I contracted an acquaintance with an old Brachman, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature: he died within my arms, and with his parting breath communicated to me one of the most valuable secrets, on condition I should never reveal it to any man.’ The king immediately reflecting on his young favourite’s having refused the late offers of greatness he had made him, told him he presumed it was the power of making gold. ‘No, Sir,’ says the Dervis, ‘it is somewhat more wonderful than that; it is the power of reanimating a dead body, by flinging my own soul into it.’

With

While he was yet speaking, a doe came bounding by them, and the king, who had his bow ready, shot her through the heart; telling the Dervis, that a fair opportunity now offered for him to shew his art. The young man immediately left his own body breathless on the ground, while at the same instant that of the doe was re-animated: she came to the king, fawned upon him, and after having played several wanton tricks, fell again upon the grass; at the same instant the body of the Dervis recovered it's life. The king was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an operation, and conjured his friend by every thing that was sacred to communicate it to him. The Dervis at first made some scruple of violating his promise to the dying Brachman; but told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a prince; after having obliged him therefore by an oath to secrecy, he taught him to repeat two cabalistic words, in pronouncing of which the whole secret consisted. The king, impatient to try the experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an instant found himself in the body of the doe. He had but a little time to contemplate himself in this new being; for the treacherous Dervis shooting his own soul into the royal corpse, and bending the prince's own bow against him, had laid him dead on the spot, had not the king, who perceived his intent, fled swiftly to the woods.

The Dervis, now triumphing in his villainy, returned to Mousel, and filled the throne and bed of the unhappy Fadlallah.

The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in the possession of his new-acquired kingdom, was to issue out a proclamation, ordering his subjects to destroy all the deer in the realm. The king had perished among the rest, had he not avoided his pursuers by re-animating the body of a nightingale which he saw lie dead at the foot of a tree. In this new shape he winged his way in safety to the palace, where perching on a tree which stood near his queen's apartment, he filled the whole

whole place with so many melodious and melancholy notes as drew her to the window. He had the mortification to see that, instead of being pitied, he only moved the mirth of his princess, and of a young female slave who was with her. He continued, however, to serenade her every morning, until at last the queen, charmed with his harmony, sent for the bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmost skill to put that little creature in her possession. The king, pleased with an opportunity of being once more near his beloved comfort, easily suffered himself to be taken; and when he was presented to her, though he shewed a fearfulness to be touched by any of the other ladies, flew of his own accord, and hid himself in the queen's bosom. Zemroude was highly pleased at the unexpected fondness of her new favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an open cage in her own apartment. He had there an opportunity of making his court to her every morning, by a thousand little actions, which his shape allowed him to do. The queen passed away whole hours every day in hearing and playing with him. Fadlallah could even have thought himself happy in this state of life, had he not frequently and inexpressible torment of seeing the Dervise enter the apartment, and caress his queen even in his presence.

The usurper, amidst his toying with his princess, had not forgotten to endeavour to ingratiate himself with her nightingale; and while the enraged Fadlallah pecked at him with his bill, beat his wings, and shewed all the marks of an impatient rage, he only afforded his rival and the queen new matter for their diversion.

Zemroude was likewise fond of a little lap-dog, which she kept in her apartment, and which one night happened to die. The king immediately found himself inclined to quit the shape of the nightingale, and enliven this new body. He did so, and the next morning Zemroude saw her favourite dead in the cage. It is impossible to express her grief on this occasion; and when she called to mind all its little actions,

which even appeared to have somewhat in them like reason, she was inconsolable for the loss.

Her women immediately sent for the Dervise to come and comfort her, who after having in vain represented to her the weakness of being grieved at such an accident, touched at last by her repeated complaints—‘Well, Madam,’ says he, ‘I will exert the utmost of my art to please you. Your nightingale shall again revive every morning, and serenade you as before.’ The queen beheld him with a look which easily shewed she did not believe him, when laying himself down on a sofa, he shot his soul into the nightingale, and Zemroude was amazed to see her bird revive.

The king, who was a spectator of all that passed, lying under the shape of a lap dog, in one corner of the room, immediately recovered his own body, and running to the cage with the utmost indignation, twisted off the neck of the false nightingale.

Zemroude was more than ever amazed and concerned at this second accident, until the king intreating her to hear him, related to her his whole adventure.

The body of the Dervise which was found dead in the wood, and his edict for killing all the deer, left her no room to doubt of the truth of it; but the story adds, that out of an extreme delicacy, peculiar to the Oriental ladies, she was so highly afflicted at the innocent adultery in which she had for some time lived with the Dervise, that no arguments even from Fadlallah himself could compose her mind. She shortly after died with grief, begging his pardon with her last breath for what the most rigid justice could not have interpreted as a crime.

The king was so afflicted with her death, that he left his kingdom to one of his nearest relations, and passed the rest of his days in solitude and retirement.

Spectator.

No Life pleasing to God, but that which is useful to Mankind. An Eastern Story.

IT pleased our mighty sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich. Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused: he became pensive and melancholy: he spent his leisure in solitude: in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground; he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death; all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose feet they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the

“ world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil
 “ of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the
 “ Almighty.” Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and
 stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words
 he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world
 pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles; but every
 countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No
 man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after
 it had continued near an hour.

“ Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarm-
 “ ed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink
 “ of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force;
 “ but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a
 “ dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth; my life is
 “ a moment, and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages,
 “ are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should
 “ prepare; but by whom then must the faithful be governed?
 “ by those only, who have no fear of judgment? by those on-
 “ ly, whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not con-
 “ sider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the faithful?
 “ Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of
 “ perdition? and is the cell of the Dervise alone the gate of
 “ Paradise? To all, the life of a Dervise is not possible; to all,
 “ therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which
 “ has in this city been prepared for thy residence; I will me-
 “ ditate the reason of thy request; and may He who illumi-
 “ nates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with
 “ wisdom.”

Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no
 command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted.
 When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared
 more chearful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having
 kissed it, he presented it with his right-hand. “ My Lord!”
 said he, “ I have learned by this letter, which I received from
 “ Cosrou

" Cofrou the Iman, who stands now before thee, in what man-
 " ner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back
 " with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now re-
 " joice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep
 " these honours which I so lately wished to resign." The king,
 who listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprize and curiosity,
 immediately gave the letter to Cofrou, and commanded that it
 should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned up-
 on the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an ho-
 nest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read
 these words:

" To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty Lord
 " has honoured with dominion, be everlasting health! When
 " I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy govern-
 " ment from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded
 " with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with
 " sorrow. But who shall speak before the king when he is
 " troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is
 " distressed by doubt? To thee will I relate the events of my
 " youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths
 " which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee!

" Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I obtain-
 " ed an early knowledge of his art. To those who were
 " smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the
 " sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the
 " scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpe-
 " tually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself.
 " I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore,
 " to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise
 " every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an
 " opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary pover-
 " ty, and silent meditation, those who desired money, were
 " not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were
 " proper objects of bounty money was despised. I, therefore,
 " buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wan-
 " dered

"dered into a wild and sequestered part of the country : my
 "dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill : I drank the run-
 "ning water from the spring, and ate such fruits and herbs
 "as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I fre-
 "quently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the
 "cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret
 "influences of the Prophet, and expecting illuminations from
 "above. One morning after my nocturnal virgil, just as I
 "perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the
 "power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I
 "imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell ;
 "that the dawn increased ; and that as I looked earnestly for
 "the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it.
 "I perceived that it was in motion ; it increased in size as
 "it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle.
 "I still kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight
 "at a small distance, where I now descried a fox whose two
 "fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle
 "laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and
 "then disappeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead
 "upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruc-
 "tion of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus
 "to myself : Cofrou, thou hast done well to renounce the
 "tumult, the business, and vanities of life ; but thou hast as
 "yet only done it in part ; thou art still every day busied in
 "the search of food, thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither
 "is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught
 "by this vision ? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by
 "Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of
 "Heaven also supply thee with food ; when that which pre-
 "vents thee from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity but
 "devotion ? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply,
 "that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the
 "first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little
 "power of attending to any other object : this impatience,
 "however,

" however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my reso-
 " lution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my
 " knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and
 " hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility.
 " But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being,
 " who pronounced these words: ' Cosrou, I am the angel,
 " who by the command of the Almighty, have registered the
 " thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to re-
 " prove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above
 " that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction
 " which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the Fox?
 " hast thou not rather the powers of the Eagle? Arise, let the
 " Eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness,
 " be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not
 " rest, but action. If thou dost good to man as an evidence of
 " thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to di-
 " vine; and that happiness which is the pledge of Paradise, will
 " be thy reward upon earth.'

" At these words I was not less astonished than if a moun-
 " tain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself
 " in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure;
 " I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health
 " to the body gave me frequent opportunities of curing the
 " diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I
 " grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure
 " of the king that I should stand before him. Now, there-
 " fore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have
 " not received: As the sands of the desert drink up the drops
 " of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am
 " but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet. Believe
 " then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is prophane,
 " which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in specu-
 " lation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates
 " of Paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be
 " irradiated in a moment; here thou canst little more than
 " pile

" pile error upon error; there thou shalt build truth upon
 " truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; and in the
 " mean time emulate the Eagle. Much is in thy power;
 " and therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the
 " ALMIGHTY only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou
 " may'st stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no high-
 " er motive than immediate interest: thou canst not produce
 " the principle, but may'st enforce the practice. The relief
 " of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostenta-
 " tion, or charity; and the effect of example is the same,
 " whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man.
 " Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with
 " reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell. May
 " the smile of Him who resides in the Heaven of Heavens be
 " upon thee! and against thy name, in the volume of His
 " will may Happiness be written!"

The King, whose doubts like those of Mirza, were now re-
 moved, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of
 his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and
 commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posteri-
 ty may know " that no life is pleasing to God, but that which
 " is useful to Mankind."

Adventurer.

AFFECTION PARENTAL.

SENTIMENTS.

As the vexations which parents receive from their children
 hasten the approach of age, and double the force of years, so
 the comforts which they reap from them, are balm to all other
 sorrows, and disappoint the injuries of time. Parents repeat
 their lives in their offsprings; and their concern for them is so
 near,

near, that they feel all their sufferings, and taste all their enjoyments, as much as if they regarded their own persons.

However strong we may suppose the fondness of a father for his children, yet they will find more lively marks of tenderness in the bosom of a mother.—There are no ties in nature to compare with those which unite an affectionate mother to her children, when they repay her tenderness with obedience and love.

.....

EXAMPLES OF PARENTAL AFFECTION.

ZALEUCUS, prince of the Locrines, made a decree, that whoever was convicted of adultery should be punished with the loss of both his eyes. Soon after this establishment, the legislator's own son was apprehended in the very fact, and brought to a public trial. How could the father acquit himself in so tender and delicate a conjuncture? Should he execute the law in all its rigour, this would be worse than death to the unhappy youth; should he pardon so notorious a delinquent, this would defeat the design of his salutary institution. To avoid both these inconveniences, he ordered one of his own eyes to be pulled out, and one of his son's. *Ælian. Lib. 13.*

.....

SOLON enquiring of Thales, the Milesian philosopher, Why, considering the happy situation of his affairs, he had neither wife nor children; Thales, for the present, made him no answer. A few days after he introduced a stranger, properly instructed, who said, that he came ten days ago from Athens. Solon immediately asked him what news he brought from thence: I know of nothing extraordinary, replied he, except that the whole city celebrated the funeral of a young man, the son of a citizen, most eminent for his virtues, who, it seems,

went abroad upon his travels. Miserable man! cried Solon: but did not you hear his name? I did, returned the stranger, but I have forgot it; this I remember, that he was particularly famous for his wisdom and justice. Was it Solon? said our philosopher: It was, answered the stranger. Upon this, our legislator began to beat his head, to weep, and to discover all the symptoms of the deepest sorrow. But Thales interposing, with a smile, addressed him thus: "These, O Solon, are the things which make me afraid of marriage and children, since these are capable of affecting even so wise a man as you; be not, however, concerned, for this is all a fiction." Whether on this occasion, or on the real loss of a son, is uncertain, Solon being desired by a person not to weep, since weeping would avail nothing; he was answered with much humanity and good sense, *And for this cause I weep.* *Univ. Hist.*

AGESILAUS, king of Sparta, was of all mankind one of the most tender and indulgent fathers to his children. It is reported of him, that when they were little he would play with them, and divert himself and them with riding upon a stick: and that having been surprised by a friend in that action, he desired him *not to tell any body of it till he himself was a father.*

Rollin's Ant. Hist.

CORNELIA*, the illustrious mother of the Gracchi, after the death of her husband, who left her twelve children, applied herself to the care of her family, with a wisdom and prudence that acquired her universal esteem. Only three out of the twelve lived to years of maturity; one daughter, Sempronia, whom she married to the second Scipio Africanus: and two sons, Tiberius and Caius, whom she brought up with so much

care,

* *Legimus epistolas Corneliae matris Gracchorum, apparet filios non tam in ore quam in sermone matris educatos.* *Cic. in Brut. 2. 11.*

care, that, though they were generally acknowledged to have been born with the most happy geniuses and dispositions, it was judged that they were still more indebted to education than nature. The answer she gave a Campanian lady concerning them is very famous, and includes in it great instructions for ladies and mothers.

That lady, who was very rich, and still fonder of pomp and shew, after she had displayed in a visit she made her, her diamonds, pearls, and richest jewels, earnestly desired Cornelia to let her see her jewels also. Cornelia dexterously turned the conversation to another subject, to wait the return of her sons, who were gone to the public schools. When they returned and entered their mother's apartment, she said to the Campanian lady, pointing to them with her hand, *These are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire.* And such ornaments, which are the strength and support of society, add a brighter lustre to the fair than all the jewels of the East.

CARO, though he kept a master expressly for his son in his own house, yet he frequently examined him as to the progress he made in his learning; and, when time permitted, would take great pleasure in teaching him himself.

AGESILAUS did the same with regard to his grand-children, Caius and Lucius; and the great Theodosius made it a part of his religion to sit by Arsenius, whilst he taught his sons, Arcadius and Honorius.

Rom. Hist.

PAULUS ÆMILIUS, after the expiration of his first consulship, substituted the sweets of repose for the splendor of employments. As Augur, he applied himself to the affairs of religion; and as a father, to the education of his children. He was very reserved, and frugal in every thing that tended only to luxury and pomp;

pomp; but noble and magnificent in respect to expences of honour and duty; in consequence of which, he spared nothing to procure them an education worthy of their birth. Grammarians, rhetoricians, philosophers, sculptors, painters, masters expert in breaking and managing horses; hunters, who taught youth the exercises of the chase: in a word, he gave his sons all the aids and masters that were necessary in forming both their minds and bodies.

When he was not employed in public affairs, he would be present at their studies and exercises: by these assiduous cares evincing, that of all the Romans, he was the father who had most love and tenderness for his children. *Plut. in Æmil.*

THE best proof undoubtedly which parents can give of their affection to their children, is to endeavour to make them wise and good. The first class of duties which parents owe their children, respects their natural life; and this comprehends protection, nurture, provision, introducing them into the world in a manner suitable to their rank and fortune, and the like. The second order of duties regards the intellectual and moral life of their children, or their education in such arts and accomplishments as are necessary to qualify them for performing the duties they owe to themselves and others. As this was found to be the principal design of the matrimonial alliance, so the fulfilling that design is the most important and dignified of all the parental duties. In order therefore to fit the child for acting his part wisely and worthily as a man, as a citizen, and a creature of God, both parents ought to combine their joint wisdom, authority, and power, and each apart to employ those talents which are the peculiar excellency and ornament of their respective sex. The *father* ought to lay out and superintend their education; the *mother* to execute and manage the detail of which she is capable. The former should direct the manly exertion of the intellectual and moral powers of his child; his imagination and the manner of those exertions, are the peculi-

ar province of the latter. The former should advise, protect, command; and by his experience, masculine vigour, and that superior authority which is commonly ascribed to his sex, brace and strengthen his pupil for active life, for gravity, integrity, and firmness in suffering. The business of the latter is to bend and soften her male pupil by the charms of her conversation, and the softness and decency of her manners, for social life, for politeness of taste, and the elegant decorum and enjoyments of humanity: and to improve and refine the tenderness and modesty of her female pupil, and form her to all those mild domestic virtues, which are the peculiar characteristics and ornaments of her sex.

To conduct the opening minds of their sweet charge through the several periods of their progress, to assist them in each period in throwing out the latent seeds of reason and ingenuity, and in giving fresh accessions of light and virtue; and, at length, with all these advantages, to produce the young adventurers upon the great theatre of human life, to act their several parts in the sight of their friends, of society, and mankind; how gloriously does heaven reward the task, when the parents behold those dear images and representations of themselves, inheriting their virtues as well as fortunes, sustaining their respective characters gracefully and worthily, and giving them the agreeable prospect of transmitting their names with growing honours and advantages to a race yet unborn!

Beaut. of Hist.

The Strength of Parental Affection.

I WENT the other day to visit Eliza, who, in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine. that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little

little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head to adorn the hair of the pretty trifter. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally chearful.

As I came in, she said with a blush, "Mr Ironside, though you are an old bachelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children." I need not tell my reader what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction: since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided of plums or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? or is it because they think themselves obliged by the dictates of humanity to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our

ears are foothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man: what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! how amiable is such a weakness of human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection should, methinks, create a more grateful tenderness in children towards their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story, of tender friendships formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation: Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person whose story I am going to relate, was one, whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the King her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay

ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure ; which I shall relate in his own words.

“ I had been in this condition for four days when the countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related ; but when I found she knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German ; that I had been robbed ; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it, I having the honour to be known to her Majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me, and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

“ My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her, about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceedingly fine, and her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty ; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex.

“ The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness ; and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health ; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the countess of Venoski.

“ I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the

satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her, than I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully: and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

“ They both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German? which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprise, when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children! After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, are not these my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked

whose picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion; and falling upon her neck, "Ah, my dear child," said I, "yes, I am your father!" I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively emotions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite." *Spectator.*

.....
The Character of a GOOD FATHER.

THE good father is ever humane, tender, and affectionate to his children; he treats them, therefore, with lenity and kindness; corrects with prudence, rebukes with temper, and chastises with reluctance; he never suffers his indulgence to degenerate into weakness, or his affection to be biased by partiality: as he rejoices in their joy, and participates in their afflictions, he never suffers them to want a blessing which he can bestow, or lament an evil which he can prevent: whilst he continueth with them, he administers to their present happiness, and provides for their future felicity when he shall be removed from them; he is doubly cautious in preserving his own character, because theirs depend upon it: he is prudent, therefore, that they may be happy; industrious, that they may be rich; good and virtuous, that they may be respected; he instructs by his life, and teaches by his example; as he is thoroughly satisfied that piety is the source and foundation of every virtue, he takes care to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; that they may be good men, he endeavours to make them good *Christians*: and after having done every thing in his power to make them easy and happy here, he points out to them the only infallible means of securing eternal bliss and tranquility hereafter.

Beaut. of Hist.

The

The History of OLIVER CROMWELL.

AFTER the murder of Charles I. the commons published a proclamation, forbidding all persons, on pain of death, to acknowledge the late king's son, or any other, as sovereign of England. They likewise abolished the house of lords, where there were but sixteen peers sitting; so that, in all appearance, they took into their own hands the sovereignty of England and Ireland.

The house of commons, which should be composed of † five hundred and thirteen members, consisted then only of eighty. A new great seal was ordered to be made, on which was engraved these words, 'The parliament of the commonwealth of England.' The king's statue in the Royal-Exchange had been already pulled down, and now this inscription was affixed in its room: 'Charles the last king and the first tyrant.'

This same house condemned to death several noblemen, who had been taken prisoners fighting for their king. It was nothing extraordinary, that those who had violated the law of nations should infringe the law of arms; to do which the more effectually, the duke of Hamilton, a Scottish nobleman, was in the number of those devoted to death. This treatment was a principal means of determining the Scots to acknowledge Charles II. for their sovereign; but at the same time the law of liberty was so deeply rivetted in all hearts, that they restricted the royal authority within as narrow bounds as the English parliament had done at the beginning of the troubles. The Irish received their new king without conditions. Cromwell then got himself appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and immediately set out for that kingdom with the flower of the army, and was attended with his usual success.

Q. 92

In

* Voltaire's Hist. Works, vol. v. p. 276—288.

† Thus it was before the union; but it now consists of five hundred and fifty-eight.

In the mean time Charles II. was invited over to Scotland by the parliament of that kingdom, but on the same conditions they had proposed to his father. They insisted that he should be a presbyterian, as the Parisians had insisted upon his grandfather Henry IV's becoming a Roman catholic. They restricted the royal prerogative in all things; whereas Charles was resolved upon having it preserved full and entire. His father's fate had in no wise weakened in him those notions, which seem born in the heart of every monarch.

The first consequence of his being proclaimed king of Scotland, was a civil war. The Marquis of Montrose, a nobleman famous in those times for his personal valour and steady attachment to the royal family, had brought some soldiers from Germany and Denmark,* which he transported into the north of Scotland. Here he was joined by the Highlanders, and pretending to add the rights of conquest to those of his master, he was defeated, taken and hanged upon a gallows thirty feet high.

After the death of Montrose, the king finding himself absolutely without other resource, quitted Holland, and put himself in the power of those who had so lately hanged his general, and faithful friend and protector, and entered the city of Edinburgh by the very gate where the quarters of Montrose were still exposed. The new commonwealth of England began to make instant preparations for a war with Scotland, resolved that one half of the island should not be an asylum for a person who pretended to be king of the other likewise. This new commonwealth supported the change of government with as much prudence of conduct as it had shewn rage and fury in bringing it about; and it was an unheard of thing, that an handful of private citizens, without any chief to command them,

* The Marquis of Montrose brought a few Scotch officers from the continent; but he had no other troops than about 1200 Irish and a few Highlanders, with whom he obtained several surprizing victories before he was defeated by David Leslie.

them, should keep the peers of the realm at a silent distance, strip the bishops of their dignity, restrain the people within bounds, maintain an army of sixteen thousand men in Ireland, and the same in England, support a formidable fleet well provided with necessaries, and punctually pay all demands, without any one member in the house enriching himself at the nation's expence. To provide for so great a charge, they observed the strictest œconomy in the management of the revenues formerly annexed to the crown, and made a sale of the forfeited lands of the bishops and chapters for ten years. In short, the nation paid a tax of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling per month; a tax ten times greater than that of ship money, which Charles I. had attempted to raise by his own authority, and which had been the first cause of so many disasters.

This parliament was not under Cromwell's direction, he being at that time on his Irish expedition, with his son-in-law Ireton; but it was chiefly guided by the independent party, who still bore a great sway. It was resolved by the house to assemble an army against the Scots, and to send Cromwell thither, next in command under general Fairfax; accordingly he received orders to quit Ireland, which he had almost subdued. General Fairfax refused to accept the command of the army against the Scots. He was not an independent, but he was a presbyterian, and pretended that his conscience would not suffer him to attack his brethren, as they had not invaded England; and, notwithstanding the earnest solicitations of the house, resigned his commission, and retired to end his days in peace. This was no extraordinary resolution, at a period, and in a country, where every one acted by his own rules. This however proved the æra of Cromwell's greatness, who was appointed general in the place of Fairfax, and marched into Scotland at the head of an army accustomed to victory for upwards of ten years. He beat the Scottish army at Dunbar, and immediately took possession of the city of Edinburgh. From thence

thence he went in pursuit of Charles, who was advanced into England as far as Worcester, in hopes that the English royalists would rise in his behalf and join him there; but his army consisted chiefly of new-raised troops, raw and undisciplined. Cromwell came up with, and attacked him on the banks of the Severn, and gained, after very little resistance, the compleatest victory that had ever crowned his arms. He carried near seven thousand prisoners to London, who were sold as slaves to the American planters. The victorious army made itself master of all Scotland, while Cromwell pursued the king from place to place.

Imagination, the parent of fiction, never conceived a train of more extraordinary adventures, more pressing dangers, or more cruel extremities, than those which Charles experienced in his flight from his father's murderer. He was obliged to travel almost alone through bye-paths, half spent with hunger and fatigue, till he arrived in Staffordshire. There he concealed himself a whole night and day, in the hollow of a large oak in the midst of a wood, † surrounded by Cromwell's soldiers, who were every where in search of him. The oak was still to be seen at the beginning of this century. Astronomers have given it a place among the constellations of the southern pole, and have thus perpetuated the remembrance of these disasters. This prince, after wandering from village to village, sometimes disguised like a postilion, sometimes in women's apparel, and sometimes like a wood-cutter, at length found means to escape in a small fishing-boat, and was safely landed in Normandy, after having undergone, for six weeks, a train of adventures that almost exceed credibility.

Cromwell, in the mean time, returned to London in triumph. He was met a few miles from the city by the speaker of the house, accompanied by several of the members, and the mayor and magistrates of London in their formalities. The first thing he

† It was at Boscobel in Shropshire, that the king and colonel Careless concealed themselves among the branches of an oak.

he did after his return, was to persuade the parliament to an abuse of the victory their troops had gained, and which was so flattering to the English. The house passed an act for incorporating Scotland, as a conquered country, with the English commonwealth; and royalty was abolished among the conquered, as it had already been among the victors.

Never had England been more powerful than since it had become a commonwealth. The parliament, which was wholly composed of republicans, formed the extraordinary project of joining the seven United Provinces to that of England, as it had lately incorporated Scotland. The stadtholder William II. son-in-law to Charles I. was lately dead, after having attempted to make himself absolute in Holland, as Charles I. had attempted it in England, but with no better success. He left a son in the cradle; and the English parliament hoped that the Dutch would as easily give up their stadtholder as the English had done its monarch; in which case the united republic of England, Scotland and Holland, might hold the balance of Europe; but the friends of the house of Orange having vigorously opposed this project, which favoured greatly of the enthusiasm of the times, this very enthusiasm determined the English parliament to declare war against Holland. The two republics had several engagements at sea with various success. Some of the wisest among the members, who began to dread Cromwell's great influence and power, concurred in carrying on the war, that they might have a pretence for encreasing the navy expence, which might oblige the parliament to disband the army, and thus by degrees overthrow the dangerous power of the general.

Cromwell saw into their schemes, as they had penetrated into his; and now he threw off the mask entirely, and shewed himself in his proper colours. He told major general Vernon, that 'he was compelled to do that which made his hair stand on end.' He hastened to the house with a detachment of chosen men, and followed by the officers who were most at his devotion,

devotion, and set a guard upon the door; then he entered and took his place, and after some little pause, 'Methinks, said he, 'this parliament is ripe enough to be dissolved.' Some of the members having reproached him with ingratitude, he started up in the middle of the house, and exclaimed, 'The Lord has 'done with you, and has made choice of other instruments.' After this fanatic speech he reviled all present in the most opprobrious terms, reproaching one as a drunkard, another as a whore-master, and telling them all that the gospel condemned them, and that they had nothing to do but to dissolve themselves immediately. His officers and soldiers then entered the house, where pointing to the mace, he bade one of them 'take 'away that bauble.' Major general Harrison then went up to the speaker, and obliged him to leave the chair by violence; Cromwell then turning to the members, 'It is you, added he, 'that have forced me upon this. I have prayed to the Lord 'night and day that he would rather slay me than put me up- 'on this work.' Having said this, he turned out all the mem- bers one by one, locked the doors himself, and carried away the key in his pocket.

What is still more strange is, that the parliament being thus dissolved by force, and there being no acknowledged legislative authority, every thing did not fall into confusion. Cromwell called a council of his officers, and it was by them that the constitution of the state was truly changed. On this occasion that happened in England, which we have already seen happen in all countries in the world; the strong gave laws to the weak.

At Cromwell's instigation, this council nominated one hundred and forty-four persons to represent the nation in parliament; these were chiefly taken from the lowest class of the people, such as shop-keepers and journeymen handicrafts. One of the most active members of this parliament was a leather-feller, named Barebones, from whom this assembly was called Barebone's Parliament.

Cromwell, as general, sent a written order to all these members, requiring them to come and take upon them the sovereign power, and to govern the nation. This assembly, after sitting five months, during which time it became the object of ridicule and contempt to the whole nation, came to a resolution to dissolve itself, and resigned the sovereign power into the hands of the council of war, who thereupon, of their own authority, declared Cromwell protector of the three kingdoms, and sent for the lord mayor and aldermen to join in the same. Oliver was then conducted to Whitehall with great ceremony, and there installed in the royal palace, where he afterwards took up his residence. He was honoured with the title of Your Highness; and the city of London invited him to a feast, where the same honours were shewn him as had been paid to their kings. Thus did a private gentleman of Wales, † from an amazing conjunction of courage and hypocrisy, rise to the kingly power, though under another name.

He was near fifty-three years of age when he attained the sovereign power, forty-two years of which time he had passed without having had any employ civil or military. He was hardly known in 1642, when the house of commons, of which he was a member, gave him a commission for a major of horse. From this beginning it was that he rose to be master of that house and the army; and, after having subdued Charles I. and his son, stepped into their throne; and without being king, reigned more absolutely and fortunately than any king had ever done. He chose a council consisting of fourteen of the principal officers, who had been the companions of his fortunes, to each of whom he assigned a pension of a thousand pounds sterling. The forces were paid one month's advance; the magazines of all kinds were regularly supplied. In the treasury, of which he had the sole management, there were three hundred

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thousand

† He was born at Huntingdon of a good family, though he inherited but a small estate from his family.

thousand pounds sterling, and about one hundred and fifty thousand in that of Ireland. The Dutch sued to him for peace, and he dictated the conditions, which were, that they should pay three hundred thousand pounds sterling; that the ships of the States-General should pay the compliment to the British flag; and that the young prince of Orange should never be restored to the offices or posts of his ancestors. This was the same prince who afterwards dethroned James II. as Cromwell had dethroned his father.

All the nations of Europe vied with each other in courting the protector. France courted his alliance against Spain, and put Dunkirk into his hands. His admirals took the island of Jamaica from the Spaniards, which has ever since remained with the English. Ireland, was entirely subdued, and treated like a conquered country. The estates of the vanquished were bestowed upon the victors; and those who were most attached to the royal cause, died by the hands of the common executioner.

Cromwell, who governed with all the authority of a king, convoked several parliament; but as he was always their master, he dissolved them whenever he pleased. He discovered all the plots that were formed against him, and prevented many insurrections. The peers were wholly excluded from his parliament, and lived in obscurity on their respective estates. He had the address to prevail on one of these parliaments, to make him a tender of the royal dignity, that he might refuse it; and by that means, more effectually secure his real power. He resided in the royal palace, where he lived a retired and gloomy life, without the least pomp or extravagance. General Ludlow, who was his lieutenant in Ireland, relates, that when the protector sent his son Henry Cromwell over to that kingdom, he sent only one servant to attend him. He was always of a morose disposition; he was sober, temperate, saving, though not greedy of another's possessions; he was diligent and punctual in all public affairs. By this dexterous management,
he

he kept well with all sects; he did not persecute those of the Romish communion, or of the church of England, who now hardly dared to shew their heads; he had chaplains of all parties; he was an enthusiast with the fanatics (now called the Presbyterians) whom he had cheated, subdued, and no longer feared; and would laugh at them with the Deists, placing confidence only in the independents, who could not subsist but through him. By this conduct, he preserved to his last hour, an authority which had been cemented with blood, and supported by force and artifice.

Notwithstanding his sobriety, nature had limited his life to fifty-eight years. He died of a common fever, occasioned probably by the anxiety of mind, ever attendant upon tyranny; for towards the latter part of his life, he was under continual apprehensions of being assassinated: he never lay two nights together in the same room. At his death, he nominated his son Richard his successor in the protectorship. As soon as the breath was out of his body, one of his presbyterian chaplains, named Herries, comforted the by-standers with this speech: 'Do not be dismayed; as he protected the Lord's people so long as he remained amongst us, he will protect us more powerfully, now that he is ascended into Heaven, where he will be seated at the right hand of Christ.' The spirit of Fanaticism was so powerful at that time, and Cromwell was held in such high esteem, that no one laughed at this ridiculous notion.

Notwithstanding the different interests which prevailed at that time, Richard Cromwell was peaceably proclaimed protector in London. The council issued an order for the funeral of the deceased protector, which was more magnificent than that of any of the kings of England. They chose as a model on this occasion, the ceremonial which had been used at the death of Philip II. king of Spain. It is to be observed, that Philip was represented as being in purgatory for two months, in an apartment hung with black, and lighted with only a few

tapers. He was afterwards represented as in Heaven. The body was laid on a bed, richly adorned with gold, in an apartment hung with cloth of the same, and illuminated with upwards of five hundred tapers, the light of which was again reflected from silver plates, which formed a lustre, equal to that of the Sun at noon-day. The same ceremony was observed at Oliver's funeral. He was laid on a bed of state, with the crown on his head, and a golden sceptre in his hand. The people gave little attention either to this imitation of a Romish ceremony, or the magnificence with which it was accompanied. The dead body was embalmed and deposited in the royal vault, from whence Charles II. after his restoration, caused it to be removed, and exposed upon a gallows.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Common RAM.

THE Sheep, in its present domestic state, seems so far removed from a state of nature, that it may be deemed a difficult matter to point out its origin. Climate, food, and above all, the unwearied arts of cultivation, contribute to render this animal, in a peculiar manner, the creature of man; to whom it is obliged to trust entirely for its protection, and to whose necessities it largely contributes. Though singularly inoffensive, and harmless even to a proverb, it does not appear to be that stupid, inanimate creature described by Buffon, "devoid of every necessary art of self-preservation, without courage, and even deprived of every instinctive faculty, we are led to conclude, that the Sheep, of all other animals, is the most contemptible and stupid:" But amidst those numerous flocks which range without controul on extensive mountains, where they seldom

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NATURAL HISTORY.

The Common Rail.

The Sheep in its present domestic state seems to be derived from a state of nature, and may be deemed a half-wild animal. Climate, food, and sport, all conspire to point out its origin. The unvaried arts of cultivation contribute to render this animal, in a peculiar manner, the creature of man; to whom it is obliged to trust entirely for its protection, and to whose necessities it largely contributes. Though singularly inoffensive and harmless even to a proverb, it does not appear to be a stupid, inanimate creature described by Buffon, "everywhere necessarily art of self-protection, without courage, and even deprived of every instinctive faculty, we are led to conclude that the Sheep of all other animals is the most susceptible and stupid." But amidst those numerous flocks which range without control on extensive moorlands, where they are

The R A M.



The SHEP



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dom depend upon the aid of the shepherd, it will be found to assume a very different character. In those situations, a Ram or a Wedder will boldly attack a single Dog, and often come off victorious: But when the danger is more alarming, they have recourse to the collected strength of the whole flock.— On such occasions, they draw up into a compact body, placing the young and the females in the center; while the males take the foremost ranks, keeping close by each other. Thus an armed front is presented on all quarters, and cannot easily be attacked without danger of destruction to the assailant. In this manner they wait with firmness the approach of the enemy; nor does their courage fail them in the moment of attack: For when the aggressor advances within a few yards of the line, the Rams dart upon him with such impetuosity as lays him dead at their feet, unless he save himself by flight. Against the attacks of single Dogs or Foxes, when in this situation, they are perfectly secure. A Ram, regardless of danger, will some times engage a Bull; and his forehead being much harder than that of any other animal, he seldom fails to conquer: For the Bull, by lowering his head, receives the stroke of the Ram between his eyes, which usually brings him to the ground.

In the selection of their food, few animals discover greater sagacity than the Sheep; nor does any domestic animal shew more dexterity and cunning in its attempts to elude the vigilance of the shepherd, in order to steal such delicacies as are agreeable to its palate. Besides its hardness in enduring great severities of weather, the natural instinct of the Sheep in foreseeing the approach of a storm is no less remarkable: In their endeavours to secure themselves under the shelter of some hill, whole flocks have frequently been buried for many days under a covering of snow, and have afterwards been taken out without any material injury. Thus beautifully described by Thomson:—

“ Of

“ Oft the whirlwind’s wing
 “ Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
 “ At one wide waft ; and o’er the hapless flocks,
 “ Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 “ The billowy tempest whelms.”

There have been instances where Sheep, at the approach of a storm, have fled for shelter to a neighbouring cottage, and taken refuge under the same roof with their shepherd.

The variety in this creature is so great, that scarcely any two countries produce Sheep of the same kind ; there is found a manifest difference in all, either in the size, the covering, the shape, or the horns.

The woolly Sheep is found only in Europe and in the temperate provinces of Asia : When transported into warmer climates, it loses its wool, and becomes hairy and rough ; it is likewise less fertile, and its flesh no longer retains the same flavour.

No country produces finer Sheep than Great Britain : Their fleeces are large, and well adapted to the various purposes of cloathing. The Spanish fleeces are indeed finer, but stand in no degree of comparison with those of Lincolnshire or Warwickshire for weight or utility. In Edward III.’s time, when wool was allowed to be exported, it brought 150,000*l.* *per annum*, at 2*l.* 10*s.* a pack, which was a great sum in those days : At this time, when our woollen manufactory stands unrivalled by any nation in the world, and every method is taken to prevent this valuable commodity from being sent out of the kingdom, the annual value of wool shorn in England, is estimated at two millions sterling, and when manufactured, at no less than six millions.

Like other ruminating animals, the Sheep wants the upper fore-teeth : It has eight in the lower jaw, two of which drop out, and are replaced at two years old ; four of them are renewed at three years, and the remainder at the age of four.

The Ewe produces one or two lambs at a time, and some times, though rarely, three or four ; bears her young five months,

months, and brings forth in the spring. The Ram lives to the age of about fifteen years, and begins to procreate at one. When castrated, they are called Wedders. They then grow sooner fat, and the flesh becomes finer and better flavoured.

There is hardly any part of this animal that is not serviceable to man: Of the fleece we make our clothes; the skin produces leather, of which are made gloves, parchment, and covers for books; the entrails are formed into strings for fiddles and other musical instruments, likewise coverings for whips; its milk affords both butter and cheese; and its flesh is a delicate and wholesome food.

In the northern districts of Scotland, and in many of the islands, there is a breed of Sheep which differs from the others in the smallness of their size, many of them when fed weighing no more than six, seven, or eight pounds per quarter. They have dun faces, without horns; and their wool, which is very fine, is variously mixed, and streaked with black, brown, and red.

To these various and numerous tribes of this useful animal, we must add, that, by the persevering industry and attention of Mr Bakewell of Dishley, in Leicestershire, our breed of Sheep has been greatly improved; and he has been followed by many eminent breeders, with nearly equal success.

It seems to be generally agreed, that in Sheep, as well as in all other animals, there is a certain symmetry or proportion of parts, which is best adapted to the size of each particular animal: All those of each kind that exceed, or fall short of this pitch, are more or less disproportioned, according to the size they attain to; and in the degree they are advanced beyond this line of perfection, we find them less active, weaker, and always less able to endure hardship. Thus, by selecting the handsomest and best proportioned of their kinds, the judicious breeder has gradually arrived at a degree of perfection in improving this animal, unknown at any former period.

The Common GOAT

THIS lively, playful, and capricious creature occupies the next step in the great scale of Nature; and, though inferior to the Sheep in value, in various instances bears a strong affinity to that useful animal. The Goat and the Sheep will propagate together: The He-Goat copulates with the Ewe, and the Ram with the She-Goat; the offspring likewise is prolific.

The Goat is a much more hardy animal than the Sheep, and is in every respect more fitted for a life of liberty: It is not easily confined to a flock, but chuses its own pasture, straying wherever its appetite or inclination leads: It chiefly delights in wild and mountainous regions, climbing the loftiest rocks, and standing secure on the verge of inaccessible and dangerous precipices; although, as Ray observes, one would hardly suppose that their feet were adapted to such perilous achievements; yet, upon a nearer inspection, the wonder ceases, and we find that Nature has provided them with hoofs well calculated for the purpose of climbing, being made hollow underneath, with sharp edges, like the inside of a spoon, which prevents them sliding off these rocky eminences.

The Goat is an animal easily sustained, and is chiefly, therefore, the property of those who inhabit wild and uncultivated regions, where it finds an ample supply of food from the spontaneous productions of Nature, in situations inaccessible to other creatures. It delights rather on the heathy mountains, or the shrubby rock, than the fields cultivated by human industry. Its favourite food is the tops of the boughs, or the tender bark of young trees. It bears a warm climate better than the Sheep, and frequently sleeps exposed to the hottest rays of the sun.

The milk of the Goat is sweet, nourishing, and medicinal, being found highly beneficial in consumptive cases: It is not so apt to curdle upon the stomach as that of the Cow. From the shrubs and heath on which it feeds, the milk of the Goat ac-

quires a flavour and wildness of taste very different from that of either the Sheep or Cow, and is highly pleasing to such as have accustomed themselves to its use: It is made into whey for those whose digestion is too weak, to bear it in its primitive state. Several places in the north of England and the mountainous parts of Scotland, are much resorted to for the purpose of drinking the milk of the Goat, and its effects have been generally salutary in vitiated and debilitated habits.

In many parts of Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland, their Goats make the chief possessions of the inhabitants; and in most of the mountainous parts of Europe, supply the natives with many of the necessaries of life: They lie upon beds made of their skins, which are soft, clean, and wholesome; they live upon their milk, and oat bread; they convert part of it into butter, and some into cheese. The flesh of the kid, which they do not allow themselves to taste, is considered by the city epicure as a great rarity; and, when properly prepared, is esteemed by some as little inferior to venison.

The Goat produces generally two young at a time, sometimes three, rarely four: In warmer climates, it is more prolific, and produces four or five at once; though the breed is found to degenerate. The male is capable of propagating at one year old, and the female at seven months; but the fruits of a generation so premature, are generally weak and defective: Their best time is at the age of two years, or eighteen months at least. The Goat is a short-lived animal, full of ardour, but soon enervated. His appetite for the female is excessive, so that one buck is sufficient for one hundred and fifty females.

Hist. of Quad.

On Embellishments of STYLE.

THE design of expression is to convey our thoughts truly and clearly to the world, in such a manner as is most probable to attain the end we propose, in communicating what we have conceived to the public; and therefore men have not thought it enough to write plainly, unless they wrote agreeably, so as to engage the attention, and work upon the affections, as well as inform the understanding of their readers: for which reason, all arts have been invented to make their writings pleasing, as well as profitable; and those arts are very commendable and honest; they are no trick, no delusion, or imposition on the senses and understanding of mankind; for they are founded in nature, and formed upon observing her operations in all the various passions and workings of our minds.

To this we owe all the beauties and embellishments of style; all figures and schemes of speech, and those several decorations that are used in writings to enliven and adorn the work. The flourishes of fancy resemble the flourishes of the pen in mechanic writers; and the illuminators of manuscripts, and of the press, borrowed their title perhaps from the illumination which a bright genius every where gives to his work, and disperses through his composition.

The commendation of this art of enlightening and adorning a subject, lies in a right distribution of the shades and light. It is in writing, as in picture, in which the art is to observe where the lights will fall, to produce the most beautiful parts to the day, and cast in shades what we cannot hope will shine to advantage.

It were endless to pursue this subject through all the ornaments and illustrations of speech; and yet I would not dismiss it without pointing at the general rules and necessary qualifica-

tions required in those who would attempt to shine in the productions of their pen. And therefore you must pardon me if I seem to go back, for we cannot raise any regular and durable pile of building without laying a firm foundation. *Felton.*

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On the Purity and Idiom of Language.

WHILE the Romans studied and used the Greek tongue, only to improve and adorn their own, the Latin flourished, and grew every year more copious, more elegant, and expressive; but in a few years after, the ladies and beaux of Rome affected to speak Greek, and regarding nothing but the softness and effeminacy of that noble language, they weakened and corrupted their native tongue: and the monstrous affectation of our travelled ladies and gentlemen to speak in the French air, French tone, French terms, to dress, to cook, to write, to court in French, corrupted at once our language and our manners, and introduced an abominable gallimaufry of French and English mixed together, that made the innovators ridiculous to all men of sense. The French tongue hath undoubtedly its graces and beauties, and I am not against any real improvement of our own language from that or any other; but we are always so foolish, or unfortunate, as never to make any advantage of our neighbours. We affect nothing of theirs but what is silly and ridiculous; and by neglecting the substantial use of their language, we only enervate and spoil our own.

Languages, like our bodies, are in a perpetual flux, and stand in need of recruits to supply the place of those words that are continually falling off through disuse: and since it is so, I think 'tis better to raise them at home than abroad. We had better rely on our own troops than foreign forces, and I believe we have sufficient strength and numbers within ourselves: there is a vast treasure, an inexhaustible fund in the old En-

glish, from whence authors may draw constant supplies, as our officers make their surest recruits from the coal-works and the mines. The weight, the strength, and significance of many antiquated words, should recommend them to use again. 'Tis only wiping off the rust they have contracted, and separating them from the dross they ly mingled with, and both in value and beauty they will rise above the standard, rather than fall below it.

Perhaps our tongue is not so musical to the ear, nor so abundant in multiplicity of words; but its strength is real, and its words are therefore the more expressive: the peculiar character of our language is, that it is close, compact, and full; and our writings (if you will excuse two Latin words) come nearest to what Tully means by his *Pressa Oratio*. They are all weight and substance, good measure pressed together, and running over in a redundancy of sense, and not of words. And therefore the purity of our language consists in preserving this character, in writing with the English strength and spirit: let us not envy others, that they are more soft, and diffuse, and rarified; be it our commendation to write as we pay, in true Sterling; if we want supplies, we had better revive old words than create new ones. I look upon our language as good bullion, if we do not debase it with too much alloy; and let me leave this censure with you, That he who corrupteth the purity of the English tongue with the most specious foreign words and phrases, is just as wise as those modish ladies that change their plate for china; for which I think the laudable traffic of old cloaths is much the fairest barter. *Felton.*

On Plainness and Perspicuity.

AFTER this regard to the purity of our language, the next quality of a just style is its plainness and perspicuity. This is the

the greatest commendation we can give an author, and the best argument that he is master of the language he writes in, and the subject he writes upon, when we understand him, and see into the scope and tendency of his thoughts, as we read him. All obscurity of expression, and darkness of sense, do arise from the confusion of the writer's thoughts, and his want of proper words. If a man hath not a clear perception of the matters he undertakes to treat of, be his style never so plain as to the words he uses, it never can be clear; and if his thoughts upon this subject be never so just and distinct, unless he has a ready command of words, and a faculty of easy writing in plain obvious expressions, the words will perplex the sense, and cloud the clearness of his thoughts.

It is the unhappiness of some, that they are not able to express themselves clearly: their heads are crowded with a multiplicity of undigested knowledge, which lies confused in the brain, without any order or distinction. It is the vice of others, to affect obscurity in their thoughts and language, to write in a difficult crabbed style, and perplex the reader with an intricate meaning in more intricate words.

The common way of offending against plainness and perspicuity of style, is an affectation of hard unusual words, and of close contracted periods: the faults of pedants and sententious writers! that are vainly ostentatious of their learning, or their wisdom. Hard words and quaint expressions are abominable: wherever you meet such a writer, throw him aside for a cockcomb. Some authors of reputation have used a short and concise way of expression, I must own; and if they are not so clear as others, the fault is to be laid on the brevity they labour after: for while we study to be concise, we can hardly avoid being obscure. We crowd our thoughts into too small a compass, and are so sparing of our words, that we will not afford enow to express our meaning.

There is another extreme in obscure writers, not much taken notice of, which some empty conceited heads are apt to

run into out of a prodigality of words, and a want of sense. This is the extravagance of your copious writers, who lose their meaning in the multitude of words, and bury their sense under heaps of phrases. Their understanding is rather rarified than condensed: their meaning, we cannot say, is dark and thick; it is too light and subtle to be discerned; it is spread so thin, and diffused so wide, that it is hard to be collected. Two lines would express all they say in two pages: 'tis nothing but whipt syllabub and froth, a little varnish and gilding, without any solidity or substance. *Felton.*

On the Decorations and Ornaments of Style.

THE deepest rivers have the plainest surface, and the purest waters are always clearest. Crystal is not the less solid for being transparent; the value of a style rises like the value of precious stones. If it be dark and cloudy, it is in vain to polish it; it bears its worth in its native looks, and the same art which enhances its price when it is clear, only debases it if it be dull.

You see I have borrowed some metaphors to explain my thoughts; and it is, I believe, impossible to describe the plainness and clearness of style, without some expressions clearer than the terms I am otherwise bound up to use.

You must give me leave to go on with you to the decorations and ornaments of style: there is no inconsistency between the plainness and perspicuity, and the ornament of writing. A style resembleth beauty, where the face is clear and plain as to symmetry and proportion, but is capable of wonderful improvements as to features and complexion. If I may transgress in too frequent allusions, because I would make every thing plain to you, I would pass on from painters to statuary, whose excellence it is at first to form true and just proportions,

portions, and afterwards to give them that softness, that expression, that strength and delicacy, which make them almost breathe and live.

The decorations of style are formed out of those several schemes and figures which are contrived to express the passions and motions of our minds in our speech; to give life and ornament, grace and beauty, to our expressions. I shall not undertake the rhetorician's province, in giving you an account of all the figures they have invented, and those several ornaments of writing, whose grace and commendation ly in being used with judgment and propriety. It were endless to pursue this subject through all the schemes and illustrations of speech: but there are some common forms, which every writer upon every subject may use, to enliven and adorn his work.

These are metaphor and similitude; and those images and representations, that are drawn in the strongest and most lively colours, to imprint what the writer would have his readers conceive more deeply on their minds. In the choice, and in the use of these, your ordinary writers are most apt to offend. Images are very sparingly to be introduced; their proper place is in poems and orations; and their use is to move pity or terror, admiration, compassion, anger, and resentment, by representing something very affectionate or very dreadful, very astonishing, very miserable, or very provoking, to our thoughts. They give a wonderful force and beauty to the subject, where they are painted by a masterly hand; but if they are either weakly drawn, or unskilfully placed, they raise no passion but indignation in the reader. *Ibid.*

On Metaphors and Similitudes.

THE most common ornaments are Metaphors and Similitude. One is an allusion to words, the other to things; and both have their beauties, if properly applied.

Similitudes ought to be drawn from the most familiar and best known particulars in the world : if any thing is dark and obscure in them, the purpose of using them is defeated ; and that which is not clear itself, can never give light to any thing that wants it. It is the idle fancy of some poor brains to run out perpetually into a course of similitudes, confounding their subject by the multitude of likenesses ; and making it like so many things, that it is like nothing at all. This trifling humour is good for nothing, but to convince us, that the author is in the dark himself ; and, while he is likening his subject to every thing, he knoweth not what it is like.

There is another tedious fault in some simile men, which is, drawing their comparisons into a great length and minute particulars, where it is of no importance whether the resemblance holds or not. But the true art of illustrating any subject by similitude, is, first to pitch on such a resemblance as all the world will agree in ; and then, without being careful to have it run on all four, to touch it only in the strongest lines, and the nearest likenesses : and this will secure us from all stiffness and formality in similitude, and deliver us from the nauseous repetition of *as* and *so*, which some so so writers, if I may beg leave to call them so, are continually founding in our ears.

I have nothing to say to those gentlemen who bring similitudes and forget the resemblance. All the pleasure we can take, when we meet these promising sparks, is in the disappointment, where we find their fancy is so like their subject, that it is not like at all. *Ibid.*

On Metaphors.

METAPHORS require great judgment and consideration in the use of them. They are a shorter similitude, where the likeness is rather implied than expressed. The signification of one word,

word, in metaphors, is transferred to another, and we talk of one thing in the terms and propriety of another. But there must be a common resemblance, some original likeness in nature, some correspondence and easy transition, or metaphors are shocking and confused.

The beauty of them displays itself in their easiness and propriety, where they are naturally introduced; but where they are forced and crowded, too frequent and various, and do not rise out of the course of thought, but are constrained and pressed into the service, instead of making the discourse more lively and chearful, they make it fullen, dull, and gloomy.

You must form your judgment upon the best models and the most celebrated pens, where you will find the metaphor in all its grace and strength, shedding a lustre and beauty on the work: for it ought never to be used but when it gives greater force to the sentence, an illustration to the thought, and insinuates a silent argument in the allusion. The use of metaphors is not only to convey the thought in a more pleasing manner, but to give it a stronger impression, and enforce it on the mind. Where this is not regarded, they are vain and trifling trash; and in a due observance of this, in a pure, chaste, natural expression, consist the justness, beauty, and delicacy of style.

Felton.

On Epithets,

I HAVE said nothing of Epithets. Their business is to express the nature of the things they are applied to; and the choice of them depends upon a good judgment, to distinguish what are the most proper titles to be given on all occasions, and a complete knowledge in the accidents, qualities, and affections of every thing in the world. They are of most ornament when they are of use; they are to determine the character of every person, and decide the merits of every cause; conscience and

justice are to be regarded, and great skill and exactness are required in the use of them. For it is of great importance to call things by their right names: the points of satire, and strains of compliment, depend upon it; otherwise we may make an ass of a lion; commend a man in satire, and lampoon him in panegyric. Here also there is room for genius: common justice and judgment should direct us to say what is proper at least; but it is parts and fire that will prompt us to the most lively and most forcible epithets that can be applied; and 'tis in their energy and propriety their beauty lies. *Felton.*

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On Allegories.

ALLEGORIES I need not mention, because they are not so much any ornament of style, as an artful way of recommending truth to the world in a borrowed shape, and a dress more agreeably to the fancy, than naked truth herself can be. Truth is ever most beautiful and evident in her native dress; and the arts that are used to convey her to our minds, are no argument that she is deficient, but so many testimonies of the corruption of our nature, when truth, of all things the plainest and sincerest, is forced to gain admittance to us in disguise, and court us in masquerade.

Ibid.

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On the Sublime.

THERE is one ingredient more required to the perfection of style, which I have partly mentioned already, in speaking of the suitableness of the thoughts to the subject, and of the words to the thoughts; but you will give me leave to consider it in another light, with regard to the majesty and dignity of the subject.

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It is fit, as we have said already, that the thoughts and expressions should be suited to the matter on all occasions; but in nobler and greater subjects, especially where the theme is sacred and divine, it must be our care to think and write up to the dignity and majesty of the things we presume to treat of: nothing little, mean, or low, no childish thoughts or boyish expressions, will be endured: all must be awful and grave, and great and solemn. The noblest sentiments must be conveyed in the weightiest words: all ornaments and illustrations must be borrowed from the richest parts of universal nature; and in divine subjects, especially when we attempt to speak of God, of his wisdom, goodness, and power, of his mercy and justice, of his dispensations and providence, (by all which he is pleased to manifest himself to the sons of men) we must raise our thoughts, and enlarge our minds, and search all the treasures of knowledge for every thing that is great, wonderful, and magnificent: we can only express our thoughts of the Creator in the works of his creation; and the brightest of these can only give us some feint shadows of his greatness and his glory. The strongest figures are too weak, the most exalted language too low, to express his ineffable excellence. No hyperbole can be brought to heighten our thoughts; for in so sublime a theme nothing can be hyperbolical. The riches of imagination are poor, and all the rivers of eloquence are dry, in supplying thought on an infinite subject. How poor and mean, how base and grovelling, are the heathen conceptions of the Deity! something sublime and noble must needs be said on so great an occasion; but in this great article, the most celebrated of the Heathen pens seem to flag and sink; they bear up in no proportion to the dignity of the theme, as if they were depressed by the weight, and dazzled with the splendour of the subject.

We have no instances to produce of any writers that rise at all to the majesty and dignity of the Divine Attributes except the sacred penmen. No less than Divine Inspiration could enable men to write worthily of God; and none but the Spirit of

God knew how to express his greatness, and display his glory: in comparison of these divine writers, the greatest geniuses, the noblest wits of the Heathen world, are low and dull. The sublime majesty and royal magnificence of the scripture poems are above the reach and beyond the power of all mortal wit. Take the best and liveliest poems of antiquity, and read them as we do the scriptures, in a prose translation, and they are flat and poor. Horace, and Virgil, and Homer, lose their spirits and their strength in the transference, to that degree that we have hardly patience to read them. But the sacred writings, even in our translation, preserve their majesty and their glory, and very far surpass the brightest and noblest compositions of Greece and Rome. And this is not owing to the richness and solemnity of the eastern eloquence, (for it holds in no other instance) but to the divine direction and assistance of the holy writers. For, let me only make this remark, that the most literal translation of the scriptures, in the most natural signification of the words, is generally the best; and the same punctuality, which debases other writings, preserves the spirit and majesty of the sacred text: it can suffer no improvement from human wit; and we may observe, that those who have presumed to heighten the expressions by a poetical translation or paraphrase, have sunk in the attempt; and all the decorations of their verse, whether Greek or Latin, have not been able to reach the dignity, the majesty, and solemnity of our prose: so that the prose of scripture cannot be improved by verse, and even the divine poetry is most like itself in prose. One observation more I would leave with you: Milton himself, as great a genius as he was, owes his superiority over Homer and Virgil, in majesty of thought and splendour of expression, to the scriptures: they are the fountain from which he derived his light; the sacred treasure that enriched his fancy, and furnished him with all the truth and wonders of God and his creation, of angels and men, which no mortal brain was able either to discover or conceive: and in him, of all human writers, you will

will meet all his sentiments and words raised and suited to the greatness and dignity of the subject.

I have detained you the longer on this majesty of style, being perhaps myself carried away with the greatness and pleasure of the contemplation. What I have dwelt so much on with respect to divine subjects, is more easily to be observed with reference to human: for in all things below divinity, we are rather able to exceed than fall short; and in adorning all other subjects, our words and sentiments may rise in a just proportion to them: nothing is above the reach of man, but heaven; and the same wit can raise a human subject, that only debases a divine. *Felton.*

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A Recapitulation.

I SHALL make no formal recapitulation of what I have delivered. Out of all these rules together rises a just style, and a perfect composition. All the latitude that can be admitted, is in the ornament of writing; we do not require every author to shine in gold and jewels: there is a moderation to be used in the pomp and trappings of a discourse: it is not necessary that every part should be embellished and adorned; but the decoration should be skilfully distributed through the whole: too full and glaring a light is offensive, and confounds the eyes: in heaven itself there are vacancies and spaces between the stars: and the day is not less beautiful for being interspersed with clouds; they only moderate the brightness of the sun, and, without diminishing from his splendour, gild and adorn themselves with his rays. But to descend from the skies: It is in writing as in dress; the richest habits are not always the completest, and a gentleman may make a better figure in a plain suit than in an embroidered coat: the dress depends upon the imagination, but must be adjusted by the judgment, contrary to the opinion of the ladies, who value nothing but a good fancy

fancy in the choice of their clothes. The first excellence is to write in purity, plainly and clearly; there is no dispensation from these: but afterwards you have your choice of colours, and may enliven, adorn, and paint your subject as you please.

In writing, the rules have a relation and dependance on one another. They are held in one social bond, and joined, like the moral virtues and liberal arts, in a sort of harmony and concord. He that cannot write pure, plain English, must never pretend to write at all; it is in vain for him to dress and adorn his discourse; the finer he endeavours to make it, he makes it only the more ridiculous. And on the other side, let a man write in the exactest purity and propriety of language, if he has not life and fire, to give his work some force and spirit, it is nothing but a mere corpse, and a lumpish, unwieldy mass of matter. But every true genius, who is perfect master of the language he writes in, will let no fitting ornaments and decorations be wanting. His fancy flows in the richest vein, and gives his pieces such lively colours, and so beautiful a complexion, that you would almost say his own blood and spirits were transfused into the work.

Felton.

On the Historical Style.

HISTORY will not admit those decorations other subjects are capable of; the passions and affections are not to be moved with any thing but the truth of the narration. All the force and beauty must ly in the order and expression. To relate every event with clearness and perspicuity, in such words as best express the nature of the subject, is the chief commendation of an historian's style. History gives us a draught of facts and transactions in the world. The colours these are painted in; the strength and significancy of the several faces; the regular confusion of a battle; the distractions of tumult sensibly depicted; every object and every occurrence so presented to

your

your view, that while you read you seem indeed to see them : this is the art and perfection of an historical style. And you will observe, that those who have excelled in history, have excelled in this especially ; and what has made them the standards of that style, is the clearness, the life and vigour of their expression, every where properly varied, according to the variety of the subjects they wrote on : for history and narration are nothing but just and lively descriptions of remarkable events and accidents.

Felton.

Of HERODOTUS and THUCYDIDES.

FOR this reason we praise Herodotus and Thucydides among the Greeks, for I will mention no more of them ; and upon this account we commend Sallust and Livy among the Romans. For though they all differ in their style, yet they all agree in these common excellencies. Herodotus displays a natural oratory in the beauty and clearness of a numerous and solemn diction ; he flows with a sedate and majestic pace, with an easy current, and a pleasant stream. Thucydides does sometimes write in a style so close, that almost every word is a sentence, and every sentence almost acquaints us with something new ; so that from the multitude of causes, and variety of matter crowded together, we should suspect him to be obscure : but yet so happy, so admirable a master is he in the art of expression, so proper and so full, that we cannot say whether his diction does more illustrate the things he speaks of, or whether his words themselves are not illustrated by his matter, so mutual a light do his expression and subject reflect on each other. His diction, though it be pressed and close, is nevertheless great and magnificent, equal to the dignity and importance of his subject. He first, after Herodotus, ventured to adorn the historian's style, to make the narration more pleasing, by leaving the flatness and nakedness of former ages.

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This is most observable in his battles, where he does not only relate the mere fight, but writes with a martial spirit, as if he stood in the hottest of the engagement; and what is most excellent, as well as remarkable in so close a style, is, that it is numerous and harmonious, that his words are not laboured nor forced, but fall into their places in a natural order, as into their most proper situation.

Felton.

Of SALLUST and LIVY.

SALLUST and Livy you will read, I hope, with so much pleasure, as to make a thorough and intimate acquaintance with them. Thucydides and Sallust are generally compared, as Livy is with Herodotus? and, since I am fallen upon their characters, I cannot help touching the comparisons. Sallust is represented as a concise, a strong, and nervous writer; and so far he agrees with Thucydides's manner: but he is also charged with being obscure, as concise writers very often are, without any reason. For, if I may judge by my own apprehensions, as I read him, no writer can be more clear, more obvious, and intelligible. He has not, indeed, as far as I can observe, one redundant expression; but his words are all weighed and chosen, so expressive and significant, that I will challenge any critic to take a sentence of his and express it clearer or better; his contraction seems wrought and laboured. To me he appears as a man that considered and studied perspicuity and brevity to that degree, that he would not retrench a word which might help him to express his meaning, nor suffer one to stand, if his sense was clear without it. Being more diffuse, would have weakened his language, and have made it obscurer rather than clearer: for a multitude of words only serve to cloud or dissipate the sense; and though a copious style in a master's hand is clear and beautiful, yet where conciseness and perspicuity are once reconciled, any attempt to enlarge

the expressions, if it does not darken, does certainly make the light much feebler. Sallust is all life and spirit, yet grave and majestic in his diction: his use of old words is perfectly right; there is no affectation, but more weight and significancy in them: the boldness of his metaphors are among his greatest beauties; they are chosen with great judgment, and shew the force of his genius; the colouring is strong, and the strokes are bold; and in my opinion he chose them for the sake of the brevity he loved, to express more clearly and more forcibly what otherwise he must have written in looser characters with less strength and beauty. And no fault can be objected to the justest and exactest of the Roman writers.

Livy is the most considerable of the Roman historians, if to the perfection of his style we join the compass of his subject; in which he has the advantage over all that wrote before him, in any nation but the Jewish, especially over Thucydides; whose history, however drawn out into length, is confined to the shortest period of any, except what remains of Sallust. No historian could be happier in the greatness and dignity of his subject, and none was better qualified to adorn it; for his genius was equal to the majesty of the Roman empire, and every way capable of the mighty undertaking. He is not so copious in words, as abundant in matter, rich in his expression, grave, majestic, and lively; and if I may have liberty to enlarge on the old commendation, I would say his style flows with milk and honey, in such abundance, such pleasure and sweetness, that when once you are proficient enough to read him readily, you will go on with unwearied delight, and never lay him out of your hands without impatience to resume him. We may resemble him to Herodotus, in the manner of his diction; but he is more like Thucydides in the grandeur and majesty of expression; and if we observe the multitude of clauses in the length of his periods, perhaps Thucydides himself is not more crowded; only the length of the periods is apt to deceive us; and great men among the ancients, as well as moderns, have

been induced to think this writer was copious, because his sentences were long. Copious he is indeed, and forcible in his descriptions, not lavish in the number, but exuberant in the richness and significancy of his words. You will observe, for I speak upon my own observation, that Livy is not so easy and obvious to be understood as Sallust; the experiment is made every where in reading five or six pages of each author together. The shortness of Sallust's sentences, as long as they are clear, shews his sense and meaning all the way in an instant: the progress is quick and plain, and every three lines gives us a new and complete idea; we are carried from one thing to another with so swift a pace, that we run as we read, and yet cannot, if we read distinctly, run faster than we understand him. This is the brightest testimony that can be given of a clear and obvious style. In Livy we cannot pass on so readily; we are forced to wait for his meaning till we come to the end of the sentence, and have so many clauses to sort and refer to their proper places in the way, that I must own I cannot read him so readily at sight as I can Sallust; though with attention and consideration I understand him as well. He is not so easy, nor so well adapted to young proficients, as the other; and is ever plainest when his sentences are shortest, which I think is a demonstration. Some, perhaps, will be apt to conclude, that in this I differ from Quintilian; but I do not conceive so myself; for Quintilian recommends Livy before Sallust, rather for his candour, and the larger compass of his history: for he owns a good proficiency is required to understand him; and I can only refer to the experience of young proficients, which of them is more open to their apprehension. Distinction of sentences, in few words, provided the words be plain and expressive, ever gives light to the author, and carries his meaning uppermost; but long periods, and a multiplicity of clauses, however they abound with the most obvious and significant words, do necessarily make the meaning more retired, less forward and obvious to the view: and in this Livy may seem as crowd-

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ed as Thucydides, if not in the number of periods, certainly in the multitude of clauses, which, so disposed, do rather obscure than illuminate his writings. But in so rich, so majestic, so flowing a water, we may wait with patience to the end of the sentence, for the pleasure still encreases as we read. The elegance and purity, the greatness and nobleness of his diction, his happiness in narration, and his wonderful eloquence, are above all commendation; and his style, if we were to decide, is certainly the standard of Roman history. For Sallust, I must own, is too impetuous in his course; he hurries his reader on too fast, and hardly ever allows him the pleasure of expectation, which in reading history, where it is justly raised on important events, is the greatest of all others. *Felton.*

On SPENCER and SHAKESPEAR.

I MAY add some poets of more ancient date: and though their style is out of the standard now, there are in them still some lines so extremely beautiful, that our modern language cannot reach them. Chaucer is too old, I fear; but Spencer, though he be antiquated too, hath still charms remaining to make you enamoured of him. His antique verse has music in it to ravish any ears that can be sensible of the softest, sweetest numbers that ever flowed from a poet's pen.

Shakespear is a wonderful genius, a single instance of the force of nature and the strength of wit. Nothing can be greater and more lively than his thoughts; nothing nobler and more forcible than his expression. The fire of his fancy breaks out into his words, and sets his readers on a flame: he makes the blood run cold or warm; and is so admirable a master of the passions, that he raises your courage, your pity, and your fear, at his pleasure; but he delights most in terror. *Ibid.*

On MILTON and PHILIPS.

MILTON is the assertor of poetic liberty, and would have freed us from the bondage of rhyme, but, like sinners, and like lovers, we hug our chain, and are pleased in being slaves. Some indeed have made some faint attempts to break it, but their verse had all the softness and effeminacy of rhyme without the music; and Dryden himself, who sometimes struggled to get loose, always relapsed, and was faster bound than ever: but rhyme was his province, and he could make the tinkling of his chains harmonious. Mr Philips has trod the nearest in his great master's steps, and has equalled him in his verse more than he falls below him in the compass and dignity of his subject. The Shilling is truly splendid in his lines, and his poems will live longer than the unfinished castle, as long as Blenheim is remembered, or Cyder drank in England. But I have digressed from Milton; and that I may return, and say all in a word; his style, his thoughts, his verse, are as superior to the generality of other poets, as his subject. *Felton.*

The present Life to be considered only as it may conduce to the Happiness of a future one.

A LEWD young fellow, seeing an aged hermit go by him bare-foot, "Father," says he, "you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world." "True, son," said the hermit; "but what is thy condition if there is?"—Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather, for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second, permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, In which of those two lives is it our chiefest interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, whether

ther we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and, at its utmost length, of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life that is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that, in practice, we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life, as though it were never to have an end; and for the other life, as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think, that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would he not believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine, that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threecore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence; when, I say, he should
know

know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that which, after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years: Supposing then you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition that you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in the choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overfret by the imagination, as to dispose

dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten years, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might say, of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice!

I here put the case, even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life; but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy, even in this life, than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice!

Every wise man, therefore, will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and chearfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

Spectator.

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On the Immortality of the Soul.

I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn.

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First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish

at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

Here.

Herodem alterius, velut unda superuenit undam.

Hœa. Ep. ii. l. 3. v. 175.

—Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood

Wave urges wave.

Carson.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul

as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness! *Spectator.*

On

On religious Principles and Behaviour.

RELIGION is rather a matter of sentiment than reasoning. The important and interesting articles of faith are sufficiently plain. Fix your attention on these, and do not meddle with controversy. If you get into that, you plunge into a chaos, from which you will never be able to extricate yourself. It spoils the temper, and, I suspect, has no good effect on the heart.

Avoid all books, and all conversation, that tend to shake your faith on those great points of religion, which should serve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happiness depend.

Never indulge yourselves in ridicule on religious subjects; nor give countenance to it in others, by seeming diverted with what they say. This, to people of good breeding, will be a sufficient check.

I wish you to go no farther than the Scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace those you find clearly revealed. Never perplex yourselves about such as you do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence.

I would advise you to read only such religious books as are addressed to the heart, such as inspire pious and devout affections, such as are proper to direct you in your conduct; and not such as tend to entangle you in the endless maze of opinions and systems.

Be punctual in the stated performance of your private devotions, morning and evening. If you have any sensibility or imagination, this will establish such an intercourse between you and the Supreme Being, as will be of infinite consequence to you in life. It will communicate an habitual cheerfulness, to your tempers, give a firmness and steadiness to your virtue, and enable you to go through all the vicissitudes of human life with propriety and dignity.

I wish you to be regular in your attendance on public worship, and in receiving the communion. Allow nothing to interrupt your public or private devotions, except the performance of some active duty in life, to which they should always give place.—In your behaviour at public worship, observe an exemplary attention and gravity.

That extreme strictness which I recommend to you in these duties, will be considered by many of your acquaintance as a superstitious attachment to forms; but in the advices I give you on this and other subjects, I have an eye to the spirit and manners of the age. There is a levity and dissipation in the present manners, a coldness and listlessness in whatever relates to religion, which cannot fail to infect you, unless you purposely cultivate in your minds a contrary bias, and make the devotional one habitual.

Gregory's Advice.

.....
The Temple of virtuous Love.

THE structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to virtuous Love, and could not be entered, but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle white and unspotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies: he was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of several trees that were embraced by woodbines, jessamines, and amaranths, which were as so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had, how-

ver,

ver, the curiosity to observe how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner: There were two great gates on the backside of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind; the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance: the name of the first was Discretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two sisters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married; who came out linked together by chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of Levity; who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot: the name of the second was Contention, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine, and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her. The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag: her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale: her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper which makes persons who are troubled with it see objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy.

*Father.**The*

The Temple of Lust.

HAVING finished my observations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called the Temple of Lust. The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matron-like Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of goats, sparrows, heathen gods, satyrs, and monsters, made up of half men, half beast. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity: on one side of me I heard singing and dancing; on the other, brawls and clashing of swords: in short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it, but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with bolts of iron and locks of adamant; there was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleasure which led to it: all who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant called Remorse, that held a scourge of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a passage so rugged, so uneven, and choaked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it: the men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and enfeebled with old age: the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair, and several lost their limbs before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged.—The remaining

maining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, must be the subject of another paper.

Tatler.

.....

The Temple of Virtue.

WITH much labour and difficulty I passed through the first part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each side with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and statues of lawgivers, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets. The persons who travelled up this great path were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great road were several paths that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it: these were most of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The edifices, at the extremity of the walk, were so contrived, that we could not see the temple of Honour, by reason of the temple of Virtue, which stood before it: at the gates of this temple we were met by the goddess of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She sat on a globe, in the midst of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a sun in one hand, and a moon in the other: her head was veiled, and her feet

feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we stood amidst the sphere of light which this image cast on every side of it. *Ibid.*

.....

Religion the Foundation of Content : an Allegory.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard; and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan; and I am a native of this city: the Angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me; and the wretch whom thine eyes compassionate thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to Him only from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request:

It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent; he was diligent to dispense: in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving distress and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and

and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. "Hassan," said he, "I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: "Hassan," said he, "forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered, "Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." "Hassan," he replied, "I can no otherwise give life or happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power I can trans-

fer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another : but with respect to virtue, I am impotent ; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition : to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to encrease or to continue."

He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty ; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated : I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward ; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost : and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind ; I sold all my moveables for subsistence, and reserved only a mattraß, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with cheerfulness ; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment

ment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and, throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. "Hassan," said he, "what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. "Hassan," said he, "I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I mistook thy character: I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me."—I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an extasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he

took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered that no dainty was so tasteful as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was fighting in the midst of superfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such thou knowest was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son Aububekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy: he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me this lesson had not been written on the tablets of providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter! for the pleasures of neither can return.—Hassan having thus ended his story, smote his hands together, and looking upward, burst into tears.

Omair, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My son," said he, "more is
yet

yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububekir take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

“Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of soul; and the distress which is now suffered will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in Him who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good; fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet; to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in Heaven.”

Hassan, upon whose mind the Angel of instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

Adventurer.

—Quid

The Story of AMURATH.

— Quid violentius aures tyranni.

Juv.

“ Rough truth soon irritates a tyrant's ear.”

By which of the Indian fables of antiquity the following story was written, or whether the people of the East have any remote tradition upon which it is founded, is not known: but it was probably related in the first person, to give it an air of greater dignity, and render its influence more powerful: nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible, to people among whom the Metempsychosis is an article of faith, and the visible agency of Superior Beings admitted without scruple.

Amurath, Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the disciple of adversity, records the wonders of his life: let those who presumptuously question the ways of Providence, blush in silence and be wise; let the proud be humble and obtain honour; and let the sensual reform and be happy.

The angel of death closed the eyes of the Sultan Abradin my father, and his empire descended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At first my mind was awed to humility, and softened with grief; I was insensible to the splendour of dominion, I heard the addresses of flattery with disgust, and received the homage of dependent greatness with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence; and I was now perpetually recollecting instances of his tenderness, and renewing the solemn scene, in which he recommended me to heaven in imperfect language, and grasped my hand in the agonies of death.

One evening, after having concealed myself all day in his chamber, I visited his grave: I prostrated myself on his tomb; sorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my bosom. I felt myself suddenly smitten on the shoulder as with a rod; and looking up, I perceived a man whose eyes were
 ‘ piercing

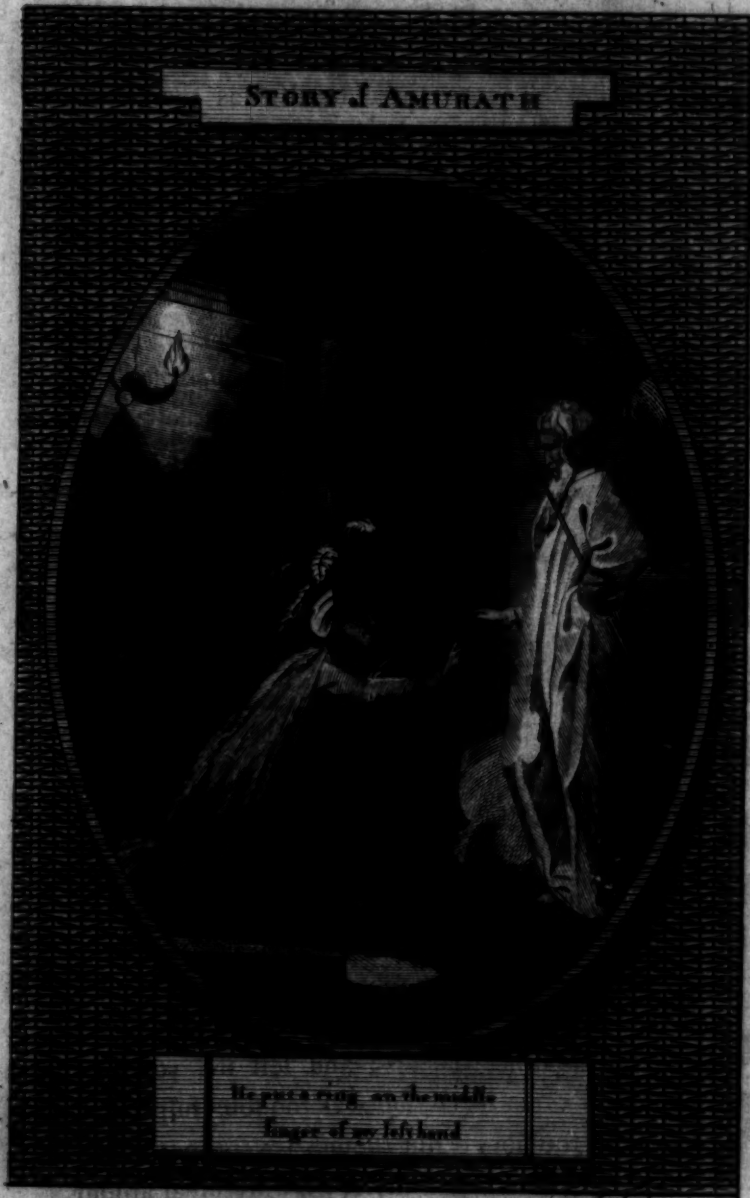
Journal of the Rev. John Keble

1832-1833

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STORY OF AMURATH



He put a ring on the middle
finger of her left hand

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Page 359.

‘ piercing as light, and his beard whiter than snow. “ I am,”
‘ said he, “ the Genius Syndarac, the friend of thy father A-
‘ bradin, who was the fear of his enemies, and the desire of
‘ his people ; whose smile diffused gladness like the lustre of
‘ the morning, and whose frown was dreadful as the gather-
‘ ing of a tempest ; resign thyself to my influence, and thou
‘ shalt be like him.” I bowed myself to the earth in token of
‘ gratitude and obedience, and he put a ring on the middle fin-
‘ ger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep
‘ colour and uncommon brightness. “ This ring,” said he,
‘ shall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil ; that,
‘ without weighing remote consequences, thou mayest know
‘ the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive,
‘ therefore, to the silent admonition ; and when the circle of
‘ gold shall by a sudden contraction press thy finger, and the
‘ ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou shalt
‘ be doing, and mark down that action in thy memory as a
‘ transgression of the rule of right : keep my gift as a pledge
‘ of happiness and honour, and take it not off for a moment.”
‘ I received the ring with a sense of obligation which I strove
‘ to express, and an astonishment that compelled me to be si-
‘ lent. The Genius perceived my confusion ; and, turning
‘ from me with a smile of complacency, immediately disappear-
‘ ed.

‘ During the first moon I was so cautious and circumspect,
‘ that the pleasure of reflecting that my ring had not once indi-
‘ cated a fault, was lessened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied
‘ myself to public business ; my melancholy decreased as my
‘ mind was diverted to other objects ; and lest the youth of
‘ my court should think that recreation was too long suspended,
‘ I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the
‘ sport rather to gratify others than myself, yet my usual ardour
‘ returned in the field : I grew warm in the pursuit, I conti-
‘ nued the chace, which was unsuccessful, too long, and re-
‘ turned fatigued and disappointed.

‘ As

‘ As I entered the seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had
 ‘ been my father’s, who expressed his joy of my return by
 ‘ jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand ;
 ‘ but as I was not disposed to receive his careffes, I struck him
 ‘ in the fretfulness of my displeasure so severe a blow with my
 ‘ foot, that it left him scarce power to crawl away and hide
 ‘ himself under a sofa in a corner of the apartment. At this
 ‘ moment I felt the ring press my finger, and looking upon the
 ‘ ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

‘ I was at first struck with surprise and regret ; but surprise
 ‘ and regret quickly gave way to disdain. “ Shall not the Sul-
 ‘ tan Amurath,” said I, “ to whom a thousand kings pay tri-
 ‘ bute, and in whose hand is the life of nations, shall not A-
 ‘ murath strike a dog that offends him, without being reproach-
 ‘ ed for having transgressed the rule of right ?” My ring a-
 ‘ gain pressed my finger, and the ruby became more pale : im-
 ‘ mediately the palace shook with a burst of thunder, and the
 ‘ Genius Syndarac again stood before me.

“ Amurath,” said he, “ thou hast offended against thy bro-
 “ ther of the dust ; a being who, like thee, has received from
 “ the ALMIGHTY a capacity of pleasure and pain ; pleasure
 “ which caprice is not allowed to suspend, and pain which jus-
 “ tice only has a right to inflict. If thou art justified by power
 “ in afflicting inferior beings, I should be justified in afflicting
 “ thee : but my power yet spares thee, because it is directed
 “ by the laws of sovereign goodness, and because thou mayest
 “ yet be reclaimed by admonition. But yield not to the im-
 “ pulse of quick resentment, nor indulge in cruelty the for-
 “ wardness of disgust, lest by the laws of goodness I be com-
 “ pelled to afflict thee ; for he that scorns reproof must be re-
 “ formed by punishment, or lost for ever.”

‘ At the presence of Syndarac I was troubled, and his words
 ‘ covered me with confusion : I fell prostrate at his feet, and
 ‘ heard him pronounce with a milder accent—“ Expect not
 ‘ henceforth that I should answer the demands of arrogance,

“or gratify the security of speculation: confide in my friendship, and trust implicitly to thy ring.”

‘As the chace had produced so much infelicity, I did not repeat it; but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and music. I had given leave that all ceremony should be suspended, and that the company should treat me not as a sovereign but an equal, because the conversation would otherwise be encumbered or restrained; and I encouraged others to pleasantry, by indulging the luxuriancy of my own imagination. But though I affected to throw off the trappings of royalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity to despise them. I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was secretly offended at Alibeg my visier, who endeavoured to prevail upon the assembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them, and was himself an example of the conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the subject of my raillery the man who alone deserved my approbation; he believed my condescension to be sincere, and imagined that he was securing my favour by that behaviour which had incurred my displeasure; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my success: but my attention was suddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a moment: but some of my courtiers having discovered and seconded my intention, I felt my vanity and my resentment gratified; I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of my ring with wine; my satire became more bitter, and Alibeg discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproached me; but I still persevered: the visier was at length roused to his defence; probably he had discovered and despised my weakness; his replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from raillery to invective. At length, disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile—“Amurath,” said he, “if the Sultan should know that, after ha-

“ving invited your friends to festivity and merriment, you had assumed his authority, and insulted those who were not aware that you disdained to be treated with the familiarity of friendship, you would certainly fall under his displeasure.” The severity of this sarcasm, which was extorted by long provocation from a man warmed with wine, stung me with intolerable rage: I started up, and, spurning him from the table, was about to draw my poniard, when my attention was again called to my ring, and I perceived with some degree of regret, that the ruby had faded almost to a perfect white.

‘But instead of resolving to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent reproof, I comforted myself that the Genius would no more alarm me with his presence. The irregularities of my conduct encreased almost imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring became proportionably more frequent though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when they were suspended.

‘It was soon discovered that I was pleased with servility; servility, therefore, was practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a pension and sometimes with a place. Thus the government of my kingdoms was left to petty tyrants, who oppressed the people to enrich themselves. In the mean time I filled my seraglio with women, among whom I abandoned myself to sensuality, without enjoying the pure delight of that love which arises from esteem. But I had not yet stained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil.

‘My resentment against Alibeg, however unjust, was inflexible, and terminated in the most perfect hatred: I degraded him from his office; but I still kept him at court, that I might embitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practise against him new schemes of malevolence.

‘Selima, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife; and the marriage had been delayed only

only by his death: but the pleasure and the dignity that Ali-beg would derive from this alliance, had now changed my purpose. Yet such was the beauty of Selima, that I gazed with desire; and such was her wit, that I listened with delight. I therefore resolved, that I would, if possible seduce her to voluntary prostitution; and that when her beauty should yield to the charm of variety, I would dismiss her with marks of disgrace. But in this attempt I could not succeed; my solicitations were rejected, sometimes with tears, and sometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretched, by seeking to bring calamity upon others; I considered my disappointment as the triumph of a slave, whom I wished but did not dare to destroy; and I regarded his daughter as the instrument of my dishonour. Thus the tenderness, which before had often shaken my purpose, was weakened; my desire of beauty became as selfish and as sordid an appetite as my desire of food; and as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my lust and my revenge, I determined to enjoy Selima by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She resided by my command in an apartment of the seraglio, and I entered her chamber at midnight by a private door of which I had a key; but with inexpressible vexation I found it empty. To be thus disappointed in my last attempt, at the very moment in which I thought I had insured success, distracted me with rage; and instead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my design, I called for her women. They ran in pale and trembling: I demanded the lady; they gazed at me astonished and terrified; and then looking upon each other, stood silent. I repeated my demand with fury and execration, and to enforce it called aloud for the ministers of death: they then fell prostrate at my feet, and declared with one voice that they knew not where she was: that they had left her, when they were dismissed for the night, sitting on a sofa pensive and alone; and that no person had since to their knowledge passed in or out of her apartment.

“In this account, however incredible, they persisted without variation; and having filled the palace with alarm and confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my resentment. I reviewed the transactions of the night with anguish and regret, and bewildered myself among the innumerable possibilities that might have produced my disappointment. I remembered that the windows of Selima’s apartment were open, and I imagined that she might that way have escaped into the gardens of the seraglio. But why should the escape who had never been confined? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by day. Had she an affignation? and did she intend to return without being known to have been absent; this supposition increased my torments; because, if it was true, Selima had granted to my slave, that which she had refused to me. But as all these conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her absence a pretence to destroy her father.

“In the morning I gave orders that he should be seized, and brought before me; but while I was yet speaking, he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation: “May the Sultan Amurath, in whose wrath the angel of death goes forth, rejoice for ever in the smile of Heaven! Let the wretched Alibeg perish; but let my lord remember Selima with mercy: let him dismiss the slave in whom he ceases to delight.” I heard no more, but cried out—“Darest thou to mock me with a request, to dismiss the daughter whom thou hast stolen! thou whole life, that has been so often forfeited, I have yet spared! Restore her within one hour, or affronted mercy shall give thee up.”—“O!” said he, “let not the mighty sovereign of the East sport with the misery of the weak: if thou hast doomed us to death, let us die together.”

Though

‘ Though I was now convinced that Alibeg believed I had
 ‘ confined Selima, and decreed her death, yet I resolved to
 ‘ persist in requiring her at his hands ; and therefore dismissed
 ‘ him with a repetition of my command, to produce her with-
 ‘ in an hour upon pain of death.

‘ My ring, which, during this series of events, had given
 ‘ perpetual intimations of guilt, which were always disregard-
 ‘ ed, now pressed my finger so forcibly, that it gave me great
 ‘ pain, and compelled my notice. I immediately retired, and
 ‘ gave way to the discontent that swelled my bosom. “ How
 “ wretched a slave is Amurath to an invisible tyrant ! a being,
 “ whose malevolence or envy has restrained me in the exercise
 “ of my authority as a prince, and whose cunning has contriv-
 “ ed perpetually to insult me by intimating that every action
 “ of my life is a crime ! How long shall I groan under this in-
 “ tolerable oppression ! This accursed ring is the badge and
 “ the instrument of my subjection and dishonour : he who
 “ gave it is now, perhaps, in some remote region of the air
 “ perhaps, he rolls some planet in it’s orbit, agitates the south-
 “ ern ocean with a tempest, or shakes some distant region
 “ with an earthquake. But, wherever he is, he has surely a
 “ more important employ than to watch my conduct. Per-
 “ haps he has contrived this talisman, only to restrain me
 “ from the enjoyment of some good, which he wishes to with-
 “ hold. I feel that my desires are controuled ; and to gratify
 “ these desires is to be happy.” As I pronounced these words I
 ‘ drew off the ring, and threw it to the ground with disdain
 ‘ and indignation : immediately the air grew dark ; a cloud
 ‘ burst in thunder over my head, and the eye of Sindarac was
 ‘ upon me. I stood before him motionless and silent ; horror
 ‘ thrilled in my veins, and my hair stood upright, I had nei-
 ‘ ther power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess my faults.
 ‘ In his countenance there was a calm severity ; and I heard
 ‘ him to pronounce these words—“ Thou hast now, as far as it
 “ is in thy own power, thrown off humanity and degraded thy
 “ being :

“ing: thy form, therefore, shall no longer conceal thy nature,
“nor thy example render thy vices contagious.” He then
“touched me with his rod: and while the sound of his voice
“yet vibrated in my ears, I found myself in the midst of a de-
“sert, not in the form of a man but of a monster, with the
“fore-parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like
“a goat. I was still conscious to every event of my life, and
“my intellectual powers were continued, though my passions
“were irritated by frenzy. I now rolled in the sand in an ago-
“ny not to be described; and now hastily traversed the desert,
“impelled only by the vain desire of flying from myself. I
“now bellowed with rage, and now howled in despair; this
“moment I breathed execration against the Genius, and the
“next reproached myself for having forfeited his friendship.
“By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of
“both were soon exhausted: I crawled into a den which I per-
“ceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a state of in-
“sensibility. I slept; but sleep, instead of prolonging, put an
“end to this interval of quiet. The Genius still terrified me
“with his presence; I heard his sentence repeated, and felt
“again all the horrors of my transformation. When I awaked,
“I was not refreshed: calamity, though it is compelled to ad-
“mit slumber, can yet exclude rest. But I was now roused by
“hunger; for hunger, like sleep, is irresistible.
“I went out in search of prey; and if I felt any alleviation
“of misery, beside the hope of satisfying my appetite, it was
“in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I should meet,
“and inflicting some part of the evil which I endured; for
“though I regretted my punishment, I did not repent of my
“crimes: and as I imagined Syndrac would now neither mi-
“tigate nor encrease my sufferings, I was not restrained, either
“by hope or fear, from indulging my disposition to cruelty and
“revenge. But while I was thus meditating the destruction
“of others, I trembled lest by some stronger savage I should be
“destroyed myself.

' In the midst of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of
' dogs, the trampling of horses, and the shouts of the hunters;
' and such is the love of life, however wretched, that my
' heart sunk within me at the sound. To hide myself was im-
' possible, and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or resist. I
' stood still till they came up. At first they gazed at me with
' wonder, and doubted whether they should advance: but at
' length a slave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the
' city.

' I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidst the
' noise and tumult of a rabble, who the day before would have
' hid themselves at my presence. I heard the sound of music
' at a distance: the heralds approached, and Alibeg was pro-
' claimed in my stead. I was now deserted by the multitude,
' whose curiosity was diverted by the pomp of the procession;
' and was conducted to the place where other savages are kept,
' which custom has considered as part of the regalia.

' My keeper was a black slave whom I did not remember e-
' ver to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have been a
' fatal presumption to have stood before me. After he had gi-
' ven me food, and the vigour of nature was restored, he dis-
' covered in me such tokens of ferocity, that he suffered me
' to fast many hours before I was again fed. I was so enrag-
' ed at this delay, that, forgetting my dependence, I roared hor-
' ribly when he again approached me: so that he found it ne-
' cessary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain such an
' ascendancy over me, as was suitable to his office. By this
' slave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famished, till
' the fierceness of my disposition being suppressed by fear and
' langour, a milder temper insensibly stole upon me; and a
' demeanour that was begun by constraint was continued by
' habit.

' I was now treated with less severity, and strove to express
' something like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper
' to yet greater kindness. His vanity was flattered by my sub-
mission;

' mission; and to shew as well his courage as the success of his discipline, he ventured sometimes to caress me in the presence of those whose curiosity brought them to see me. A kind of friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened that a tyger, which had lately been taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my provision; and leaping upon him, would have torn him to pieces, if I had not seized the savage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground: the slave presently dispatched him with his dagger, and turned about to caress his deliverer; but, starting suddenly backward, he stood motionless with astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a monster but a dog.

' I was myself conscious of the change which had again passed upon me; and, leaping out of my den, escaped from my confinement. This transformation I considered as a reward of my fidelity, and was perhaps never more happy than in the first moments of my escape; for I reflected that, as a dog, my liberty was not only restored, but insured; I was no longer suspected of qualities which rendered me unfit for society; I had some faint resemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore hoped to be more generally caressed. But it was not long before this joy subsided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable distance. Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to the Power who had once more brought me within the circle of Nature. As a brute, I was more thankful for a mitigation of punishment, than as a king I had been for offers of the highest happiness and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can justly estimate the bounties of Heaven?

' As soon as the first tumult of my mind was past, I felt an irresistible inclination once more to visit the apartments of my seraglio. I placed myself behind an emir whom I knew to have been the friend of Alibeg, and was permitted to follow

him into the presence. The persons and the place, the retrospection of my life which they produced, and the comparison of what I was with what I had been, almost overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the garden, and lay down under the shade of an almond-tree, that I might indulge those reflections, which, though they oppressed me with melancholy, I did not wish to lose.

I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be the same that I spurned from me when he caressed me at my return from hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now smote me, and I said to myself—"Dost thou know me under this disguise? Is thy fidelity to thy lord unshaken? Cut off as I am from the converse of mankind, hast thou preserved for me an affection, which I once so lightly esteemed, and requited with evil? This forgetfulness of injury, and this steady friendship, are they less than human, or are they more?" I was not prevented by these reflections from returning the caresses I received; and Alibeg who just then entered the garden, took notice of me, and ordered that I should not be turned out.

In the seraglio I soon learned, that a body, which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber; and that Alibeg had been chosen to succeed me by the unanimous voice of the people: but I gained no intelligence of Selima, whose apartment I found in the possession of another, and for whom I had searched every part of the palace in vain. I became restless; every place was irksome; a desire to wander prevailed; and one evening I went out at the garden gate, and travelling till midnight, I lay down at the foot of a sycamore-tree, and slept.

In the morning I beheld, with surprize, a wall of marble that seemed to reach to Heaven, and gates that were sculptured with every emblem of delight. Over the gate was inscribed in letters of gold—"Within this wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity complete: Nature is not oppressed by

“the tyranny of religion, nor is pleasure awed by the frown of
 “virtue. The gate is obedient to thy wish, whosoever thou
 “art; enter therefore and be happy.”

‘When I read this inscription, my bosom throbb’d with tu-
 ‘multuous expectation: but my desire to enter was repress’d
 ‘by the reflection, that I had lost the form, in which alone I
 ‘could gratify the appetites of a man. Desire and curiosity
 ‘were notwithstanding predominant: the door immediately
 ‘opened inward; I entered, and it clos’d after me.’

Adventurer.

To be continued.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The LION.

This animal is produced in every part of Africa, and the hottest parts of Asia. It is found in the greatest numbers in the scorched and desolate regions of the torrid zone, in the deserts of Zaara and Biledulgerid, and in all the interior parts of the vast continent of Africa.—In these desert regions, from whence mankind are driven by the rigorous heat of the climate, this animal reigns sole master; its disposition seems to partake of the ardour of its native soil; inflamed by the influence of a burning sun, its rage is most tremendous, and its courage undaunted. Happily, indeed, the species is not numerous, and is said to be greatly diminished; for, if we may credit the testimony of those who have traversed these vast deserts, the number of Lions is not nearly so great as formerly. Mr Shaw observes, that the Romans carried more Lions from Lybia in one year for their public spectacles, than could be found in all that country at this time. It is likewise remarked, that in Turkey, Persia, and the Indies, Lions are not now so frequently met with as in former times.

It

It is observed of this animal, that its courage diminishes, and its caution and timidity are greater, in proportion as it approaches the habitations of the human race. Being acquainted with man, and the power of his arms, it loses its natural fortitude to such a degree, as to be terrified at the sound of his voice. It has been known to fly even before women and children, who were found sufficient to drive it away from its lurking places in the neighbourhood of their villages.

This alteration in the Lion's disposition sufficiently shews, that it will admit of a certain degree of education: And it is a well-known fact, that the keepers of wild beasts frequently play with this animal, pull out his tongue, hold him by the teeth, and even chastise him without cause. The animal seems to bear all with a fullen kind of composure, and rarely retaliates this unmerited treatment. It is dangerous, however, to provoke him too far, or to depend upon his temper with too great security. Labat tells us of a gentleman who kept a Lion in his chamber, and employed a servant to attend it; who, as usual, mixed his blows with caresses. This ill-judged association continued for some time. One morning the gentleman was awakened by an unusual noise in his room; and, drawing his curtains, he perceived it to proceed from the Lion, which was growling over the body of the unhappy man, whom it had just killed, and had separated his head from his body. The terror and confusion of the gentleman may be easily conceived: He flew out of the room, and with the assistance of some people, had the animal secured from doing further mischief.

As the passions of this animal are strong, and its appetites vehement, we ought not to presume that the impressions of education will always be sufficiently powerful. It must be dangerous, therefore, to suffer it to remain too long without food, or persist in irritating or abusing it.—However, numberless accounts assure us, that the anger of the Lion is noble, its courage magnanimous, and its temper susceptible of grateful impressions.

impressions. It has been often seen to despise weak and contemptible enemies, and even to pardon their insults, when it was in its power to punish them. It has been known to spare the life of an animal that was thrown to be devoured by it, to live in habits of perfect cordiality with it, to share its subsistence, and even to give it a preference where its portion of food was scanty.

The form of the Lion is strikingly bold and majestic: His large and shaggy mane, which he can erect at pleasure, surrounding his awful front; his huge eye-brows; his round and fiery eye-balls, which, upon the least irritation, seem to glow with peculiar lustre; together with the formidable appearance of his teeth, exhibit a picture of terrific grandeur, which no words can describe.—The length of the largest Lion is between eight and nine feet, the tail about four feet, and its height about four feet and a half: The female is about one-fourth part less, and wants the mane.—As the Lion advances in years, its mane grows longer and thicker: The hair on the rest of the body is short and smooth, of a tawny colour, but whitish on the belly.—The roaring of a Lion is loud and dreadful; when heard in the night, it resembles distant thunder; its cry of anger is much louder and shorter.

The Lion seldom attacks any animal openly, except when compelled by extreme hunger: In that case, no danger deters him: But as most animals endeavour to avoid him, he is obliged to have recourse to artifice, and take his prey by surprize. For this purpose, he crouches on his belly in some thicket, where he waits till his prey approaches; and then, with one prodigious spring he leaps upon it at the distance of fifteen or twenty feet, and generally seizes it at the first bound: If he misses his object, he gives up the pursuit; and, turning back towards the place of his ambush, he measures the ground step by step; and again lies in wait for another opportunity. The lurking-place of the Lion is generally chosen near a spring, or by the side of a river; where he frequently has an opportunity of catching such animals as come to quench their thirst

There

There are, however, instances where the Lion deviates from his usual method of taking his prey; of which the following related by Sparrman, is remarkable:—A Hottentot, perceiving that he was followed by a Lion, and concluding that the animal only waited the approach of night to make him his prey, began to consider the best method of providing for his safety, which he at length effected in the following singular manner:—Observing a piece of broken ground, with a precipitate descent on one side, he sat down by the edge of it; and found, to his great joy, that the Lion also made a halt, and kept at the same distance as before. As soon as it grew dark, the Hottentot sliding gently forward, let himself down a little below the edge of the hill, and held up his cloak and hat upon his stick, making at the same time a gentle motion with it: The Lion, in the mean while, came creeping softly towards him, like a Cat; and mistaking the skin cloak for the man himself, made a spring, and fell headlong down the precipice; by which means the poor Hottentot was safely delivered from his insidious enemy.

That the Lion does not always kill whatever animal happens to be in his power, has already been observed; and this peculiarity in the temper of this creature is remarkably obvious, with regard to the human species. Of this there have been many instances. At St Catherine Cree's church, Leadenhall-street, London, provision is made, under the will of Sir John Gager, who was Lord-Mayor in the year 1646, for a sermon to be annually preached on the 16th of November, in commemoration of his happy deliverance from a Lion, which he met in a desert as he was travelling in the Turkish dominions, and suffered him to pass unmolested. The minister is to have 20s. for the sermon, the clerk 2s, 6d. and the sexton 1s.: The sum of 8l. 16s. 6d. is likewise to be distributed among the necessitous inhabitants, pursuant to the will of Sir John. —Sparrman, among several instances of the same nature, mentions

mentions a person, who, though he was thrown down by a Lion, and wounded by it in several places, was after all generously left with his life.

The strength of this animal is great: One of them was observed to seize a heifer, which it carried off in its mouth with ease, and leaped over a ditch with her without much apparent difficulty.

At the Cape of Good Hope, the Lion is frequently hunted by the colonists. In the day time, and upon an open plain, twelve or sixteen Dogs will easily get the better of a large Lion. As the Lion is not remarkably swift, the Dogs soon come pretty near him; when, with a fullen kind of magnanimity, he turns round, and waits for the attack, shaking his mane, and roaring with a short and sharp tone. The hounds surround him; and, rushing upon him all at once, soon tear him to pieces. It is said that he has seldom time to make more than two or three strokes with his paws, each of which is attended with the death of one of his assailants.

The Lioness goes with young five months, and brings forth three or four at a time. The young ones are about the size of a large pug Dog, harmless, pretty, and playful. They continue at the teat twelve months, and are above five years in coming to perfection.

The Lion is a long lived animal, although naturalists have differed greatly as to the precise period of its existence. Buffon limits it to twenty, or to twenty-two years at most. It is however certain, that it lives much beyond that time. The great Lion, called Pompey, which died in the year 1760, was known to have been in the Tower above seventy years; and one, brought from the river Gambia, died there not long ago at the age of sixty-three.—Several of these animals have been bred in the Tower; so that the time of their gestation, the number they produce, and the time of their arriving at perfection, are all pretty well known.

The

The attachment of the Lions to her young is remarkably strong: For their support she is more ferocious than the Lion himself, makes her incursions with greater boldness, destroys without distinction, every animal that falls in her way, and carries it reeking to her cubs. She usually brings forth in the most retired and inaccessible places; and when afraid of her retreat being discovered, endeavours to hide her tract, by brushing the ground with her tail. When much disturbed or alarmed, she will sometimes transport her young from one place to another in her mouth; and, if obstructed in her course, will defend them to the last extremity. *Hist. of Quad.*

The TIGER

Is the most rapacious and destructive of all carnivorous animals. Fierce without provocation, and cruel without necessity, its thirst for blood is insatiable: though glutted with slaughter, it continues its carnage, nor ever gives up, so long as a single object remains in its sight. Flocks and herds fall indiscriminate victims to its fury: It fears neither the sight nor opposition of man, whom it frequently makes its prey; and it is even said to prefer human flesh to that of any other animal.

The Tiger is peculiar to Asia; and is found as far North as China and Chinese Tartary: it inhabits Mount Ararat, and Hyrcania of old, famous for its wild beasts. The greatest numbers are met with in India, and its islands: they are the scourge of the country: They lurk among the bushes, by the sides of rivers, and almost depopulate many places.—They seldom pursue their prey; but bound upon it from the place of their ambush, with an elasticity, and from a distance, scarcely credible.—It is highly probable, that, from this circumstance,

stance, the Tiger may derive its name, which, in the Armenian language, signifies an arrow; to the flight of which this creature may very properly be compared, in the quickness and agility of its bounds.

The strength of this animal is so great, that, when it has killed an animal, whether it be a Horse, a Buffalo, or a Deer, it carries it off with such ease, that it seems no impediment to its flight. If it be undisturbed, it plunges its head into the body of the animal up to its very eyes, as if to satiate itself with blood.

The Tiger is, perhaps, the only animal whose ferocity can never be subdued: Neither gentleness nor constraint has any effect in softening its temper. It does not seem sensible of the attention of its keeper; and would equally tear the hand that feeds, with that by which it is chastised.

Notwithstanding the cruelty of this creature's disposition, a sudden check has sometimes had a good effect in preventing its meditated attack. Some ladies and gentlemen being on a party of pleasure, under a shade of trees, on the banks of a river in Bengal, were suddenly surprized at seeing a Tiger ready to make its fatal spring: One of the ladies, with amazing presence of mind, laid hold of an umbrella, and unfurling it directly in the animal's face, it instantly retired.—Another party had not the same good fortune. A Tiger darted among them whilst they were at dinner, seized on a gentleman, and carried him off in the sight of his disconsolate companions.

They attack all kinds of animals, even the Lion; and furious combats have frequently been maintained between them, in which both have perished. Father Tachard gives an account of a battle between a Tiger and two Elephants, at Siam, of which he was an eye-witness. The heads, and part of the trunks of the Elephants, were defended from the claws of the Tiger by a covering made for the purpose. They were placed in the midst of a large inclosure. One of them was suffered

found the tiger very tame and docile, with a friendly
language, and a way to the light of which the
tiger may be brought in the evening and
gilt of its house.

The tiger is a very tame animal, and when it has
killed an animal, whether it be a Hare, a Rabbit, or a Deer,
it carries it off with such ease, that it seems no impediment to
its flight. If the animal is brought into the
body of the animal, it is very easy, as it is killed with
very blood.

The Tiger is, perhaps, the only animal whose ferocity can
never be subdued; and its ferocity is not constant, but
only in following a prey. It does not seem sensible of the
attention of its keeper, and would equally tear the hand that
feeds, with that by which it is chastised.

Now, understanding the cruelty of this creature, a disposition
to attack it, has been made a good deal in previous
its moderated attack. Some ladies and gentlemen being at a
party of pleasure, under a shade of trees, on the banks of a
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in the rear of a large enclosure. One of them was killed.

The Domestic CAT, p.377.

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The TIGER, p.375



The LION,
p.370.



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J. Fraser scul.

to approach the Tiger, which was confined by cords, and received two or three heavy blows from the trunk of the Elephant upon its back, which beat it to the ground, where it lay for some time as if it were dead : But, though this attack had a good deal abated its fury, it was no sooner untied, than, with a horrible roar, it made a spring at the Elephant's trunk, which that animal dexterously avoided by drawing it up ; and, receiving the Tiger on its tusks, threw it up into the air. The two Elephants were then allowed to come up ; and, after giving it several heavy blows, would undoubtedly have killed it, if an end had not been put to the combat.—Under such restraints and disadvantages, we cannot wonder that the issue was unfavourable to the Tiger. We may, however, judge of its exceeding great strength and fierceness,—that, after being disabled by the first attack of the Elephant, whilst it was held by its cords, it would venture to continue such an unequal engagement.

Hist. of Quad.

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The Domestic CAT

MAY be said to be only a variety of the Wild Cat, the principal difference being in its size, which is less ; and, instead of being uniformly the same, is distinguished by an infinite variety of shades and colouring.

To describe an animal so well known, might seem a superfluous task ; we shall only, therefore, select such of its peculiarities as are least obvious, and may have escaped the notice of inattentive observers.

It is generally remarked, that Cats can see in the dark ; but, though this is not absolutely the case, yet it is certain that they can see with much less light than most other animals, owing to the peculiar structure of their eyes, the pupils of which are capable of being contracted or dilated in proportion

to the degree of light by which they are affected. The pupil of the Cat, during the day, is perpetually contracted; and it is with difficulty that it can see by a strong light: But in the twilight, the pupil resumes its natural roundness, the animal enjoys perfect vision, and takes advantage of this superiority to discover and surprise its prey.

The cry of the Cat is loud, piercing, and clamorous; and whether expressive of anger or of love, is equally violent and hideous. Its call may be heard at a great distance; and is so well known to the whole fraternity, that on some occasions several hundred Cats have been brought together from different parts. Invited by the piercing cries of distress from a suffering fellow-creature, they assemble in crowds; and, with loud squawls and yells, express their horrid sympathies. They frequently tear the miserable object to pieces; and, with the most blind and furious rage, fall upon each other, killing and wounding indiscriminately, till there is scarcely one left. These terrible conflicts happen only in the night; and, though very rare, instances of very furious ones are well authenticated.

The Cat is particularly averse to water, cold, and bad smells. It is fond of certain perfumes; but is more particularly attracted by the smell of valerian, marum, and cat-mint. It rubs itself against them; and, if not prevented from coming at them in a garden where they are planted, would infallibly destroy them.

The Cat brings forth twice, and sometimes, thrice a year. The period of her gestation is fifty-five or fifty-six days; and she generally produces five or six at one litter. She conceals her kittens from the male, lest he should devour them, as he is sometimes inclined; and, if apprehensive of being disturbed, will take them up in her mouth and remove them one by one to a more secure retreat. Even the female herself, contrary to the established law of Nature, which binds the parent to its offspring by an almost indissoluble tie, is sometimes known

to

to eat her own young, the moment after she has produced them.

Though extremely useful in destroying the vermin that infest our houses, the Cat seems little attached to the persons of those that afford it protection. It seems to be under no subjection, and acts only for itself: All its views are confined to the place where it has been brought up; if carried elsewhere, it seems lost and bewildered: Neither caresses nor attention can reconcile it to its new situation; and it frequently takes the first opportunity of escaping to its former haunts. Frequent instances are in our recollection, of Cats having returned to the place from whence they had been carried, though at many miles distance, and even across rivers, when they could not possibly have any knowledge of the road or situation that would apparently lead them to it.—This extraordinary faculty is, however, possessed in a much greater degree by Dogs; yet it is in both animals equally wonderful and unaccountable.

In the time of Hoel the Good, king of Wales, who died in the year 948, laws were made as well to preserve, as to fix the different prices of animals; among which the Cat was included, as being at that period of great importance, on account of its scarcity and utility. The price of a kitten before it could see was fixed at one penny; till proof could be given of its having caught a mouse, two-pence; after which it was rated at four-pence, which was a great sum in those days, when the value of specie was extremely high. It was likewise required, that it should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, should be a good mouser, have its claws whole, and, if a female, be a careful nurse: If it failed in any of these good qualities, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value.—If any one should steal or kill the Cat that guarded the Prince's granary, he was either to forfeit a milk ewe, her fleece, and lamb, or as much wheat as, when poured on the Cat suspended by its tail, (its head touching the floor) would form a heap, high enough to cover the tip of the form-

er.—From hence we may conclude, that Cats were not originally natives of these islands : and, from the great care taken to improve and preserve the breed of this prolific creature, we may suppose, were but little known at that period.—Whatever credit we may allow to the circumstances of the well-known story of Whittington and his Cat, it is another proof of the great value set upon this animal in former times.

Hist. of Quad.

The Character of HANIBAL.

HANIBAL being sent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and restored to them : they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father to contribute the least towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprize required vigour, and valour in the performance, Asdrubal always chose him to command at the executing it ; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever shewed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage : he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refection of nature, not the pleasures of his palate, he solely regard in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest ; and appropriated no time to sleep, but what remain-

ed after he had completed his duty: he never sought for a soft or retired place of repose; but was often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier's cloak amongst the centinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time, he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army; ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. These shining qualities were however balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the sanctity of oaths, no sense of religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Asdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general. *Livy.*

.....

*Character of ANNE of Austria.**

ANNE of Austria, Infanta of Spain, Queen Dowager of France, and Regent of the kingdom, had, together with a fine person, those amiable qualities which gain affection; she was liberal, generous, faithful to her promises, constant in her attachments, loved justice, and hated flattery. The goodness of her own heart, hindered her from easily believing ill of others, and made her dissemble the faults of her friends, but through a natural indolence, and a self-distrust, she, for the most part, let herself be so much influenced by those she esteemed, as to adopt their prejudices and espouse their passions. This was a defect that proved very injurious to her glory, and gave occasion to her enemies to accuse her of having *more obstinacy than resolution, more pride than elevation, and more superstition than piety: in a word, more of show than of reality.* If some have doubted of her capacity, the greater part do concur in giving her this fine encomium, *That ne-*

* Consort of Louis XIII. and mother to Louis XIV.

ver any queen had a better heart. She deserved this praise, not only account of her benevolent disposition, but for her invariable adherence to the interest of the king her son. Never was there an instance of a queen in whom the matrimonial engagements so remarkably prevailed over those sentiments which birth inspires; the moment she became a French-woman she forgot that she was born a Spaniard. *Ramsay.*

.....

*Character of the Prince of CONDE.**

LOUIS de Bourbon prince of Condé, was one of the greatest men that France ever produced. In his very first campaigns he shewed himself equal to the most celebrated captains, and that he needed neither years nor long experience to make him an accomplished foldier. Nature had happily given him that quick fight which at one glance takes in all objects, presents them to the imagination without confusion, and dictates to the mind in the very moment what is best to be done. Full of a martial enthusiasm, he often seemed to act by a sudden inspiration, which made him despise dangers and break through all obstacles. Fiercely resolute in command, he husbanded neither the lives of his foldiers nor his own; and, in every engagement intrepid to excess, seemed always determined to conquer or to die. He had an understanding sublime and profound, was eloquent, improved by letters, acquainted with the principal beauties of all the sciences that qualify for conversation, the cabinet, and the field. The strength of his genius equalled the vivacity of his spirit, which was at once full of light and heat. In the midst of his misfortunes he still preserved the hero, and when he had recovered the King's confidence, made the faults in a short interval in his life be forgot; becoming again, in a ripper age, what he had been in his youth, the terror of Spain and of the Empire. *Ibid.*

Character

* Condé the great was one of the most celebrated generals of the last age.

*Character of Cardinal MAZARIN.**

CARDINAL MAZARIN, of a temper no less mild, than that of Richelieu was violent, had a handsome person, and a majestic air; his manners were polite, his discourse insinuating, his conversation extremely pleasant and charming. The Queen was pleased with him at first, from a sympathy of characters, and he quickly became the soul of all her councils. He was impenetrable in his designs, disguised in his proceedings, artful in his intrigues, and often attained his ends by such ways as would seem to carry him wide of his mark. Notwithstanding that greediness of riches with which he is reproached, he was known in some nice circumstances, to sacrifice the interests of his family to his master's glory. And though the genius of his politics was rather cunning than resolution, yet in critical and important occasions, he made no scruple to hazard all, and could face the most pressing dangers with an intrepid soul. The same man who dreaded the cabals in the Parliament of Paris, made himself courted by the greatest powers of Europe, even at the time of his disgrace. He had little knowledge in the fundamental laws of the kingdom, but was perfectly well versed in foreign affairs. He completed, by his abilities and by negociations, what his predecessor had begun by force of arms. The methods he employed to raise the regal authority to its highest pitch, were also quite different. Richelieu found no other means to humble the nobles, than by a severity which often looked like cruelty; but Mazarin gained this point, by advising the king to enslave them by hopes, soften them by pleasures, and ruin them by luxury.

*Ramsay.**Character*

* Prime Minister of France, during the regency of Anne of Austria.

Character of Cardinal de RETZ.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS DE GONDY, coadjutor of Paris, afterwards Cardinal de Retz, discovered very early his restless spirit and propensity to faction, and was proud of being called *the Little Casteline*. Ambitious without measure, and courageous even to rashness, he knew no restraint, and was fearless of danger. To gain his point, he made use alternately of gallantry and politics, vice and virtue, religion and the passion. Quick, passionate, and of an unruly imagination, his schemes, though he had great penetration and a vast extent of capacity, *always bordered upon the chimerical*: he was fond of all extraordinary projects, and endeavoured to put them in execution by methods the least common and the fullest of artifice. The memoirs he has left behind him, give a pretty just idea of his character; he was in every respect, like his stile, which is full of fire and smoke; he moves, he hurries you along, he intoxicates, but he very seldom enlightens or persuades. We must however do him the justice to confess, that virtue, victorious over the depravity of his heart, rectified in the latter part of his life, all his vicious inclinations. Such were the principal actors who appeared in the feuds and divisions of the *Fronde* during the minority of Louis XIV. *Ramsay.*

*Character of Marshall de TURENNE.**

ALL the cardinal virtues were united in the Marshal de Turenne, and by what has been said there seems to be none, of which he did not give examples; his disinterestedness was so much

* Henri de la Tour de Auvergne, Viscount de Turenne, was son of Henry duke of Buillon, prince of Sedan, the Lieutenant, the Friend, and the Companion of Henry the great. Turenne was co-temporary with Conde: and these two celebrated

much the more praise-worthy, as covetousness was the reigning vice of the age. His fortune at his death was less than the patrimony he had received from his parents, though he had commanded the king's army above thirty years under a bountiful queen regent and the most magnificent of all monarchs; and though he lived in an age fruitful in great fortunes. Some of his friends talking with him of those immense and suddenly acquired fortunes, and rallying him on that occasion in an agreeable obliging manner; he answered, "I could never find out what pleasure there can be in keeping coffers filled with gold and silver: were I to have considerable sums remaining at the end of the year, my stomach would turn as much as if a great repast were served up to me immediately upon my rising from table." And indeed there were found at his death only 500 crowns in his strong box. Not content with being liberal, he was ingenious in finding out means to spare the objects of his bounty the shame of receiving, and in concealing his generosity under various pretexts, fearing lest his benefactions being divulged, self-love should diminish his virtue.

The love of the public good was the only rule of his desires and actions; though his ambition appeared in his younger years, yet first his prudence and afterwards his piety kept it always within due bounds; he never suffered the love of his own glory nor the undoubted success of a dazzling enterprize to bias him, when a pacific object could be of more advantage to his country; he always preferred his family to his fortune, and the interest of the state to that of his house; but however dear his country was to him, he never to serve it either violated the law of nations or the immutable rules of justice.

He had from his tender years a predominant love of truth; he detested that policy which to succeed in its designs employs

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dissimulation,

brated generals were chiefly instrumental in advancing Louis XIV. to that height of greatness which attracted the envy of all Europe.

diffimulation, lying, and deceiving; he spoke either well or ill of himself according as it was necessary, the one without vanity, the other without shame, and both without affectation, like a man that was become a stranger to himself. This character runs through all his writings, whether letters, instructions, or memoirs. His reputation of being strictly faithful to his word, was so well established, that most of the princes of Germany treated with him without asking any guarantee. The Swifs, Dutch, English, and Swedes, thought themselves secure if he had given them a promise; he never gave one without being sure that he was able to perform it, and rather than come under engagements which he was afraid he could not fulfil, he chose to run the risk of provoking the minister, displeasing even the king, and seeing himself deserted by his troops.

His humanity extended itself universally to all men; officers, soldiers, domestics, even enemies felt the effects of it; he never let slip an opportunity of making known the merit and of concealing or excusing the faults of those who served under him. When an officer whose capacity he knew, had been beaten at the head of a detachment, the Viscount himself raised his courage again by comforting him; he would send him on a party with a greater number of troops to take his revenge, and continued to give him new commands till he had gained some advantage. He thus formed and ripened the talents of men, and perfected their growing courage which another manner of acting might have rendered abortive.

Never was a captain so tenderly beloved by his troops; he seemed to be at the same time general of an army and father of a family; one would have thought that his soldiers had been his children; by condescending to them without debasing himself, being familiar with them without losing any thing of his dignity, he tied to him by the bands of affection men who are commonly restrained by nothing but the fear of punishment: a reproof from him was the greatest chastisement, and his approbation the reward they most coveted. There is too frequently

quently in armies a confused assembly of mercenaries and libertines, cowards and rash men, who must by turns be raised or brought under, animated or restrained: Turenne's army on the contrary was the model of a perfect republic; the distinctions of commanding and obeying were hardly perceptible there; every one knew his duty, and performed it out of a desire to please the general, shame to be wanting to their common father, and a true love of glory which diffused itself from the head to the meanest member. He marched a foot at the head of his soldiers, eat of the same provisions with them, shared in all their toils, and required nothing of them but what he did himself; he never suffered them to be idle, knowing that if he did not employ them well, they would employ themselves ill; but still observing a just medium between too excessive fatigue and too great inaction, he carefully provided for all their wants, contenting himself with little, and often refusing himself necessities, either to give them tokens of his bounty, or relieve them when they suffered by scarcity.

Being no less compassionate to his domestics than to his soldiers, he never made them feel the lowness of their condition by the caprices of a proud and uneven temper. His lenity and goodness, which has been so often admired on the great theatre of the world, did not less show themselves in his family; the more narrowly his actions were looked into, the more he was respected and beloved. Notwithstanding his great jealousy of the prerogatives of his house, he was struck with horror at the monstrous maxims which the great have formed to authorize their usurping a tyranny over other men, and despising them; as if birth, dignities, or riches, gave any other solid advantage than that of being able to do more good; while he made the distinctions established for the preservation of *civil order* be respected, he never forgot that, according to *the law of nature*, men are really distinguished by no other thing than virtue and merit.

Being

* Being accustomed to conquer without ambition, he triumphed without pride; he forbade pillaging, preserved the fruits of the ground, spared the enemy's country as much as he could, and made a kind of *system of military morality* which was peculiar himself: accordingly the enemy being full of respect and affection for him, lamented his death as much as the French themselves. The Germans for several years left untilld the spot on which he was killed, and the peasants showed it as a sacred place; they respected the old tree under which he rested a little before his death, and would not let it be cut down; nor did it perish, but by soldiers of all nations taking away pieces of it out of regard to the memory of that great man.

The Viscount, according to the idea which he had formed to himself of true heroism, made it consist in an elevation of soul which renders us inaccessible to the passions of others, and gives us an absolute empire over our own. He spent his life without ever having any personal quarrel. In the first years of his service, he was not always under leaders for whom he had a great esteem: he had afterwards under him officers whom he esteemed as little: he was joined in command with generals not easy to live with on account of their humours and the jealousies they had of his glory; amidst so many provocations to impatience, he never offended any body, nor showed the least passion; nay he let not so much as an indiscreet word escape him. Though he had naturally a great sweetness of temper, yet a moderation so rare, and practised with so much constancy, could not be the effect of constitution alone: if he seemed sometimes to deviate from it, it was only to support the interests of the state, against the prepossessions and false views of the minister; then without regarding his own interests, or those of his family, he always spoke with firmness like a good patriot, who was afraid of nothing but being wanting to the cause of justice and his country.

Sobriety

|| See his Funeral Oration by Flechier.

Sobriety had preserved his vigour to an advanced age, he looked upon that virtue as a mean equally proper to maintain the strength of the body, and encrease that of the mind; he eat little, and his repasts were very short; by which means he was free and capable to do business at all times, and became indefatigable both of body and mind.

His modesty was conspicuous above all his other virtues; this is clearly seen in the memoirs which he has left written with his own hand; he there relates his greatest actions as ordinary events; he seems hardly to have had any part in them, and to have done nothing but what any other could have done. The *heroic*, the *sublime* in action, or what the French call *le grand*, was natural and familiar to him; he was always GREAT, and always so with ease. In conversation he hardly ever spoke of himself; if he was at any time forced to it, he did it with so much reserve, that he seemed ignorant of his own merit and the high idea which others had of it. When he related the battles in which he had not succeeded, he always made use of this expression; *I lost*: when he spoke of his victories, he always said, *We gained*. The unaffected plainness of his manners and dress, table and equipage, sufficiently spoke his modesty. He took no other care of his person but what cleanliness and decency obliged him to; he employed his domestics only in necessary services, and sometimes too indulgently dispensed with those.

He purified all his virtues by that noble solid piety which refers them to God as their source and end. In the midst of the noise and tumult of arms, the sentiments of a Christian accompanied, animated, and perfected in him those of a hero.† If there be a situation where the soul full of itself is in danger of forgetting what it owes to the Supreme being, it is in those stations where a general by the prudence of his conduct, the greatness of his courage, and the valour of his troops, becomes as it were *the God of other men*, and fills the world with love

† See Father Mascaron's funeral oration.

love or envy, admiration or terror. Turenne was never more sensible of his duty to God than in those moments; at this pitch of glory and greatness, religion and humility kept his mind in that submission and dependence which the creature ought to be in with regard to the Creator.

The Viscount's talents were equal to his virtues. † Nature had given him great sense and penetration, justness and depth of thought, and all solid accomplishments, but had denied him that fire of genius, that liveliness of imagination, those qualities which constitute a sparkling, entertaining wit; this want of vivacity hindered him from laying hold of objects immediately; but by continued reflection he discovered them with greater clearness, and comprehended them in all their extent. He saw distinctly the end he should aim at, he took the nearest way to it, and without being very fruitful in expedients, never failed to choose the best. In urgent affairs he determined without hesitating; but when he was not obliged to act, he deliberated a long time. He neither said nor did any thing that was useless, but forgot nothing that was necessary; all his orders were plain and exact, because he had clear conceptions of things, and was never discomposed in dangers.

We have seen in the course of this History, that by his profound reflections he had acquired such an extensive knowledge in the art of war, that he had calculated even the chances of it, and reduced them to rules. He knew how to remedy inconveniencies, improve advantages, accommodate himself to times, places and circumstances, find out expedients when all was thought lost, let an enterprize ripen with patience, bear with being criticised and blamed rather than discover his secret, prevent the enemy's designs, guess what they would do, by what they ought to do, and by the characters of those he was to fight with foresee their different managements. It was thus that he made himself master of events, and as it were subjected them to his schemes. Few generals have possessed in so great perfection all the different parts of war. We have seen the

art

art and order of his retreats, and the secrecy and quickness of his marches. All his motions were adjusted according to the ground, the time and the season. The great knowledge he had of the country where he made war, the trouble he took to go in person to view the enemy, and the exactness of his eye in judging of their situation, raised him above the ablest Generals in choosing ground for a camp. It was by this art that with forces very much inferior in number he often checked the most formidable enemies. He always preferred small armies to great, as being more expeditious in their marches, easier to be maintained, and more manageable in their motions; but when he was at the head of 30,000 men he conducted them with the same judgment as when he had but 10,000. In the beginning of an action there was nothing extraordinary to be remarked in him; but as the engagement grew warmer, his air and countenance changed; he appeared more raised and animated, still preserving an entire freedom of mind, which made him judge coolly, provide for all, and take advantage of the least faults committed by the enemy. He so well chose his ground, that he was scarcely ever forced to fight. In drawing up his troops for a battle he ranked the soldiers of the different nations according to the knowledge he had of their genius, and regulated the posts of the officers rather by their capacity than their precedency. He no less excelled in the art of making sieges; he viewed all with his own eyes, directed the works, visited them continually, and would have the officers informed as he was of the most minute particulars. He avoided as much as possible the taking any place by assault, his humanity making him afraid of the outrages which the soldiers commit on such occasions.

These virtues, sentiments and talents were the source of great actions, which will make the Viscount de Turenne immortal, and which justly gained him the elogium of having been **A MAN WHO WAS AN HONOUR TO MANKIND.**||

GENERAL

§ The words of his rival Montecuculi, the celebrated Imperial general.

GENERAL HISTORY.

OF THE ORIGIN OF NATIONS, LAWS, GOVERNMENT, AND COMMERCE.

V. FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE EASTERN EMPIRE TO THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY COLUMBUS.

ROME (now known by the name of the Western Empire, in contradistinction to Constantinople, which, from its situation, was called the Eastern Empire) weakened by this division, becomes a prey to the barbarous nations. Its ancient glory, vainly deemed immortal, is effaced, and Adoaces, a barbarian chieftain, sits down on the throne of the Cæsars. These irruptions into the empire were gradual and successive. The immense fabric of the Roman empire was the work of many ages, and several centuries were employed in demolishing it. The ancient discipline of the Romans, in military affairs, was so efficacious, that the remains of it descended to their successors, and must have proved an over-match for all their enemies; had it not been for the vices of their emperors, and the universal corruption of manners among the the people. Satiated with the luxuries of the known world, the emperors were at a loss to find new provocatives. The most distant regions were explored, the ingenuity of mankind was exercised, and the tribute of provinces expended upon one favourite dish. The tyranny, and the universal depravation of manners that prevail-
ed

ed under the emperors, or as they are called Cæsars, could only be equalled by the barbarity of those nations who overcame them.

Towards the close of the sixth century, the Saxons, a German nation, were masters of the southern, and more fertile provinces of Britain; the Franks, another tribe of Germans, of Gaul; the Goths of Spain; the Goths and Lombards, of Italy, and the adjacent provinces. Scarce any vestige of the Roman policy, jurisprudence, arts or literature remained. New forms of government, new laws, new manners, new dresses, new languages, and new names of men and countries, were every where introduced.

From this period till the sixteenth century, Europe exhibited a picture of most melancholy Gothic barbarity. Literature, science, taste, were words scarce in use during these ages. Persons of the highest rank, and in the most eminent stations, could not read or write. Many of the clergy did not understand the breviary which they were obliged daily to recite; some of them could scarce read it. The human mind neglected, uncultivated, and depressed, sunk into the most profound ignorance. The superior genius of Charlemagne, who, about the beginning of the ninth century, governed France, Germany, with part of Italy; and Alfred the Great in England, endeavoured to dispel this darkness, and gave their subjects a short glimpse of light. But the ignorance of the age was too powerful for their efforts and institutions. The darkness returned, and settled over Europe more thick and heavy than formerly.

A new division of property gradually introduced a new species of government, formerly unknown; which singular institution is now distinguished by the name of the *Feudal System*. The king or general, who led the barbarians to conquest, parcelled out the lands of the vanquished among his chief officers, binding those on whom they were bestowed, to follow his standard with a number of men, and to bear arms in his defence.

The chief officers imitated the example of the sovereign, and in distributing portions of their lands among their dependents, annexed the same condition to the grant. But though this system seemed to be admirably calculated for defence against a foreign enemy, it degenerated into a system of oppression.

The usurpation of the nobles became unbounded and intolerable. They reduced the great body of the people into a state of actual servitude. They were deprived of the natural and most unalienable rights of humanity. They were slaves fixed to the soil, which they cultivated, and together with it were transferred from one proprietor to another, by sale, or by conveyance. Every offended baron, or chieftain, buckled on his armour, and fought redress at the head of his vassals. His adversaries met him in like hostile array. The kindred and the dependents of the the aggressor, as well as of the defender, were involved in the quarrel. They had not even the liberty of remaining neuter*.

The monarchs of Europe perceived the encroachment of the nobles with impatience. They declared, that as all men were by nature free born, they determined it should be so in reality as well as in name. In order to create some power, that might counter-balance those potent vassals, who, while they enslaved the people, controlled or gave law to the crown, a plan was adopted of conferring new privileges on towns. These privileges abolished all marks of servitude, and formed them into corporations, or bodies politic, to be governed by a council and magistrates of their own denomination.

The acquisition of liberty made such a happy change in the condition of mankind, as roused them from that stupidity and inaction into which they had been sunk by the wretchedness

* This Gothic system still prevails in Poland: a remnant of it continued in the Highlands of Scotland so late as the year 1748. And even in England, a country renowned for civil and religious liberty, some relics of these Gothic institutions are perceivable at this day.

of their former state. A spirit of industry revived; commerce became an object of attention, and began to flourish.

Various causes contributed to revive this spirit of commerce, and to renew the intercourse between different nations. Constantinople, the capital of the Eastern, or Greek empire, had escaped the ravages of the Goths and Vandals, who overthrew that of the West. In this city, some remains of literature and science were preserved: this too, for many ages, was the great emporium of trade, and where some relish for the precious commodities and curious manufactures of India was retained. They communicated some knowledge of these to their neighbours in Italy; and the crusades, which were begun by the Christian powers of Europe with a view to drive the Turks from Jerusalem, opened a communication between Europe and the East. Constantinople was the general place of rendezvous for the Christian armies, in their way to Palestine, or on their return from thence. Though the object of these expeditions was conquest and not commerce, and though the issue of them proved unfortunate, the commercial effects were both beneficial and permanent.

Soon after the close of the holy war, the mariner's compass was invented, which facilitated the communication between remote nations, and brought them nearer to each other. The Italian states, particularly those of Venice and Genoa, began to establish a regular commerce with the East, and the ports of Egypt, and drew from thence all the rich productions of India. These commodities they disposed of to great advantage among the other nations of Europe, who began to acquire some taste of elegance, unknown to their predecessors, or despised by them. During the 12th and 13th centuries, the commerce of Europe was almost in the hands of the Italians, more commonly known in those ages by the name of Lombards. Companies or societies of Lombard merchants settled in every different parts of the kingdom; they became the carriers, the manufacturers, and the bankers of Europe. One of

these companies settled in London, hence the name of Lombard-street.

While the Italians in the South of Europe cultivated trade with such industry and success, the commercial spirit awakened in the North towards the middle of the thirteenth century. As the Danes, Swedes, and other nations around the Baltic, were at that time extremely barbarous, and infested that sea with their piracies, this obliged the cities of Lubec and Ham-burgh, soon after they had begun to open some trade with the Italians, to enter into a league of mutual defence. They derived such advantages from this union, that other towns acceded to their confederacy; and, in a short time, eighty of the most considerable cities, scattered through those vast countries of Germany and Flanders which stretch from the bottom of the Baltic to Cologne on the Rhine joined in an alliance, called the Hanseatic league; which became so formidable, that its alliance was courted, and its enmity was dreaded by the greatest monarchs. The members of this powerful association formed the first systematic plan of commerce known in the middle ages, and conducted it by common laws enacted in their general assemblies. They supplied the rest of Europe with naval stores; and pitched on different towns, the most eminent of which was Bruges, in Flanders, where they established staples, in which their commerce was regularly carried on. Thither the Lombards brought the productions of India, together with the manufactures of Italy, and exchanged them for the more bulky, but not less useful commodities of the North.

As Bruges became the centre of communication between the Lombards and Hanseatic merchants, the Flemings traded with both in that city to such extent as well as advantage, as spirited among them them a general habit of industry, which long rendered Flanders and the adjacent provinces the most opulent, the most populous, and best cultivated countries in Europe.

Struck

Struck with the flourishing state of these provinces, of which he discovered the true cause, Edward III. of England, endeavoured to excite a spirit of industry among his own subjects, who, blind to the advantages of their situation, and ignorant of the source from which opulence was destined to flow into their country, totally neglected commerce, and did not even attempt those manufactures, the materials of which they furnished to foreigners. By alluring Flemish artisans to settle in his dominions as well as by many wise laws for the encouragement and regulation of trade, he gave a beginning to the woollen manufactures of England, and first turned the active and enterprising genius of his people towards those arts which have raised the English to the first rank among commercial nations.

The Christian princes, after their great losses in the crusades, endeavoured to cultivate the friendship of the great khans of Tartary, whose fame in arms had reached the most remote corners of Europe and Asia, that they might be some check upon the Turks, who had been such enemies to the Christian name; and who, from a contemptible handful of wanderers, serving occasionally in the armies of contending princes, had begun to extend their ravages over the finest countries of Asia.

The Christian embassies were managed chiefly by monks, a wandering profession of men, who, impelled by zeal, and undaunted by difficulties and danger, found their way to the remote courts of these infidels. The English philosopher, Roger Bacon, was so industrious as to collect from their relations, or traditions, many particulars of the Tartars, which are to be found in Purchas's Pilgrims, and other books of travels. The first regular traveller of the monkish kind, who committed his discoveries to writing, was John du Plant Carpin, who with some of his brethren, about the year 1246, carried a letter from pope Innocent to the great khan of Tartary, in favour of the Christian subjects in that prince's extensive dominions.

nions. Soon after this, a spirit of travelling into Tartary and India became general; and it would be no difficult matter to prove that many Europeans, about the end of the fourteenth century, served in the armies of Tamerlane, one of the greatest princes of Tartary, whose conquests reached to the most remote corners of India; and that they introduced into Europe the use of gun-powder and artillery; the discovery made by a German chemist being only partial and accidental.

After the death of Tamerlane, who, jealous of the rising power of the Turks, had checked their progress, the Christian adventurers, upon their return, magnifying the vast riches of the East Indies, inspired their countrymen with a spirit of adventure and discovery, and were the first that rendered a passage thither by sea probable and practicable. The Portuguese had been always famous for their application to maritime affairs; and to their discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, Great-Britain is at this day indebted for her Indian commerce.

At first they contented themselves with short voyages, creeping along the coasts of Africa, discovering cape after cape; but by making a gradual progress southward, they, in the year 1497, were so fortunate as to sail beyond the Cape, which opened a passage by sea to the eastern ocean, and all those countries known by the name of India, China, and Japan.

While the Portuguese were intent upon a passage to India, by the east, Columbus, a native of Genoa, conceived a project of sailing thither by the west. His proposal being condemned by his countrymen as chimerical and absurd, he laid his scheme successively before the courts of France, England, and Portugal, where he had no better success. Such repeated disappointments would have broken the spirit of any man but Columbus. The expedition required expence, and he had nothing to defray it. Spain was now his only resource, and there, after eight years attendance, he succeeded, through the interest of queen Isabella, who raised money upon her jewels to defray the expences of his expedition, and to do honour to her sex.

Columbus

Columbus now set sail, anno 1492, with a fleet of three ships, upon the most adventurous attempt ever undertaken by man, and in the fate of which the inhabitants of two worlds were interested.

In this voyage he had a thousand difficulties to contend with, and his sailors, always discontented, began to insist upon his return, threatening, in case of refusal, to throw him overboard; but the firmness of the commander, and the discovery of land, after a passage of 33 days, put an end to the commotion. From the appearance of the natives he found to his surprize, that this could not be the Indies he was in quest of, and which he soon discovered to be a new world.

Europe now began to emerge out of that darkness into which she had been sunk since the subversion of the Roman empire. These discoveries, from which such wealth was destined to flow to the commercial nations of Europe, were succeeded by others of unspeakable benefit to mankind. The invention of printing, the revival of learning, arts, and sciences; and, lastly, the happy reformation in religion, all distinguish the 15th and sixteenth century as the first æra of modern history. "It was in these ages that the powers of Europe were formed into one great political system, in which each took a station, wherein it has since remained, with less variation than could have been expected, after the shocks occasioned by so many internal revolutions, and so many foreign wars, of which we have given some account in the history of each particular state in the following sheets. The great events which happened then have not hitherto spent their force. The political principles and maxims then established, still continue to operate; and the ideas concerning the balance of power then introduced, or rendered general, still influence the councils of European nations."

Gulbric.

AFFECTION

AFFECTION CONJUGAL.

SENTIMENTS.

OF all the pleasures that endear human life, there are none more worthy the attention of a rational creature than those that flow from the mutual return of *conjugal love*.

When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal sincerity, each alternately receives and communicates a transport that is inconceivable to all but those who are in this situation : Hence arises that heart-enobling solicitude for one another's welfare ; that tender sympathy which alleviates affliction, and that participated pleasure which heightens prosperity and joy itself.

A good wife makes the cares of the world sit easy, and adds a sweetness to its pleasures : she is a man's best companion in prosperity, and his *only friend* in *adversity* ; the carefullest preserver of his health, and the kindest attendant on his sickness ; a faithful adviser in distress, a comforter in affliction, and a prudent manager of all his domestic affairs.

Good-nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life ; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend ; love and constancy, a good wife or husband.

A married woman should not be desirous of attracting the eyes of any man but those of her husband.

He that allows himself to taste those pleasures which he denies his wife, acts like a man who would enjoin his wife to oppose those enemies to whom he has already surrendered.

Beaut. of Hist.

EXAMPLES OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

LEONIDAS, king of Sparta, suspecting a conspiracy was formed against him, fled to the temple of Minerva for shelter, whereupon

whereupon Cleombrutus, his son-in-law, seized the government. When Leonidas was informed of this, he made his escape, taking his daughter along with him, who chose rather to fly with her father than reign with her husband. Some time after, Leonidas being restored to the throne, he advanced at the head of a band of soldiers to the temple where Cleombrutus, upon this change of affairs, had, himself, fled for refuge. He there reproached him with great warmth for assuming the regal power, in violation of the ties of affinity between them, and for expelling him from his own country in so ignominious a manner. Cleombrutus, who had nothing to answer to these reproaches, continued seated in a profound silence, and with an aspect which sufficiently testified his confusion. His wife Chelonida stood near with her two children at her feet. She had been equally unfortunate as a wife and a daughter; but was equally faithful in each of those capacities, and had always adhered to the unfortunate side. All those who were then present melted into tears at so moving a sight, and were struck with admiration at the virtue and tenderness of Chelonida, and the amiable force of conjugal love. The unfortunate princess, pointing to her mourning habit and disheveled tresses, "Believe me, O, my father!" said she, "this habit of woe, which I now wear, this dejection which now appears in my countenance, and these sorrows into which you see me sunk, are not the effects of that compassion I entertain for Cleombrutus; but the sad remains of my affliction for the calamities you sustained in your flight from Sparta. On what, alas! shall I now resolve? While you reign for the future in Sparta, and triumph over the enemies who opposed you, shall I continue to live in the desolate state to which you see me reduced? Or, is it my duty to array myself in the robes of royalty and magnificence, when I behold the husband I received from you in the flower of my youth on the point of perishing by your dagger? Should he be unable to disarm your resentment, and move your soul to compassion by the

tears of his wife and children, permit me to assure you that he will be punished with more severity for his imprudence, than was even intended by yourself, when he shall see a wife who is so dear to him, expiring at his feet; for you are not to think, that in my present condition, I will ever consent to out-live him. What appearance shall I make among the Spartan ladies after my inability to inspire my husband with compassion for my father; or to soften my father into pity for my husband? What, indeed, shall I appear to them, but a daughter and a wife, always afflicted and contemned by her nearest relations?" Chelonida, at the conclusion of these words, reclined her cheek on that of Cleombrutus; while with her eyes, that spoke her sorrow in her tears, she cast a languid look on those who were present.

Leonidas, after a few moments discourse with his friends, ordered Cleombrutus to rise, and immediately to quit Sparta; but earnestly importuned his daughter to continue there, and not forsake a father who gave her such a peculiar proof of tenderness as to spare the life of her husband. His solicitations were, however, ineffectual; and the moment Cleombrutus rose from his seat, she placed one of her children in his arms, and clasped the other in her own; and when she had offered up her prayers to the goddess, and kissed the altar, she became a voluntary exile with her husband.

How extremely affecting was this spectacle, and how worthy the admiration of all ages is such model of conjugal affection! If the heart of Cleombrutus, says Plutarch, was not entirely depraved by vain-glory, and a boundless ambition to reign, he would have been sensible that even banishment itself, with so virtuous a companion, was a felicity preferable to the condition of a sovereign. *Plut. in vit. Agid.*

It was highly honourable for Phocion, that he was forty times elected general of the Athenians; and it is remarkable, that

that these elections always happened when he was absent, without any previous solicitations on his part. His wife was sufficiently sensible how much this was for his glory; and one day, when an Ionian lady of considerable rank, who lodged in her house, showed her, with an air of ostentation and pleasure, her ornaments of gold, with a variety of jewels and bracelets, she answered her with a modest tone, *For my part, I have no ornament but Phocion, who for these twenty years has been always elected general of the Athenians.* Appian, l. 4.

CYRUS, king of Persia, had taken captive the young prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful and blooming princess, whom he had lately married, and of whom he was passionately fond. When both were brought to the tribunal, Cyrus asked the prince, what he would give to be re-instated in his kingdom? He answered, with an air of indifference, "That as for his crown, and his own liberty, he valued them at a very low rate. But if Cyrus would restore his beloved princess to her native dignity and hereditary possessions, he should infinitely rejoice, and would pay, (this he uttered with tenderness and ardor) would willingly pay his life for the purchase."—When all the prisoners were dismissed with freedom, it is impossible to be expressed how they were charmed with their royal benefactor; some celebrated his martial accomplishments, some applauded his social virtues, all were prodigal of their praise, and lavish in grateful acknowledgement. And you, said the prince, addressing himself to his bride, What think you of Cyrus? *I did not observe him,* said the princess.—Not observe him! Upon what then was your attention fixed? Upon that dear and generous man, who declared, "that he would purchase my liberty at the expence of his own life."

What an idea of Chastity! and, at the same time, what a wonderful simplicity and delicacy of thought are here in the

answer of the young princess, who had no eyes but for her husband. *Xenoph. de Cyri. Just. l. 3.*

PLINY, one of the finest gentlemen, and politest writers of the age in which he lived, was also one of the best husbands in the whole Roman empire. He did not think it below him to treat his wife as a friend, companion, and counsellor. He has left us in his letter to Hispulla, his wife's aunt, one of the most agreeable family pieces I ever met with. Conjugal love is drawn with a delicacy which makes it appear to be an ornament as well as virtue. The translation of it is as follows:

PLINY to HISPULLA.

As I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, so as not only to express the tenderness of the best of aunts, but even to supply that of the best of fathers, I am sure it will give you pleasure to hear that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of her ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality is extraordinary. She loves me, the surest pledge of her virtue, and adds to this, a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You would smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where with the utmost delight she feasts upon my applauses; sometimes she sings my verses, and accompanies them with the lute, without any master, except love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omens

omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness, since her affection is not founded on my youth or person, which must gradually decay; but she is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor, indeed, could less be expected, from one who had the happiness to receive her education from you; who, in your house, was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me on your recommendation. For as you had always the greatest respect for my mother, you was pleased, from my infancy, to form me, to commend me, and kindly to preface that I should be one day what my wife fancies I am: accept, therefore, our united thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on me; and hers, that you have given me to her as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.

The same amiable disposition and conjugal tenderness appear in all the Letters which he wrote to his wife Calphurnia, at a time when he was at a distance from her.

CICERO was in all respects as great a man as Pliny, and hath written a whole book of letters to his wife. They are full of that beautiful simplicity which is altogether natural, and is the distinguished character of the best ancient writers. The following were written at a time when he was banished from his country by a faction that then prevailed at Rome.

CICERO to TERENTIA.

LETTER I.

I LEARN from the letters of my friends as well as from common report, that you give incredible proofs of virtue and fortitude, and that you are indefatigable in all kinds of good offices. How unhappy am I, that a woman of your virtue, constancy, honour, and good nature, should fall into so great distresses upon my account?—If all this had happened by the decrees

of

of fate, as you would kindly persuade me, I could have borne it; but alas! it is all befallen me by my own indiscretion, who thought I was beloved by those that envied me, and did not join with those who sought my friendship.—At present, since my friends bid me hope, I shall take care of my health, that I may enjoy the benefit of your affectionate services. Plancius hopes we may some time or other come together in Italy. If I ever live to see that day, if I ever return to your dear embraces; in short, if I ever recover you and myself, I shall think our conjugal piety very well rewarded.

LETTER II.

I MUST acknowledge, that you have done every thing for me with the utmost fortitude and the utmost affection; nor, indeed, is it more than I expected from you; though at the same time it is a great aggravation of my ill fortune, that the afflictions I suffer can be relieved only by those which you undergo for my sake. For honest Valerius has written me a letter which I could not read without weeping very bitterly; wherein he gives me an account of the public procession which you made for me at Rome. Alas! my dearest life, must then Terentia, the darling of my soul, whose favour and recommendations have been so often sought by others, must my Terentius droop under the weight of sorrow, appear in the habit of a mourner, pour out floods of tears, and all this for my sake; for my sake, who have undone my family, by consulting the safety of others?—You present yourself before my eyes day and night: I see you labouring amidst innumerable difficulties: I am afraid, lest you should sink under them; but I find in you all the qualifications that are necessary to support you. Be sure, therefore, to cherish your health, that you may compass the end of your hopes and your endeavours. Farewell, my Terentia, my heart's desire, farewell.

METHINKS,

METHINKS, it is a pleasure to see this great man in his family, who makes so different a figure in the forum or senate of Rome. Every one admires the orator and the consul; but, for my own part, I esteem the husband and the father. His private character, with all the little weaknesses of humanity, is as amiable as the figure he makes in public is awful and majestic. It would be ill-nature not to acquaint the English reader, that his wife was successful in her solicitations for this great man, and saw her husband return to the honours of which he had been deprived, with all the pomp and acclamation that usually attended the greatest triumph.

From the foregoing examples, it appears incontestably evident, that a happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life: and to make it so, nothing more is required than discretion, virtue, and good nature. But, for want of these, wedlock is now become the standing jest of fools, the curse of knaves, and the plague of most men. Where these are happily united, we may say with the poet,

They know a passion still more deeply charming

Than fever'd youth e'er felt; and that is love,

By long experience mellow'd into friendship.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD HUSBAND.

THE good husband is one, who wedded not by interest, but by choice, is constant, as well from inclination as from principle: he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend: he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency: he passes them over therefore with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence: all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength and power are exerted for her support and protection; he

he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because her's is blended with it: lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of Christianity by his own example; that as they join to promote each others happiness in this world, they may unite to insure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD WIFE.

THE good wife is one who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she hath entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant, and faithful to her husband: chaste, pure, and unblemished, in every thought, word, and deed: she is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination: what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion: she makes it her business to serve, and her business to oblige her husband; conscious that every thing that promotes his happiness, must in the end contribute to her own: her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress, her good humour and complacency lessen and subdue his afflictions. "She openeth her mouth," as Solomon says, "with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the way of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness: her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." As a good and pious Christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the dispenser and disposer of all things, to the husband of the widow and father of the fatherless, intreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty; well satisfied, that if she duly and punctually discharges her several offices in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another. "Favour is deceitful,

eciful, and beauty is vain : but a woman that seareth the Lord, she shall be praised." *Beauties of History.*

On the Beauty of Epistolary Writing.

ITS first and fundamental requisite is, to be natural and simple ; for a stiff and laboured manner is as bad in a letter, as it is in conversation. This does not banish sprightliness and wit. These are graceful in letters, just as they are in conversation ; when they flow easily, and without being studied ; when employed so as to season, not to cloy. One who, either in conversation or in letters, affects to shine and to sparkle always, will not please long. The style of letters should not be too highly polished. It ought to be neat and correct, but no more. All nicety about words, betrays study ; and hence musical periods, and appearances of number and harmony in arrangement, should be carefully avoided in letters. The best letters are commonly such as the authors have written with most facility. What the heart or the imagination dictates, always flows readily ; but where there is no subject to warm or interest these, constraint appears ; and hence, those letters of mere compliment, congratulation, or affected condolence, which have cost the authors most labour in composing, and which, for that reason, they perhaps consider as their master-pieces, never fail of being the most disagreeable and insipid to the readers. *Blair.*

Ease in writing Letters must not degenerate to carelessness.

IT ought, at the same time, to be remembered, that the ease and simplicity which I have recommended in epistolary corre-

spondence, are not to be understood as importing entire carelessness. In writing to the most intimate friend, a certain degree of attention, both to the subject and the style, is requisite and becoming. It is no more than what we owe both to ourselves, and to the friend with whom we correspond. A slovenly and negligent manner of writing, is a disobliging mark of want of respect. The liberty, besides, of writing letters with too careless a hand, is apt to betray persons into imprudence in what they write. The first requisite, both in conversation and correspondence, is to attend to all the proper decorums which our own character and that of others, demand. An imprudent expression in conversation may be forgotten and pass away; but when we take the pen into our hand, we must remember, that "*Litera scripta manet.*" *Blair.*

On PLINY's Letters.

PLINY's letters are one of the most celebrated collections which the ancients have given us, in the epistolary way. They are elegant and polite; and exhibit a very pleasing and amiable view of the author. But, according to the vulgar phrase, they smell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not easy to avoid thinking, that the author is casting an eye towards the Public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends. Nothing indeed is more difficult, than for an author, who publishes his own letters, to divest himself altogether of attention to the opinion of the world in what he says; by which means, he becomes much less agreeable than a man of parts would be, if, without any constraint of this sort, he were writing to his intimate friend. *Ibid.*

On

On CICERO's Letters.

CICERO's Eepistles, though not so showy as those of Pliny, are on several accounts, a far more valuable collection; indeed, the most valuable collection of letters extant in any language. They are letters of real business, written to the greatest men of the age, composed with purity and elegance, but without the least affectation; and, what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being published to the world. For it appears that Cicero never kept copies of his own letters; and we are wholly indebted to the care of his freed-man Tyro, for the large collection that was made, after his death, of those which are now extant, amounting to near a thousand*. They contain the most authentic materials of the history of that age; and are the last monuments which remain of Rome in its free state; the greatest part of them being written during that important crisis, when the republic was on the point of ruin; the most interesting situation, perhaps, which is to be found in the affairs of mankind. To his intimate friends, especially to Atticus, Cicero lays open himself and his heart, with entire freedom. In the course of his correspondence with others, we are introduced into acquaintance with several of the principal personages of Rome; and it is remarkable that most of Cicero's correspondents, as well as himself, are elegant and polite writers; which serves to heighten our idea of the taste and manners of that age.

Blair.

* See his Letter to Atticus, which was written a year or two before his death, in which he tells him, in answer to some enquiries concerning his e-pistles, that he had no collection of them, and that Tyro had only about seventy of them.

On POPE's and SWIFT's Letters.

THE most distinguished collection of letters in the English language, is that of Mr Pope, Dean Swift, and their friends; partly published in Mr Pope's works, and partly in those of Dean Swift. This collection is, on the whole, an entertaining and agreeable one: and contains much wit and ingenuity. It is not, however, altogether free of the fault which I imputed to Pliny's Epistles, of too much study and refinement. In the variety of letters from different persons, contained in that collection, we find many that are written with ease, and a beautiful simplicity. Those of Dr Arbuthnot, in particular, always deserve that praise. Dean Swift's also are unaffected; and as a proof of their being so, they exhibit his character fully, with all its defects; though it were to be wished, for the honour of his memory, that his epistolary correspondence had not been drained to the dregs, by so many successive publications, as have been given to the world. Several of Lord Bolingbroke's, and of Bishop Atterbury's Letters, are masterly. The censure of writing letters in too artificial a manner, falls heaviest on Mr Pope himself. There is visibly more study, and less of nature and the heart in his letters, than in those of some of his correspondents. He had formed himself on the manner of Voiture, and is too fond of writing like a wit. His letters to ladies are full of affectation. Even in writing to his friends, how forced an introduction is the following, of a letter to Mr Addison: "I am more joyed at your return, than
 " I should be at that of the Sun, as much as I wish for him
 " in this melancholy wet season; but it is his fate too, like
 " yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who
 " cannot bear his lustre." How stiff a compliment is it, which he pays to Bishop Atterbury: "Though the noise and daily
 " bustle for the Public be now over, I dare say, you are still
 " tendering its welfare; as the Sun in winter, when seeming
 " to

"to retire from the world, is preparing warmth and benedictions for a better season." This sentence might be tolerated in an harangue; but is very unsuitable to the style of one friend corresponding with another, *Blair.*

On the Letters of BALZAC, VOITURE, SEVIGNE, and Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

THE gaiety and vivacity of the French genius appear to much advantage in their letters, and have given birth to several agreeable publications. In the last age Balzac and Voiture were the two most celebrated epistolary writers. Balzac's reputation indeed soon declined, on account of his swelling periods and pompous style. But Voiture continued long a favourite author. His composition is extremely sparkling; he shows a great deal of wit, and can trifle in the most entertaining manner. His only fault is, that he is too open and professed a wit, to be thoroughly agreeable as a letter-writer. The letters of Madame de Sevigne are now esteemed the most accomplished model of a familiar correspondence. They turn indeed very much upon trifles, the incidents of the day, and the news of the town; and they are overloaded with extravagant compliments, and expressions of fondness, to her favourite daughter; but withal, they shew such perpetual sprightliness, they contain such easy and varied narration, and so many strokes of the most lively and beautiful painting, perfectly free from any affectation, that they are justly entitled to high praise. The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague are not unworthy of being named after those of Madame de Sevigné. They have much of the French ease and vivacity, and retain more the character of agreeable epistolary style, than perhaps any letters which have appeared in the English language. *Ibid.*

ORATIONS.

ROMULUS to the People of Rome, after building the City.

IF all the strength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we should have great reason to be in fear for that which we have now built. But are there in reality any walls too high to be scaled by a valiant enemy? and of what use are ramparts in intestine divisions? they may serve for a defence against sudden excursions from abroad; but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invasions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, sobriety, and justice, that domestic seditions are prevented. Cities fortified by the strongest bulwarks have been often seen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from within. An exact military discipline, and a steady observance of civil polity, are the surest barriers against these evils.

But there is still another point of great importance to be considered. The prosperity of some rising colonies, and the speedy ruin of others, have in a great measure been owing to their form of government. Were there but one manner of ruling states and cities that could make them happy, the choice would not be difficult; but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by those who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of these is in all respects perfect, but each of them has some innate and incurable defect. Chuse you, then, in what manner this city shall be governed. Shall it be by one man? shall it be by a select number of the wisest among us? or shall the legislative power be in the people? As
for

for me, I shall submit to whatever form of administration you shall please to establish. As I think myself not unworthy to command, so neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having chosen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours sufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I never can be deprived.

Hooke.

.....

HANNIBAL to SCIPIO AFRICANUS, at their interview preceding the Battle of Zama.

SINCE fate has so ordained it, that I, who began the war, and who have been so often on the point of ending it by a complete conquest, should now come of my own motion to ask a peace; I am glad it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to ask it. Nor will this be among the least of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over so many Roman generals, submitted at last to you.

I could wish that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature seems to have prescribed to it; the shores of Africa, and the shores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both sides we have been so eager after foreign possessions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But since errors past may be more easily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me, to put an end, if possible, to the obstinate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the instability of fortune, inclines me to leave nothing to her determination, which reason can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted success, may render you averse from the thoughts of peace. He whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects up-

on her inconstancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation: I am that same Hannibal, who, after my victory at Cannæ, became master of the greatest part of your country, and deliberated with myself what fate I should decree to Italy and Rome. And now—see the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preservation and my country's. Such are the sports of fortune. Is she then to be trusted because she smiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleasure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or to the glory of your country; if vanquished, you lose in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been so many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all this?—that you should content yourself with our cession of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the islands between Italy and Africa. A peace on these conditions will, in my opinion, not only secure the future tranquility of Carthage, but be sufficiently glorious for you, and for the Roman name. And do not tell me, that some of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty—It is I, Hannibal, that now ask a peace: I ask it, because I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it.

Hooke.

.....
SCIPIO'S Answer.

I KNEW very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aside all thoughts of a peace, when it was just upon the point of being concluded; and your present proposal is a proof of it. You retrench from their concessions every thing but what we are, and have been long possessed of.

But

But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens should have the obligations to you of being eased from a great part of their burden, so it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiousness. Nobody is more sensible than I am of the weakness of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprize is subject to a thousand chances. If, before the Romans passed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are masters here of the open country, the situation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be considered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty which we entered into at their request, were, over and above what you offer, to have restored to us our prisoners without ransom, delivered up their ships of war, paid us five thousand talents, and to have given hostages for the performance of all. The senate accepted these conditions, but Carthage failed on her part: Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be released from the most important articles of the treaty, as a reward of their breach of conduct? No, certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added some new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, instead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians therefore must submit to us at discretion, or must vanquish us in battle.

Hooke.

Vol. I. 3. C. Submission.

Submission ; Complaint ; Intreating—The Speech of SENECA the philosopher to NERO, complaining of the Envy of his Enemies, and requesting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow Circumstances, that he might no longer be an Object of their Malignity.

MAY it please the imperial majesty of Cæsar, favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince where to bestow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, Augustus, bestowed on his deserving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments, suitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers : nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majesty has, indeed, been purely domestic : I have neither headed your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are some who do not seem to attend it) that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, others less conspicuous ; and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

“ But what !” say my enemies, “ shall a private person, of equestrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the patricians ? Shall an upstart, of no name nor family, rank with those who can, by the statues which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of ancestors, long enough to tire out the fasti ? Shall a philosopher who has written for others precepts of moderation,

† The fasti, or calendars, or, if you please, almanacs, of the ancients, had, as our almanacs, tables of kirgs, consuls, &c.

“and contempt of all that is external, himself live in affluence
 “and luxury? Shall he purchase estates, and lay out money at
 “interest? Shall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn
 “a country at his own expence, and for his own pleasure.”

Cæsar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince bestowed; nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. Cæsar’s rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the envious. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg, that Cæsar would kindly ease me of the troubles of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I now am obliged to bestow upon my villa and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government? His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar’s greatness to have it said, that he bestowed favours on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, shewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them. *Corn. Tacit.*

*CALISTHENES’S reproof of CLEON’S Flattery to ALEXANDER,
 on whom he had proposed to confer Divinity by Vote.*

IF the king were present, Cleon, there would be no need of my answering to what you have just proposed: he would himself reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign absurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by such unmanly flattery. As he is absent, I take upon me to tell you, in his name, that no praise is lasting, but what is

rational; and that you do what you can to lessen his glory, instead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified till after their death; and, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wish the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour.

You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propose, Hercules and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? and are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our sovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his subjects? First try your powers, whether you can make a king. It is, surely, easier to make a king than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wish that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant proposal you have made of adding one to their number; and that they may still be so propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that success to our affairs with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not ashamed of my country? nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws or rules of conduct from them, what is it but to confess ourselves inferior to them? *Q. Curtius.*

BRUTUS's Speech in Vindication of CÆSAR's Murder.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me, in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar?

this

this is my answer—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country?—If any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.—

None?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is inrolled in the capital: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences inforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as, which of you shall not? With this I depart—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Shakespeare.

The SCYTHIAN Ambassadors to ALEXANDER, on his making preparations to attack their Country.

IF your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west at the same time: you grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer

quer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But, have you considered the usual course of things? have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care left, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon; why should you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India: all this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and herds. How imprudent is your conduct! you grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice, You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? while you were subduing them the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve to no other purpose than to find you employment by producing new wars; for the business of every conquest is twofold, to win, and to preserve: and though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible: for what people chuse to be under foreign dominions?

If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business; you will find us, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp: for the Scythians attack with no less

vigour

vigour than they fly. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained: catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, That Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful.—You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon: it suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself.

You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing; but it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people; there can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed; even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by signing, sealing and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom; but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury.—You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power, either to serve you or to annoy

annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies or for enemies.

L. Curtius.

The Story of LE FEYRE.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe.—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard;—the land-lord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing 'till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast.—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*—

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, —added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,

yet

—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:—Has he a son with him, then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day;—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, says my uncle Toby.—

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoaked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoaked on, and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill

be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.—I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoaked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby.—He is, said the corporal.—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby.—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it—"Your honour is good:—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

—I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When

—When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added, my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast:—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I should step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate:—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harrassing

others

others to-morrow :—detached here ;—countermanded there ;—resting this night upon his arms ;—beat up in his shirt the next ;—benumbed in his joints ;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on ;—he must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fusts and hypocrisy.—Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not :—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgement, (and not till then—it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not ; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby ; and I will shew it thee to-morrow :—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one :—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric hand-kerchief beside it :—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side :—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's

thanks

thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me,—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was.—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing ;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so ? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice.—Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep,

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned ;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe ?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, fighting again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted ;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment ;—but finish the story thou art upon :—'Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer, so wished his honour a good night ; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs : and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders

ders—But alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then, what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves.—That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner,—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgement upon the counter-scarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders;—true, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him

him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house a too:—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and the boy's and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in the world, said the corporal:—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An' please your honour, said the corporal he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-a'day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die:—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology

fat

fat himself down upon the chair, by the bed-side; and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?—and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse flutter'd—stopp'd—went on—throb'd—stopp'd again—mov'd—stopp'd—shall I go on?—No.

Sterne.

Vol. I.

31

Mercy

Mercy recommended.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him; my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand.—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the fash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go, poor devil,—get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

• • This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject. *Sterne.*

The Starling.

—BESHREW the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant

tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained “it could not get out.”—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a Starling hung in a little cage——“I can’t get out—I can’t get out,” said the Starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentations of its captivity——“I can’t get out,” said the Starling—God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot see thee at liberty——“No,” said the Starling.—“I can’t get out, I can’t get out,” said the Starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have

been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled!--Gracious Heaven! cried I kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—Grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy Divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

Sterne.

The Captive.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement: I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groupes in it did but distract me—

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon,

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in all that time--nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice--his children--

—But here my heart began to bleed--and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there--he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down--shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle--He gave a deep sigh--I saw the iron enter into his soul--I burst into tears--I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn. *Ibid.*

Trim's Explanation of the Fifth Commandment.

—PRYTHEE, Trim, quoth my father,—What dost thou mean, by “honouring thy father and mother?”

Allowing them, an't please your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.--And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.—He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself. *Ibid.*

Health.

Health.

O BLESSED health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlarged the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for! and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee. *Sterne.*

On Vulgarity.

A VULGAR, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside; and indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles; he suspects himself to be slighted; thinks every thing that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by shewing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another

another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always favours strongly of the lowness of his education and company: it turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters.—He is a man-gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say, that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that “what is one man's meat is another man's poison.” If any body attempts being *smart*, as he calls it, upon him; he gives them *tit for tat*, aye, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as, *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronounciation of proper words carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth *yearth*; he is *obleiged*, not *obliged* to you. He goes *to wards*, and not *towards* such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and gramatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handedness, (if I may use that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impossible to suppose, that a man can have frequented good company, without having catched something, at least, of their air and motions.

tions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness; but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head; his cane, if unfortunately he wears one, is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His cloaths fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company like a criminal in a court of justice; his very air condemns him; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company: a gulf from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

Lord Chesterfield.

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On Good-breeding.

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very justly defined good-breeding to be, "the result of much good sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me, that any body, who has good sense and good-nature, can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is every where and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what the

good morals are to society in general, their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And, indeed, there seems to me to be less difference both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man who by his ill-manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniencies, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should shew to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of shewing that respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern: whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living, guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such-like indecencies, in companies that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to shew that respect which every body means to shew, in an easy, unembarrassed,

raised, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously; it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to shew him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniencies and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shews his good-breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your good-nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are
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the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends, is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case:—Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there was no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us; but I shall certainly observe that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

Lord Chesterfield.

The Art of Pleasing.

THE desire of being pleased is universal: the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental

principle of morality, of doing to others what one wishes they should do to us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold or comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not shew the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit at interest. What vast returns,

turns, then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in! A prudent usurer would with transport place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

The man who is amiable, will make almost as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word; but not such sentimental friends, as Pylades or Orestes, Nysus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general wish him well, and inclined to serve him in any thing not inconsistent with their own interest.

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good-nature and of good sense; but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of, good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politest courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary out-work of manners, as well as of religion; it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible, and to the well-bred part of the world. *Chesterfield.*

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Endeavour to please, and you can scarcely fail to please.

THE means of pleasing vary according to time, place, and person; but the general rule is the trite one. Endeavour to please, and you will infallibly please to a certain degree; constantly shew a desire to please, and you will engage people's self-love in

in your interest ; a most powerful advocate. This, as indeed almost every thing else, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the most trifling thing that passes where you are ; have, as the vulgar phrase is, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very foolish, though a very common saying, " I really did not mind it," or, " I was " thinking of quite another thing at that time." The proper answer to such ingenious excuses, and which admits of no reply, is, Why did you not mind it ? you was present when it was said or done. Oh ! but you may say, you was thinking of quite another thing : if so, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you say you was thinking of ? But you will say, perhaps, that the company was so silly, that it did not deserve your attention ; that, I am sure, is the saying of a silly man ; for a man of sense knows that there is no company so silly, that some use may not be made of it by attention.

Let your address, when you first come into company, be modest, but without the least bashfulness or sheepishness ; steady, without imprudence, and unembarrassed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deserves great attention ; nothing but a long usage to the world, and in the best company, can possibly give it.

A young man, without knowledge of the world, when he first goes into a fashionable company, where most are his superiors, is either annihilated by bashfulness, or, if he rouses and lashes himself up to what he only thinks a modest assurance, he runs into imprudence and absurdity, and consequently offends instead of pleasing. Have always, as much as you can, that gentleness of manners, which never fails to make favourable impressions, provided it be equally free from an insipid smile, or a pert smirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and disputative turn, which too many people have, and some even value themselves upon, in company ; and, when your opinion differs from others,

thers, maintain it only with modesty, calmness, and gentleness ; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous ; and, when you find your antagonist beginning to grow warm, put an end to the dispute by some genteel stroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two best friends in the world dispute with eagerness upon the most trifling subject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Disputes upon any subject are a sort of trial of the understanding, and must end in the mortification of one or other of the disputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning that you should give an universal assent to all that you hear said in company ; such an assent would be mean, and in some cases criminal ; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleness.

Always look people in the face when you speak to them ; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt ; besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances, what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears ; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear ; but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

If you have not command enough over yourself to conquer your humour, as I am sure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-humour is upon you. Instead of company's diverting you in those moments, you will displease, and probably shock them ; and you will part worse friends than you met ; but whenever you find in yourself a disposition to sullenness, contradiction, or testiness, it will be in vain to seek for a cure from abroad. Stay at home ; let your humour ferment and work itself off. Cheerfulness and good-humour are of all qualifications the most amiable in company ; for, though they do not necessarily imply good-nature and good-breeding, they represent them, at least, very well, and that is all that is required in mixt company.

I have indeed known some very ill-natured people, who were very good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not essentially ill-natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulness and ease in the countenance and manners. By good-humour and cheerfulness, I am far from meaning noisy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whose mirth is a kind of storm. Observe it, the vulgar often laugh but never smile; whereas well-bred people often smile, but seldom laugh. A witty thing never excited laughter; it pleases only the mind, and never distorts the countenance; a glaring absurdity, a blunder, a silly accident, and those things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well-bred people.

Sudden passion is called short-lived madness; it is a madness indeed, but the fits of it return so often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madness. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate disposition, make it your constant study to subdue, or, at least, to check it; when you find your choler rising, resolve neither to speak to, nor answer the person who excites it; but stay till you find it subsiding, and then speak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and steady upon all occasions; the advantages of such a steady calmness are innumerable, and would be too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reason which distinguishes men from brutes would be given us to very little purpose; as a proof of this, I never saw, and scarcely ever heard of a Quaker in a passion. In truth, there is in that sect a decorum and decency, and an amiable simplicity, that I know in no other.

Chesterfield.

The

The Innocent Pleasures of Childhood.

As it is usual with me to draw a secret unenvied pleasure from a thousand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myself into a short transport, forgetting my age, and fancying myself a school-boy.

This imagination was strongly favoured by the presence of so many young boys, in whose looks were legible the sprightly passions of that age, which raised in me a sort of sympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of those enjoyments that once gave me pleasure, put on more lively colours, and a thousand gay amusements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forsaken by this waking dream. The cheapness of puerile delights, the guiltless joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the soul in the ascent of life, the pleasure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reason, made me think most men found that stage the most agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diversions which exalted the spirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the soul with anguish, and the body with disease. The grateful employment of admiring and raising themselves to an imitation of the polite stile, beautiful images, and noble sentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law-latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that swarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our taste, and infect the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, insensibly wear out, and

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Chesterfield.

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As it is usual with me to draw a secret unenvied pleasure from a thousand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myself into a short transport, forgetting my age, and fancying myself a school-boy.

This imagination was strongly favoured by the presence of so many young boys, in whose looks were legible the sprightly passions of that age, which raised in me a sort of sympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of those enjoyments that once gave me pleasure, put on more lively colours, and a thousand gay amusements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forsaken by this waking dream. The cheapness of puerile delights, the guiltless joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the soul in the ascent of life, the pleasure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reason, made me think most men found that stage the most agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diversions which exalted the spirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the soul with anguish, and the body with disease. The grateful employment of admiring and raising themselves to an imitation of the polite stile, beautiful images, and noble sentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law-latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that swarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our taste, and infect the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, insensibly wear out, and

they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay; their novelty surprises, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger. But by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles, by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiseration of that species called beaux, the happiness of those men necessarily terminating with their childhood, who, from a want of knowing other pursuits, continue a fondness for the delights of that age, after the relish of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared a variety of pleasures for the various stages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourselves in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of those objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratifications of sense, to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views, and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the frame, connection, and symmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public schools and universities, not only as nurseries of men for the service of the church and state, but also as places designed to teach mankind the most refined luxury, to raise the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taste for those entertainments which afford the highest transport, without the grossness or remorse that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In those blessed retreats men enjoy the sweets of solitude, and yet converse with the greatest genii that have appeared in every age; wander through the delightful mazes of every art and science, and as they gradually enlarge their sphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their present possessions, and are animated by the boundless prospect of future discoveries. There, a generous emulation, a noble thirst of fame, a love of truth and honourable regard, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. There, the stock of learning transmitted down from the ancients, is preserved, and receives a daily increase; and it is thence propagated by men, who having finished their studies, go into the world, and spread that general knowledge and good taste throughout the land, which is so distant from the barbarism of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And it is evident that our literature is owing to the schools and universities; so it cannot be denied, that these are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious considerations, that princes, as well as private persons, have erected colleges, and assigned liberal endowments to students and professors. Upon the same account they meet with encouragement and protection from all Christian states, as being esteemed a necessary means to have the sacred oracles and primitive traditions of Christianity preserved and understood. And it is well known, that after a long night of ignorance and superstition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of course engaged men in the study of the learned languages, and of antiquity. *Guardian.*

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On Chearfulness.

I HAVE always preferred chearfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth

is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious or composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul; his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

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If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A chearful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good-humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the chearfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine, that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this chearfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this chearfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature, in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure
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of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil; it is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and Atheist have therefore no pretence to chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive to chearfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old-age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of chearfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its
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first setting out, have made so considerable progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind is, its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we are made to please.

Spectator.

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Love and Joy, a Tale.

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with

with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the off-spring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Where they appeared the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years: but in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and Astræa, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes: Love alone remained, having been stolen away by hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Ate: he complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable; her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung up a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born, and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she

she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales, full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles twisted with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since the Muses spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

Aiken's Miscell.

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Characters of CAMILLA and FLORA.

CAMILLA is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive; to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence, she is unconscious of any, and this heightens them all: she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light: she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy

to misguide her; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance. The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does she sigh? Every body is affected: they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others seem by a natural impulse to feel her superiority; and yet when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before; she joins to the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often miscalled modesty: nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! by this silent unassuming merit she over-awes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noise, with which inferior natures in superior stations overwhelm the slavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude, that every different character is imperfect; what, will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally

equally striking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuse it to the infinity of nature! How different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! In Camilla, nature has displayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant softness of female propriety: In Flora, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an untroubled, yet blameless freedom. Flora has something original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined; to know her and to love her is the same thing; but you cannot know her by description. Her person is rather touching than majestic, her features more expressive than regular, and her manner pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule, than because it is conformable to any that custom has established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed; Flora, of the wild sweetness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the *Æolian* harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive sweetness of the Loves. Artless sensibility, wild, native feminine gaiety, and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange characteristics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish than increase, rather to hide than adorn; and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dress, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifested in Camilla and Flora! yet while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved, that truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree than they are possessed by Flora: she is just as attentive to the interest of others, as she is negligent of her own; and though she could submit to any misfortune that could befall herself, yet she hardly knows how to bear the mis-

fortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the strongest sensibility with the most lively gaiety; and both are expressed with the most bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inspires a reverence that keeps you at a respectful, yet admiring distance, Flora excites the most ardent, yet most elegant desire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive sensibility of Calisto: Camilla almost elevates you to the sensibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliest idea of woman.

Greville.

Distresses of an AUTHOR invited to read his own Play.

— Trifles such as these, to serious mischiefs lead. FRANCIS by HORACE.

THOUGH there are many calamities to which all men are equally exposed, yet some species of intellectual distress are thought to be peculiar to the vicious. The various evils of disease and poverty, pain and sorrow, are frequently derived from others; but shame and confusion are supposed to proceed from ourselves, and to be incurred only by the misconduct which they punish. This supposition is indeed specious; but I am convinced by the strongest evidence that it is not true: I can oppose experience to theory; and as it will appear that I suffer considerable loss by my testimony, it must be allowed to have the most distinguishing characteristic of sincerity.

That every man is happy in proportion as he is virtuous, was once my favourite principle: I advanced and defended it in all companies; and as the last effort of my genius in its behalf, I contrived a series of events by which it was illustrated and established: and that I might substitute action for narrative, and decorate sentiment with the beauties of poetry, I regulated my story by the rules of the drama, and with great application and labour wrought it into a tragedy.

When it was finished, I sat down like Hercules after his labours,

The Edinburgh Repository
for Polite Literature.

Distresses of an Author invited
to read his Play.



*In the midst of this ruin I stood
torpid in silence and amazement*

L. Archer sc.

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labours, exulting in the past, and enjoying the future by anticipation. I read it to every friend who favoured me with a visit, and when I went abroad I always put it into my pocket. Thus it became known to a circle that was always increasing; and was at length mentioned with such commendation to a very great lady, that she was pleased to favour me with a message by which I was invited to breakfast at nine the next morning, and acquainted that a select company would then expect the pleasure of hearing me read my play.

The delight that I received from the contemplation of my performance, the encomium of my friends, and especially this message, was in my opinion an experimental proof of my principles, and a reward of my merit. I reflected, with great self complacence, upon the general complaint that genius was without patronage; and concluded, that all who had been neglected were unworthy of notice. I believed that my own elevation was not only certain but near; and that the representation of my play would be secured by a message to the manager, which would render the mortifying drudgery of solicitation and attendance unnecessary.

Elated with these expectations, I rose early in the morning, and being dressed long before it was time to set out, I amused myself by repeating the favourite passages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite answers to the compliments that should be made me, and adjusting the ceremony of my visit.

I observed the time appointed with such punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was striking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwise engaged, it happened that the servant whose place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his stead, and upon hearing my name advanced directly before me into the room; so that no discovery was made of an enormous queue of brown paper, which some mischievous brat had with a crooked pin hung between the two locks of my major perriwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment, where after I had

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got within a very large Indian screen I found five ladies and a gentleman.

I was a little disconcerted in my first address, by the respect that was shewn me, and the curiosity with which I was regarded: however, I made my general obeysance, and addressing myself in particular to the elder of the ladies whom I considered as my patroness, I expressed my sense of the honour she had done me in a short speech which I had preconceived for the purpose; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whose favour I had acknowledged was not yet come down: this mistake increased my confusion; for as I could not again repeat the same words, I reflected, that I should be at last unprepared for the occasion on which they were to have been used. The company all this while continued standing: I therefore hastily turned about, to reconnoitre my chair; but the moment I was seated, I perceived every one labouring to stifle a laugh. I instantly suspected that I had committed some ridiculous indecorum, and I attempted to apologize for I knew not what offence; but after some hesitation, my extreme sensibility struck me speechless. The gentleman, however, kindly discovered the cause of their merriment, by exclaiming against the rude licentiousness of the vulgar, and at the same time taking from behind me the pendulous reproach to the honours of my head. This discovery afforded me inexpressible relief, my paper ramellie was thrown into the fire, and I joined in the laugh which it produced: but I was still embarrassed by the consequences of my mistake, and expected the lady by whom I had been invited, with solicitude, and apprehension.

When she came in, the deference with which she was treated by persons who were so much my superiors, struck me with awe; my powers of recollection were suspended, and I resolved to express my sentiments only by the lowness of my bow and the distance of my behaviour: I therefore hastily retreated backward; and at the same time bowing with the most profound

profound reverence, unhappily overturned the screen, which in its fall threw down the breakfast table, broke all the china, and crippled the lap-dog. In the midst of this ruin I stood torpid in silence and amazement, stunned with the shrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the dog, and the clattering of the china: and while I considered myself as the author of such complicated mischief, I believe I felt as keen anguish as he, who with a halter about his neck looks up, while the other end of it is fastening to a gibbet.

The screen, however, was soon replaced, and the broken china removed; and though the dog was the principal object of attention, yet the lady sometimes adverted to me: she politely desired that I would consider the accident as of no consequence; the china, she said, was a trifle, and she hoped Pompey was more frightened than hurt. I made some apology, but with great confusion and incoherence: at length, however, we were again seated, and breakfast was brought in.

I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the discourse turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey, and the consequences of his hurt: it was examined with great attention and solicitude, and found to be a rasure of the skin the whole length of one of his fore-legs. After some topical application, his cushion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteously.

I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had just made an attempt to introduce a new subject of conversation, when casting my eye downward I was again thrown into extreme confusion, by seeing something hang from the fore part of my chair, which I imagined to be a portion of my shirt; though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I sat, and which during the confusion produced by the fall of the screen had been left in the chair.

My embarrassment was soon discovered, though the cause was mistaken; and the lady hoping to remove it, by giving me an opportunity to display my abilities without the restraint
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of ceremony, requested that I would now give her the pleasure which she had impatiently expected, and read my play.

My play, therefore, I was obliged to produce, and having found an opportunity hastily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuscript lay open in my lap, I began to read: and though my voice was at first languid, tremulous, and irresolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my situation to my subject; I pronounced with greater emphasis and propriety, and I began to watch for the effects which I expected to produce upon my auditors: but I was extremely mortified to find, that whenever I paused to give room for a remark or an encomium, the interval was filled with an ejaculation of pity for the dog, who still continued to whine upon his cushion, and was lamented in these affectionate and pathetic terms—"Ah! poor, dear, pretty, little creature."

It happened, however, that by some incidents in the fourth act the passions were apparently interested, and I was just exulting in my success, when the lady who sat next me unhappily opening her snuff-box, which was not effected without some difficulty, the dust that flew up threw me into a fit of sneezing, which instantly caused my upper lip to put me again out of countenance: I therefore hastily felt for my handkerchief, and it was not with less emotion than if I had seen a ghost, that I discovered it had been picked out of my pocket. In the mean time the opprobrious effusion descended like an icicle to my chin; and the eyes of the company, which this accident had drawn upon me, were now turned away with looks which shewed that their pity was not proof against the ridicule of my distress. What I suffered at this moment, can neither be expressed nor conceived: I turned my head this way and that in the anguish of my mind, without knowing what I sought; and at last holding up my manuscript before my face, I was compelled to make use of the end of my neck-cloth,

cloth, which I again buttoned into my bosom. After many painful efforts I proceeded in my lecture, and again fixed the attention of my hearers. The fourth act was finished, and they expressed great impatience to hear the catastrophe: I therefore began the fifth with fresh confidence and vigour; but before I had read a page, I was interrupted by two gentlemen of great quality, professors of Buckism, who came with a design to wait upon the ladies to an auction.

I rose up with the rest of the company when they came in; but what was my astonishment, to perceive the napkin, which I had unfortunately secured by one corner, hang down from my waist to the ground! From this dilemma, however, I was delivered by the noble Buck who stood nearest me; who swearing an oath of astonishment, twitched the napkin from me, and throwing it to the servant, told him that he had redeemed it from the rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a place where he would never have looked for it. The young ladies were scarce less confounded at this accident than I; and the noble matron herself was somewhat disconcerted: she saw my extreme confusion; and thought fit to apologize for her cousin's behaviour; "He is a wild boy, Sir," says she, "he plays these tricks with every body; but it is his way, and no body minds it." When we were once more seated, the Bucks, upon the peremptory refusal of the ladies to go out, declared they would stay and hear the last act of my tragedy; I was therefore requested to go on. But my spirits were quite exhausted by the violent agitation of my mind; and I was intimidated by the presence of two persons, who appeared to consider me and my performance as objects only of merriment and sport. I would gladly have renounced all that in the morning had been the object of my hope, to recover the dignity which I had already lost in my own estimation; and had scarce any wish but to return without further disgrace into the quiet shade of obscurity. The ladies, however, would take no denial, and I was at length obliged to comply.

I was much pleased and surprized at the attention with which my new auditors seemed to listen as I went on: the dog was now silent; I increased the pathos of my voice in proportion as I ascended the climax of distress, and flattered myself that poetry and truth would be still victorious: but just at this crisis, the gentleman, who had disengaged me from the napkin, desired me to stop half a moment; something, he said, had just started into his mind, which if he did not communicate he might forget: then turning to his companion, "Jack," says he, "there was fold in Smithfield no longer ago than "last Saturday, the largest ox that ever I beheld in my life." The ridicule of this malicious apostrophe was so striking, that pity and decorum gave way, and my patroness herself burst into laughter: upon me, indeed, it produced a very different effect; for if I had been detected in an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, I could not have felt more shame, confusion and anguish. The laughter into which the company had been surprized, was, however, immediately suppressed, and a severe censure passed upon the person who produced it. To atone for the mortification which I had suffered, the ladies expressed the utmost impatience to hear the conclusion, and I was encouraged by repeated encomiums to proceed: but though I once more attempted to recollect myself, and again began the speech in which I had been interrupted, yet my thoughts were still distracted; my voice faltered, and I had scarce breath to finish the first period.

This was remarked by my tormenter the Buck, who suddenly snatched the manuscript out of my hands, declared that I did not do my play justice, and that he would finish it himself. He then began to read; but the affected gravity of his countenance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and the remembrance of his late anecdote of the ox, excited sensations that were incompatible both with pity and terror, and rendered me extremely wretched by keeping the company perpetually on the brink of laughter.

In the action of my play, virtue had been sustained by her own dignity, and exulted in the enjoyment of intellectual and independent happiness, during a series of external calamities that terminated in death; and vice, by the success of her own projects, had been betrayed into shame, perplexity, and confusion. These events were indeed natural; and therefore I poetically inferred, with all the confidence of demonstration, that "the torments of Tartarus, and the felicity of Elysium, " were not necessary to the justification of the Gods; since " whatever inequality might be pretended in the distribution " of externals, peace is still the prerogative of virtue, and in " intellectual misery can be inflicted only by guilt."

But the intellectual misery which I suffered at the very moment when this favourite sentiment was read, produced an irresistible conviction that it was false; because, except the dread of that punishment which I had indirectly denied, I felt all the torment that could be inflicted by guilt. In the prosecution of an undertaking which I believed to be virtuous, peace had been driven from my heart, by the concurrence of accident with the vices of others; and the misery that I suffered, suddenly propagated itself; for not only enjoyment but hope was now at an end; my play upon which both had depended, was overturned from its foundation; and I was so much affected that I took my leave with the abrupt haste of distress and perplexity. I had no concern about what should be said of me when I was departed; and, perhaps, at the moment when I went out of the house, there was not in the world any human being more wretched than myself. The next morning when I reflected coolly upon these events, I would willingly have reconciled my experience with my principles, even at the expence of my morals. I would have supposed that my desire of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuous indifference about the opinion of others would have prevented all my distress; but I was compelled to acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference was not possible, and that no man becomes

vicious by not effecting impossibilities : there may be heights of virtue beyond our reach ; but to be vicious, we must either do something from which we have power to abstain, or neglect something which we have power to do : there remained, therefore, no expedient to recover any part of the credit I had lost, but setting a truth, which I had newly discovered by means so extraordinary, in a new light ; and with this view I am candidate for a place in the *Adventurer*.

The story of AMURATH, continued from p. 370.

BUT my ears were now stunned with the dissonance of riot, and my eye sickened at the contortions of misery ; disease was visible in every countenance however otherwise impressed with the character of rage, of drunkenness, or of lust. Rape and murder, revelling and strife, filled every street and every dwelling.

As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumspection ; for I imagined, that I could no otherwise escape injury, than by eluding the notice of wretches, whose propensity to ill was restrained by no law, and I perceived too late, that to punish vice is to promote happiness.

It was now evening, and that I might pass the night in greater security, I quitted the public way, and perceiving a house that was incircled by a mote, I swam over to it, and chose an obscure corner of the area for my asylum. I heard from within the sound of dancing and music ; but after a short interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the shrieks of terror, and the wailings of distress. The window of the banqueting room flew open, and some venison was thrown out, which fell just at my feet. As I had eaten nothing since my departure from the Seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate accident

accident; and after the pleasure of an unexpected repast, I again lay down in expectation of the morning, with hope and fear; but in a short time, many persons rushed from the house with lights, and seemed solicitous to gather up the venison which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the same time perceiving me, they judged that I had devoured it. I was immediately seized and led into the house: but as I could not discover that I was the object either of malignity or kindness, I was in doubt what would be the issue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was resolved; for I soon learned, from the discourse of those about me, that I was suspected to have eaten poison, which had been intended for another, and was secured, that the effect might either remove or confirm the suspicion. As it was not expected that the poison would immediately operate, I was locked up in a room by myself, where I reflected upon the cause and the event of my confinement, with inexpressible anguish, anxiety, and terror.

In this gloomy interval, a sudden light shone round me, and I found myself once more in the presence of the Genius. I crawled towards him trembling and confounded, but not utterly without hope. "Yet a few moments," said he, "and the Angel of Death shall teach thee, that the wants of nature cannot be supplied with safety, where the inordinate appetites of vice are not restrained. Thy hunger required food; but the lust and revenge of others have given thee poison." My blood grew chill as he spake; I discovered and abhorred my folly; but while I wished to express my contrition, I fell down in an agony: my eyes failed me, I shivered, was convulsed, and expired.

That spark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench rose up from the dust which had thus been restored to the earth, and now animated the form of a dove. On this new state of existence I entered with inexpressible delight; I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of safety, but of the favour of

Syndarac,

Syndarac, whom I was now more than ever solicitous to please, I flew immediately from the window, and turning towards the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedness were complicated in every object, and which I now detested as much as before I had desired. But over this region a sulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, which I had no sooner entered than I fell down panting for breath, and had scarce strength to keep my wings sufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight, and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared some faint glimmerings of light. Into this place I entered without much apprehension; as it seemed rather to be the retreat of penitence, than the recess of luxury: but lest the noise of my wings should discover me to any hateful or mischievous inhabitant of this gloomy solitude, I entered in silence and upon my feet. As I went forward the cave grew wider; and by the light of a lamp which was suspended from the roof, I discovered a hermit listening to a young lady, who seemed to be greatly affected with the events which she was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge; but the lady I discerned to be Selima. I was struck with amazement at this discovery; I remembered with the deepest contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her lips with the utmost impatience of curiosity, she continued her narrative.

"I was sitting on a sofa one evening after I had been corrected by Amurath, and my imagination kindled as I murmured. Why, said I aloud, should I give up the delights of love with the splendor of royalty? Since the presumption of my father has prevented my marriage, why should I not accept the blessings that are still offered? Why is desire restrained by the dread of shame? and why is the pride of virtue offended by the softness of nature? Immediately a thick cloud surrounded me; I felt myself lifted up and conveyed through

“ through the air with incredible rapidity. I descended, the
“ cloud dissipated, and I found myself sitting in an alcove, by
“ the side of a canal that incircled a stately edifice and a spacious garden, I saw many persons pass along; but discovered
“ in all something either dissolute or wretched, something that
“ alarmed my fears, or excited my pity. I suddenly perceived
“ many men with their swords drawn, contending for a woman, who was forced along irresistably by the crowd, which
“ moved directly towards the place in which I was sitting. I
“ was terrified, and looked round me with eagerness, to see
“ where I could retreat for safety. A person richly dressed
“ perceived my distress and invited me into the house which
“ the canal surrounded. Of this invitation I hastily accepted
“ with gratitude and joy: but I soon remarked several incidents, which filled me with new perplexity and apprehension.
“ I was welcomed to a place, in which infamy and honour
“ were equally unknown; where every wish was indulged
“ without the violation of any law, and where the will was
“ therefore determined only by appetite. I was presently surrounded by women, whose behaviour covered me with blushes; and though I rejected the caresses of the person into
“ whose power I was delivered, yet they became jealous of
“ the distinction with which he treated me: my expostulations
“ were not heard, and my tears were treated with merriment:
“ preparations were made for revelling and jollity; I was invited to join the dance, and upon my refusal was entertained
“ with music. In this dreadful situation, I sighed thus to myself: How severe is that justice, which transports those who
“ form licentious wishes, to a society in which they are indulged without restraint! Who shall deliver me from the effects
“ of my own folly? who shall defend me against the vices of others? At this moment I was thus encouraged by the voice
“ of some invisible being. The friends of Virtue are mighty; reject not their protection, and thou art safe. As I renounced the presumptuous wish which had once polluted my
“ mind,

" mind, I exulted in this intimation with an assurance of re-
 " lief; and when supper was set before me, I suffered the
 " principal lady to serve me with some venison; but the friend-
 " ly voice having warned me that it was poisoned, I fell back
 " in my seat and turned pale: the lady inquired earnestly
 " what had disordered me; but instead of making a reply, I
 " threw the venison from the window, and declared that she
 " had intended my death. The master of the table, who per-
 " ceived the lady to whom I spoke change countenance, was
 " at once convinced that she had indeed attempted to poison
 " me, to preserve that interest which as a rival she feared I
 " should subvert. He rose up in a rage, and commanded the
 " venison to be produced; a dog that was supposed to have
 " eaten it was brought in: but before the event could be
 " known, the tumult was become general, and my rival, af-
 " ter having suddenly stabbed her patron, plunged the same
 " poignard in her own bosom.

" In the midst of this confusion I found means to escape;
 " and wandered through the city in search of some obscure
 " recess, where, if I received not the assistance which I hop-
 " ed, death at least might secure my person from violation, and
 " close my eyes on those scenes, which, wherever I turned,
 " filled me not only with disgust but with horror. By that
 " Benevolent Power who, as a preservative from misery,
 " has placed in us a secret and irresistible disapprobation of
 " vice, my feet have been directed to thee, whose virtue has
 " participated in my distress, and whose wisdom may effect
 " my deliverance."

I gazed upon Selima, while I thus learned the ardour of
 that affection which I had abused, with sentiments that can
 never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched
 with the most bitter remorse, for having produced one wish
 that could stain so amiable a mind; and abhorred myself for
 having used the power which I derived from her tenderness,
 to effect her destruction. My fondness was not less ardent,

but it was more chaste and tender; desire was not extinguished, but it was almost absorbed in esteem. I felt a passion, to which, till now, I had been a stranger: and the moment Love was kindled in my breast, I resumed the form proper to the nature in which alone it can subsist, and Selima beheld Amurath at her feet. At my sudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the powers of life were suspended, and she sunk into my arms. I clasped her to my breast, and looking towards the hermit for his assistance, I beheld in his stead the friendly Genius, who had taught me happiness by affliction. At the same instant Selima recovered: "Arise," said Syndarac, "and look round." We looked round; the darkness was suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves in the road to Golconda, and the spires of the city sparkled before us. "Go," said he, Amurath, henceforth the husband of Selima, and the father of thy people! "I have revealed thy story to Alibeg in a vision; he expects thy return, and the chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, Amurath, the Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the taught of heaven; Amurath, whose ring is equal to the ring of Solomon, returns to reign with wisdom, and diffuse felicity." I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by Alibeg with sentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people with the loudest acclamations: Syndarac proclaimed our return, in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in prosperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered: for to none who hear of the ring of Amurath, shall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witness, thou whose eye drinks instruction from my pen? Hast thou not a Monitor who reproaches thee in secret, when thy foot deviates from the paths of virtue? Neglect not the first whispers of this friend to thy soul; it is the voice of a

greater than Sydnarac, to resist whose influence is to invite destruction.

Adventurer.

CONTINENCE.

SENTIMENTS.

THIS is a virtue that makes but an inconsiderable figure in our days. However, we ought not to lose our ideas of things, though we have debauched our true relish in our practice: for, after all, solid virtue will keep its place in the opinion of the wise and sensible part of mankind. And though custom has not made it so scandalous as it ought to be to insnare innocent women, and triumph in the falsehood; such actions as we shall relate must be accounted true gallantry, and rise higher in our esteem the farther they are removed from our imitation.

The force of custom is prodigious and unaccountable: the bulk of mankind are enslaved by it. They have little else to plead for most of their opinions: but the opinion of the multitude is one of the most erroneous, inconsistent, and variable rules we can possibly proceed by. Their blind *prejudices*, with a mixture of strong passions, are the governing principles of their actions. One of the surest ways, therefore, that can be taken both to think and act wrong, is implicitly to follow the predominant taste and bias of the *times*, i. e. the *guidance* of the *multitude*, the extravagance of their principles, and the licentiousness of their behaviour. It is no wonder, then, since men appear to be so indolent, and inclined to submit to and follow the *public leading* implicitly, that custom is apprehended to give a sort of sanction to vice itself; and hinders them discerning, in a clear and strong light, its nature, baseness, and deformity.

Continence

Continence consists not in an insensibility or freedom from passions, but in the well-ordering them.

One man may be much more cheaply virtuous than another, according to the different strength of their passions.

The pleasure of subduing an inordinate desire, or denying an impetuous appetite, is not only nobler, but greater by far than any that is to be found in the most transporting moments of gratification.

Beaut. of Hift.

EXAMPLES OF CONTINENCE.

Scipio the younger, when only twenty-four years of age, was appointed by the Roman republic to the command of the army against the Spaniards. His wisdom and valour would have done honour to the most experienced general. Determined to strike an important blow, he forms a design of besieging Carthagera, then the capital of the Carthaginian empire in Spain. His measures were so judiciously concerted, and with so much courage and intrepidity pursued, both by sea and land, that notwithstanding a bold and vigorous defence, the capital was taken by storm. The plunder was immense. Ten thousand freemen were made prisoners: and above three hundred more, of both sexes, were received as hostages. One of the latter, a very ancient lady, the wife of Mandonius, brother of Indibilis, king of the Hergetes, watching her opportunity, came out of the crowd, and throwing herself at the conqueror's feet, conjured him, with tears in her eyes, to recommend to those who had the ladies in their keeping to have regard to their sex and birth. Scipio, who did not understand her meaning at first, assured her that he had given orders that they should not want for any thing. But the lady replied, "Those conveniences are not what effect us. In the condition to which fortune hath reduced us, with what ought we not to be contented? I

have many other apprehensions, when I consider, on one side, the licentiousness of war, and, on the other, the youth and beauty of the princesses, which you see here before us; for as to me, my age protects me from all fear in this respect." She had with her the daughters of Indibilis, and several other ladies of high rank, all in the flower of youth, who considered her as their mother. Scipio, then comprehending what the subject of her fear was, "My own glory," says he, "and that of the Roman people, are concerned in not suffering that virtue, which ought always to be respected, wherever we find it, should be exposed in my camp to a treatment unworthy of it. But you give me a new motive for being more strict in my care of it, in the virtuous solicitude you shew in thinking only of the preservation of your honour, in the midst of so many other objects of fear." After this conversation, he committed the care of the ladies to some officers of experienced prudence, strictly commanding, that they should treat them with all the respect they could pay to the mothers, wives, and daughters of their allies and particular friends. It was not long before Scipio's integrity and virtue were put to the trial. Being retired in his camp, some of his officers brought in a young virgin of such exquisite beauty, that she drew upon her the eyes and admiration of every body. The young conqueror started from his seat with confusion and surprise; and, like one thunder-struck, seemed to be robbed of that presence of mind and self-possession so necessary in a general, and for which Scipio was remarkably famous. In a few moments, having rallied his straggling spirits, he inquired of the beautiful captive, in the most civil and polite manner, concerning her country, birth and connections; and finding that she was betrothed to a Celtiberian prince, named Allucius, he ordered both him and the captive's parents to be sent for. The Spanish prince no sooner appeared in his presence, than, even before he spoke to the father and mother, he took him aside; and, to remove the anxiety he might be in on account of the young lady, he addressed him in these words; "You
and

and I are young, which admits of my speaking to you with more liberty. Those who brought me your future spouse, assured me, at the same time, that you loved her with extreme tenderness; and her beauty left me no room to doubt it. Upon which reflecting, that if, like you, I had thought on making an engagement, and were not wholly engrossed with the affairs of my country, I should desire that so honourable and legitimate a passion should find favour. I think myself happy in the present conjuncture to do you this service. Though the fortune of war has made me your master, I desire to be your friend. Here is your wife: take her, and may the gods bless you with her. One thing, however, I would have you to be fully assured of, that she has been amongst us as she would have been in the house of her father and mother. Far be it from Scipio to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the expense of virtue, honour, and the happiness of an honest man. No: I have kept her for you, in order to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only gratitude I require of you for this inestimable gift is, that you would be a friend to the Roman people." Allucius's heart was too full to make him any answer: but throwing himself at the general's feet, he wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture; and remained so, till the father burst out into the following words: "Oh! divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue! Oh! glorious leader! Oh! wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, while she prays to the gods for your prosperity, raptures above all the transports you could have reaped from the possession of her injured person!"

The relations of the young lady had brought with them a very considerable sum for her ransom: but, when they saw that she was restored to them in so generous and godlike a manner, they intreated the conqueror with great earnestness, to accept that sum as a present; and declared, by his complying, that that new favour would complete their joy and gratitude. Scipio, not being able to resist such warm and earnest solicitations,

tions, told them, that he accepted the gift; and ordered it to be laid at his feet: then, addressing himself to Allucius, "I add," says he, "to the portion which you are to receive from your father-in-law this sum; which I desire you to accept as a marriage present."

If we consider that Scipio was at this time in the prime of life, unmarried, and under no restraint, we cannot but acknowledge, that the conquest he made of himself was far more glorious than that of the Carthaginian empire: and though his treatment of this captive prince was not more delicate and generous than what might justly be expected from a person endowed with reason and reflection; yet considering how few there are in his circumstances who would have acted as he did, we cannot but applaud his conduct, and propose him as a suitable example in future ages. Nor was his virtue unrewarded. The young prince charmed with the liberality and politeness of Scipio, went into his country to publish the praises of so generous a victor. He cried out, in the transports of his gratitude, "That there was come into Spain a young hero, like the gods; who conquered all things less by the force of his arms, than the charms of his virtue, and the greatness of his beneficence." Upon this report all Celtiberia submitted to the Romans; and Allucius returned in a shout to Scipio, at the head of fourteen hundred chosen horse, to facilitate his future conquests. To render the marks of his gratitude still more durable, Allucius caused the action we have just related to be engraven on a silver shield, which he presented to Scipio; a present infinitely more estimable and glorious than all his treasures and triumphs. This buckler, which Scipio carried with him when he returned to Rome, was lost in passing the Rhone, with part of the baggage. It continued in that river, till the year 1665, when some fishermen found it. It is now in the king of France's cabinet.

Livy, Rollin, Tatler.

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THE circumstance which raises Alexander the Great above many conquerors, and as it were above himself, is the use he made of his victory after the battle of Issus. This is the most beautiful incident in his life. It is the point of view in which it is his interest to be considered; and it is impossible for him not to appear truly great in that view. By the victory of Issus he became possessed of the whole Persian empire: not only Sygambis, Darius's mother, was his captive, but also his wife and daughters, princesses whose beauty was not to be equalled in all Asia. Alexander, like Scipio, was in the bloom of life, a conqueror, free, and not yet engaged in matrimony*: nevertheless, his camp was to those princesses a sacred asylum, or rather a temple, in which their chastity was secured as under the gaurd of virtue itself; and so highly revered, that Darius, in his expiring moments, hearing the kind treatment they had met with, could not help lifting up his dying hands towards heaven, and wishing success to so wise and generous a conqueror, who could govern his passions at so critical a time. Plutarch informs us more particularly, that the princesses lived so retired in the camp, according to their own desire, that they were not seen by any person, except their own attendants; nor did any other person dare to approach their apartments. After the first visit, which was a respectful and ceremonious one, Alexander, to avoid exposing himself to the dangers of human frailty, made a solemn resolution never to visit Darius's queen any more. He, himself, informs us of this memorable circumstance, in a letter wrote by him to Parmenio, in which he commanded him to put to death certain Macedonians, who had forced the wives of some foreign soldiers. In this letter was the following paragraph: "For as to myself, it will be found, that I neither saw, nor would see the wife of Darius; and did not suffer any one to speak of her beauty before me."

Plutarch.

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† Et juvenis, et cælebis, et victor.

IT is remarked of Hannibal, the famous Carthaginian commander, that he always shewed uncommon wisdom and continence with regard to the great number of women taken prisoners during the course of his wars; insomuch, that no one would have imagined he had been born in Africa, where incontinence is the predominant vice of the country. *Pudicitiamque eum tantam inter tot captivos habuisse, ut in Africa natum quisvis negaret.* Justin.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Fox.

THIS lively and crafty animal is common to every part of Great-Britain; and is so well known, as not to require a particular description.

The Fox sleeps much during the day; but the night is its season of activity, and the time when it roams about in search of prey.—It will eat flesh of any kind; but prefers that of hares, rabbits, poultry, and all kinds of birds. Those that reside near the sea coasts will, for want of other food, eat crabs, shrimps, muscles, and other shell-fish.

In France and Italy, the Fox does great damage among the vineyards by feeding on the grapes, of which it is extremely fond.—It boldly attacks the wild bees, and frequently robs them of their stores; but not with impunity: The whole swarm flies out, and fastens upon the invader; but he retires only for a few minutes, and rids himself of the bees by rolling upon the ground; by which means he crushes such as stick to him, and then returns to his charge, and devours both wax and honey.

The cunning of the Fox in surprising and securing its prey is equally remarkable: When it has acquired more than it can

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The Greyhound FOX, p. 474



The Shepherd's DOG.



THE GREYHOUND,



The Spanish POINTER.



devour, its first care is to secure what it has killed, which is generally all within its reach. It digs holes in different places, where it conceals its booty by carefully covering it with earth to prevent a discovery. If a flock of poultry have unfortunately fallen victims to its stratagems, it will bring them, one by one, to these hiding-places; where it leaves them till hunger demands fresh supplies.

There are three varieties of Foxes in this island, which differ from each other more in form than in colour, viz. the *Greyhound Fox*, the *Mastiff Fox*, and the *Cur Fox*.

THE GREYHOUND FOX is the largest, and is chiefly found in the mountainous parts of England and Scotland: He is likewise the boldest, and will attack a well-grown Sheep.—His ears are long and erect, and his aspect wild.

THE DOG.

THE services of this truly valuable creature have been so eminently useful to the domestic interests of men in all ages, that to give the history of the Dog would be little less than to trace mankind back to their original state of simplicity and freedom, to mark the progress of civilization through the various changes of the world, and to follow attentively the gradual advancement of that order which placed man at the head of the animal world, and gave him a manifest superiority over every part of the brute creation.

If we consider for a moment the state of man without the aid of this useful domestic;—with what arts shall he oppose the numerous hosts of foes that surround him on all sides, seeking every opportunity to encroach upon his possessions; to destroy his labours, or endanger his personal safety? or how shall he bring into subjection such as are necessary for his well-being? His utmost vigilance will not be sufficient to secure him from

the rapacity of the one, nor his greatest exertions enable him to overcome the speed of the other. To maintain his independence, to insure his safety, and to provide for his support, it was necessary that some one among the animals should be brought over to his assistance, whose zeal and fidelity might be depended on. And where, amidst all the various orders of animated being, could one be found so entirely adapted to this purpose; where could one be found so bold, so tractable, and so obedient as the Dog? Without its assistance how could man have conquered, tamed, and reduced other animals into slavery? how could he have hunted down and destroyed those noxious animals, from whose rapacity his life was in continual danger? To confirm the truth of these observations, we need only turn our attention to the present condition of those nations which are not yet emerged from a state of barbarism, where the uses of the Dog are but little known or attended to, and we will find that they lead a precarious and wretched life of perpetual warfare with the still more savage inhabitants of the forest, with which they are obliged to dispute the possession of their uncultivated fields, and divide with them the fruits of their labours.—From hence we may conclude, that the attention of mankind, in the earliest ages, would be engaged in training and rendering this animal subservient to the important purposes of domestic utility; and the result of this art has been the conquest and peaceable possession of the earth.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

This useful animal, ever faithful to his charge, reigns at the head of the flock; where it is better heard, and more attended to, than even the voice of the shepherd. Safety, order, and discipline, are the fruits of his vigilance and activity.

In those large tracts of land which, in many parts of our island, are solely appropriated to the feeding of Sheep and other cattle, this sagacious animal is of the utmost importance. Im-

mense

menſe flocks may be ſeen continually ranging over thoſe extenſive wilds, as far as the eye can reach, ſeemingly without controul: Their only guide is the ſhepherd, attended by his faithful Dog, the conſtant companion of his toils: It receives his commands, and is always prompt to execute them; it is the watchful guardian of the flock, prevents them from ſtraggling, keeps them together, and conducts them from one part of their paſture to another; it will not ſuffer any ſtrangers to mix with them, but carefully keeps off every intruder. In driving a number of Sheep to any diſtant part, a well-trained Dog never fails to confine them to the road, watches every avenue that leads from it; where he takes his ſtand, threatening every delinquent: He purſues the ſtagglers, if any ſhould eſcape; and forces them into order, without doing them the leaſt injury. If the herdsman be obliged to leave them, he depends upon his Dog to keep the flock together; and as ſoon as he hears the well-known ſignal, this faithful creature conducts them to his maſter, though at a conſiderable diſtance.

There is a very remarkable ſingularity in the feet of the Shepherd's Dog: All of them have one, and ſome two toes more than other Dogs, though they ſeem not to be of much uſe. They appear to be deſtitute of muſcles, and hang dangling at the hind part of the leg more like an unnatural excrescence than a neceſſary part of the animal. But the adage, that 'Nature has made nothing in vain,' ought to correct our deciſion on their utility, which probably may exiſt unknown to us.

This breed of Dogs, at preſent, appears to be preſerved, in the greateſt purity, in the northern parts of Scotland; where its aid is highly neceſſary in managing the numerous herds of Sheep bred in thoſe extenſive wilds.

THE GREYHOUND,

M. Buſſon ſuppoſes to be the Iriſh Greyhound, rendered

thinner and more delicate by the difference of climate and culture : But whatever truth there may be in the fanciful arrangements of that ingenious author, there is an evident similarity of form in all of those just mentioned ; particularly in the depth of the chest, in the length of the legs, and in the smallness of the muzzle.

The Greyhound is the fleetest of all the Dogs, and can out-run every animal of the chase ; but as it wants the faculty of scenting, it only follows by the eye. It was formerly held in such estimation, as to be considered the peculiar companion of gentlemen ; and, by the forest laws of king Canute, it was enacted, that no person under that degree should presume to keep a Greyhound.

THE SPANISH POINTER.

Is of foreign origin, as its name seems to imply ; but is now naturalized in this country, which has long been famous for Dogs of this kind ; the greatest attention being paid to preserve the breed in its utmost purity.

This Dog is remarkable for the aptness and facility with which it receives instruction : It may be said to be almost self-taught ; whilst the English Pointer requires the greatest care and attention in breaking and training to the sport. The Spanish Pointer, however, is not so durable and hardy, nor so able to undergo the fatigues of an extensive range. It is chiefly employed in finding partridges, pheasants, &c. either for the gun or the net.

It is said, that an English nobleman (Robert Dudley, duke of Northumberland) was the first that broke a Setting-Dog to the net.

Many of the Setting-Dogs, now used by sportsmen, are a mixt breed, between the English and Spanish Pointer.

FINIS.



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